PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1983 $3.50

DAN AYKROYD:
AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

THE SECRET LIFE
(AND DEATH)
OF BRUCE LEE

CANCER: A DRAMATIC
BREAKTHROUGH

AL GOLDSTEIN:
SEX TOURING IN ASIA

PLUS: IRVING WALLACE,
NAT HENTOFF, THE OMNI
FUTURE ALMANAC,
CELEBRITY DRINKS, AND
THE LATEST AND GREATEST
IN VIDEO TECHNOLOGY

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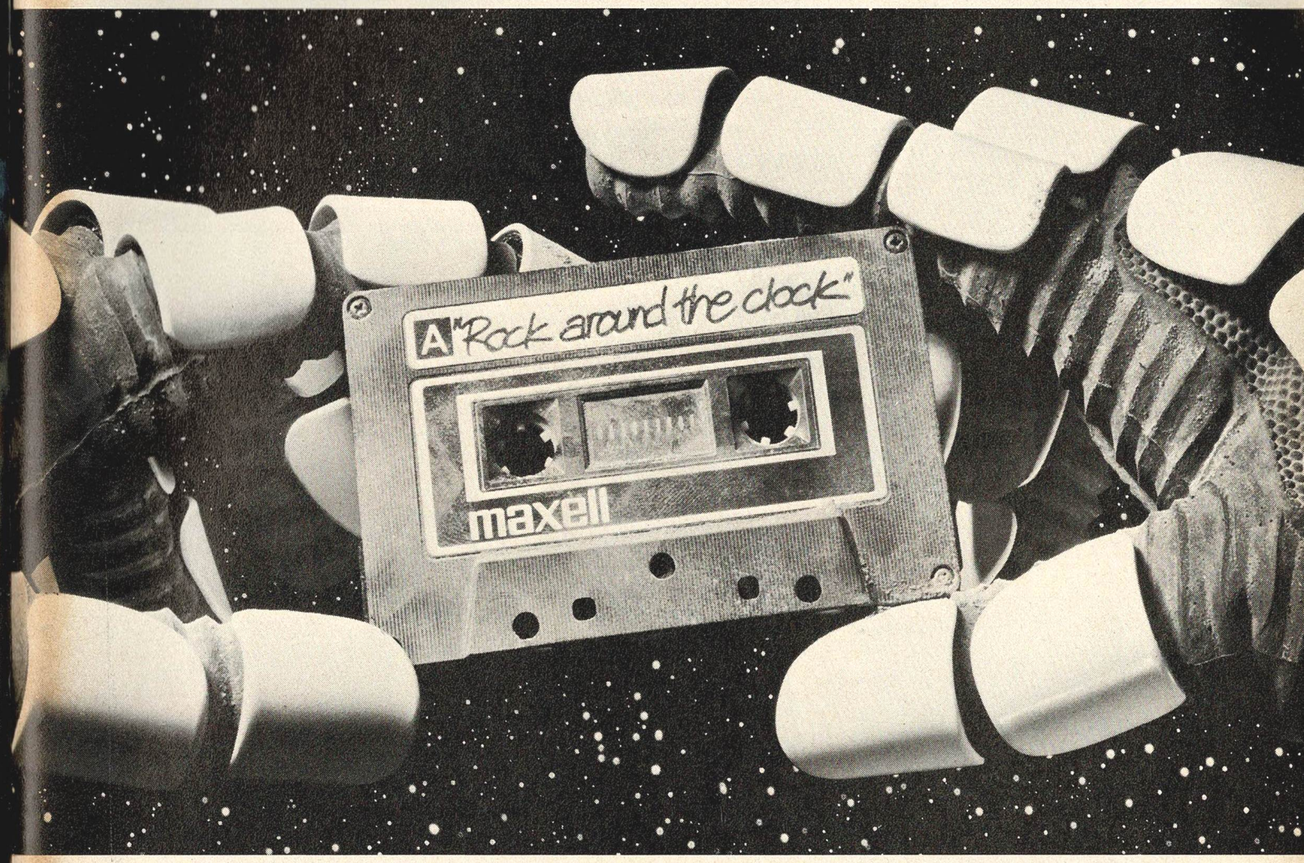

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This month's cover features Pet of the Month Carmen Pope. She was photographed by Bob Guccione using a Minolta camera and the Cokin Filter System. Her blouse is by Valerie Porr, N.Y.C. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 213.

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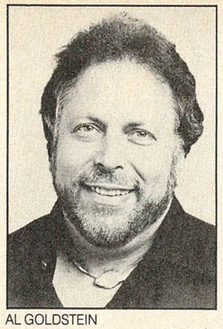

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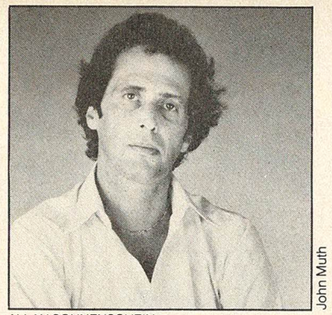

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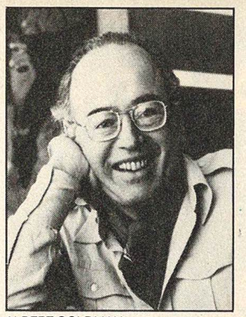

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HOUSECALL

Inside the head of **Bruce Lee**, a clock ticked, relentlessly, like some Chinese water torture, slowly eating away at the soul of the greatest martial-arts star of all time. Carried into a Hong Kong hospital unconscious and almost dead, his doctor discovered that Lee was a victim of hashish poisoning and that further exposure to the drug would probably be fatal. But Lee rejected the doctor's caution. He needed hashish, he said, to deal with the unbearable pressures he was subjected to. "It is the only thing that makes the clock stop!" he explained. Ten weeks later, Bruce Lee's clock stopped forever–and a legend was born. Incredible stories quickly spread about his life and death, and as the legend grew Bruce Lee became the central figure in a devout, religious-like cult. In the ten years since his death, Lee's films and ineffable charisma have continued to mesmerize his millions of fans. Surprisingly, no reliable biography has ever appeared. Last year, however, **Albert Goldman** (famous for his spectacular biographies of Lenny Bruce and Elvis Presley) traveled to Hong Kong and California on special assignment for *Penthouse*–to find the truth about the world's first kung-fu superstar. What he discovered was a human and artistic drama worthy of the man who liked to call himself "The Deadliest Man on the Planet." In the first half of his profile (page 64), Goldman traces Lee's roots in the Oriental theater, his youth as a petty criminal in Hong Kong, and his years as an obscure Hollywood actor. Next month, Goldman concludes the story with an account of Lee's final exhilarating successes...and his desperate crack-up. In the end he became his own greatest adversary and his own final victim.

John Belushi was another self-destructive talent, as readers of last month's article about his death will recall. One of these readers was Belushi's closest friend and collaborator, **Dan Aykroyd**, who was so moved by the accuracy, objectivity, and compassion of the *Penthouse* story that he took time away from shooting a new movie to give us a lengthy, exclusive interview (page 148). In this totally open discussion, Aykroyd talks to **Allan Sonnenschein** (co-author of the Belushi article) about the early days of "Saturday Night Live" ("we thought of ourselves as cheap, late-night television actors"), his ideal woman ("she has a bachelor of science in mathematics, flies an F-16, is a millionairess, and owns a liquor store"), drugs ("you name it, I did it") and–of course–John Belushi ("some of these vermin he was hanging around with at the end were talentless, worthless individuals...and John could really be an out-of-control monster with them"). Aykroyd, the quintessential wild and crazy guy, reveals in this special interview the many other facets of his personality that make his comic genius unique.

Al Goldstein, editor and publisher of New York's outrageous *Screw* newspaper, is also a unique comic genius–although many people are thankful that there's only one of him! When Al traveled to the Orient last year, his quest for sexual fulfillment proved to be even more elusive than the true story of Bruce Lee. In "Around the World Without Getting Laid" (page 130), Goldstein races desperately over 20,000 raunchy miles in search of the erotic and exotic sexual nirvanas that constantly shimmer in his imagination. As these miraculous mirages of the mysterious East disintegrate before him, Goldstein, whose cable TV show, "Midnight Blue," strives for the same artistic and journalistic heights of his newspaper, drives himself into a paroxysm of frustration, finally accomplishing a modern sexual wonder–virgin clap. Al's grand sex tour is only a lost cause for this inveterate thrill-seeker. Readers will find it to be a delightful and Rabelaisian tour de force.

This month's fiction is an exclusive excerpt from **Irving Wallace**'s latest blockbuster, *The Almighty*–the story of a great newspaper empire and the men and women whose passions and talents power it. In our excerpt, which begins on page 154, Edward Armstead, whose father was a press lord in the *Citizen Kane* tradition, tries to prove that he's his father's equal as a publisher–and a lover. Readers who have enjoyed Wallace's many best-sellers–including *The Prize, The Man, The Chapman Report*–will find *The Almighty* one of his most masterful.

What will the world be like in the year 2000? Answering that question would seem to be impossible, but it's a challenge eagerly undertaken by *Omni* magazine, our phenomenally popular sister publication. In the "Omni Future Almanac" (page 82), excerpts from the book of the same name (published by Harmony and edited by *Omni* staffer **Robert Weil**), we explore the coming revolutions in science, medicine, and technology and catalog such twenty-first-century marvels as ice-cube babies, biofeedback games and machines that think for themselves.

Fortunately, it isn't necessary to wait until the twenty-first century to enjoy the benefits of contemporary science and technology. The discovery of the anti-cancer potential of a drug called hydrazine sulfate was first widely reported in *Penthouse* two years ago. Now, in a major, almost unprecedented turnabout, the American Cancer Society has funded a new clinical trial of the drug and has removed it from its notorious "unproven methods" blacklist. In the eleventh part of our series on The Politics of Cancer (page 78), **Ralph W. Moss**, author of *The Cancer Syndrome* and former assistant director of public affairs at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Hospital, discusses these dramatic developments and the struggles of Dr. Joseph Gold to break the medical establishment's obstinate, perverse, and suspicious reluctance to accept new ideas.

To ensure that this New Year is especially festive and successful, we'll fill you in on the latest state-of-the-art stereo and video equipment (page 160); offer a collection of celebrity anecdotes and reminiscences about that most elite, seasonal libation, brandy and cognac (page 186); and–for a final touch of elegance–a look at the latest in formal wear, featuring **Maurice Hines**, star of the Broadway hit *Sophisticated Ladies* (page 180).

Our own holiday celebration is no black-tie affair, but, as always, we welcome in the New Year in the company of some very extraordinary people. Top billing, of course, goes to our new Pet of the Year, **Corinne Alphen**, whose very extraordinary beauty can be savored once again on this month's special 22-by-33-inch pull-out poster featuring photographs by **Bob Guccione**... and, of course, our most welcome guests of all–you, our readers. Season's greetings to all, and to all a happy and prosperous New Year!

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JANUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

ONE-TRACK MIND

For some time now, I have enjoyed being sexually aroused by women's foot perspiration. Not all foot perspiration arouses my libido. But I've found, through experiments, that when a female's feet smell a certain way, it appeals to my sex drive, and what's more, I can just about predict what she's eaten.

For example, when a woman eats ketchup, or salad dressing that has mayonnaise in it, and then perspires, her foot perspiration has a sweet aroma that definitely enhances my libido.

Vinegar, mustard, and dill pickles, if eaten and if the female is allowed to give foot perspiration, turns me off sexually. Why? Because of its sourness of smell after those foods.

Even though I have two nostrils, I'd rather smell one thing—women's feet!—*Name and address withheld*

GAD ZUKES

I am a thirty-three-year-old schoolteacher with what men have called a very cuddly body. I enjoy having sex immensely and especially love sucking cock and watching a man moan in ecstasy. I also love being eaten out until I scream. Unfortunately, none of my lovers lives anywhere near the area of my place and my horniness can drive me wild.

Anyway, while reading *Penthouse* and erotic novels, my cunt warms up and drips. I only recently began actively massaging my clit and have discovered a little late in life a wonderful juicy feeling and that orgasm followed. Ever since, I've been "beating my meat," always looking for fun things to stick up my dripping crotch. The other night I discovered, to my joy, a zucchini in the shape of a nice, thick penis in my refrigerator. I didn't hesitate to warm it with hot water, lie down, and shove it up my waiting hole. All the while I rubbed my pulsing clit with my favorite juice—coconut cream, having the color and consistency of come. It was wonderful, and licking the zuch after was delicious.

Tonight, while reading "Forum," I beat off and came delightfully. Your centerfold's gorgeous bottom and sensuous snatch brought me off again. Now my greatest fantasy is to be your centerfold, with my luscious pussy available to millions to jerk off by. Let me know when you want me—I'm available! My large tits with huge, brown nipples can only be a turn-on to the world!—*Name and address withheld*

BRING IT ON HOME

I would like to share with your readers what I consider to be a very pleasant happening in my life. I am a thirty-eight-year-old, unmarried woman. I am five foot two, 120 pounds, and 36-23-35. A couple of months ago I was home alone curled up with a book when there was a knock on my apartment door. When I opened the door there stood my brother, age thirty-six, whom I had not seen for over ten years. After greeting him I asked how he was doing after so long an absence. He said his wife of twelve years had left him and he had decided to stop by and visit with me on his way to a new job in another state. I didn't inquire into why he and his wife had separated, thinking he would confide in me when he considered the time was right. We talked into the early morning hours before going to bed.

When we arose the next afternoon we set out to see some of the sights in my city. We arrived back at my apartment about six in the evening and my brother, Marty, suggested we rest awhile and then go out for dinner. I had gone into my bedroom and was preparing to take a relaxing shower when he walked in wearing only his jockey shorts. By this time I had removed my skirt and blouse and was wearing only a mini slip and bra. He asked if I had another bar of soap since there was none in his bathroom. I went to the bathroom in my bedroom and was attempting to reach the soap on the top shelf of the cupboard when I felt his hands go around my waist. He said, "Here, shorty, let me give you a boost." I started laughing and soon we were a tangled mess on the bathroom floor. My little slip was up to my waist and his jockey shorts had somehow gotten down to his knees. He rolled me over on my back and began to tickle me as he had done when we were teenagers. From my position on my back and with him sitting on my stomach, I couldn't help noticing that he was fairly well endowed in the penis department. After a few minutes of this I said, "We had better get dressed and get going or we'll never make dinner at the place I had selected." He rolled over on his side, at the same time pulling my flimsy panties down over my ass and gave me a smack that left red fingerprints on my cheek. He then jumped and ran for his bedroom and shower. I lay there a minute, thinking about what had just happened. While dressing, I guess I was still thinking about what had just happened, because I selected the sexiest panties and bra I owned to wear that night.

I had selected a restaurant where I knew they would have a dance band. After dinner I suggested we go into the lounge for a few drinks. After a few drinks Marty asked me to dance a slow number with him. Within a minute's time he was holding me very close and nibbling on my ear. I realized that the drinks we had had with dinner and the two in the lounge were taking their toll on him. When we returned to the table, he suggested we call it a night and return to the apartment.

Upon entering the apartment, I told him I was going to get into something more comfortable and we could talk for a while. Marty followed me into my bedroom and stretched out on the bed. I stood talking to him a couple of minutes, and he said, "I thought you were going to get into something more comfortable." I said, "You dirty old man, what are you waiting for? A strip show?" His reply was very short and to the point, as all he said was "Yes." His reply caused an immediate dampening between my legs that I was at a loss to explain then and now. I reached up and removed my sweater and stood before him in the tiniest of half-bras, which left my nipples fully exposed and rapidly hardening. He said, "It's looking better all the time. Now for the rest." I unhooked my skirt and let it fall to the floor. The slip followed. Marty sat up on the edge of the bed and said, "Come here. I want to find out what you are hiding in those little panties." I hesitated no more than two seconds before I stepped over to him. He reached for the leg openings and inserted a finger inside and began rubbing my slit, which by this time was dripping wet. He said, "I do believe big sister has a problem that I can help with." He reached behind me, undid the clasp on my bra, and then slid my panties down my legs to the floor. As he stood to remove his own pants, I realized they were sticking way out in front. As he straightened up, I saw the largest cock I have ever seen (in real life or photographed). I said, "My word, Marty, is that really you?" He said, "Yes, it's really me and I might as well tell you that this is the reason Kathy left me. Even after twelve years, she was never able to take even the first inch, and she said she was tired of having to swallow a cup of come every time I got a hard-on. Sis, before we go any farther do you think you can help me?" I said, "I don't know for sure, but I'm willing to give it a try. Take the rest of your clothes off."

He removed the rest of his clothes and I laid him back on the bed. For the first time, I touched the largest cock I have ever seen. I could not reach around it with one hand. I held it up straight and lowered my lips over the end. Only about one inch would fit in my mouth, but I began to work on that one inch. Marty was soon unable to lie still on the bed, he was so excited. I got on top of him and began to lower myself down on his magnificent shaft. At first it went very slowly and I could not get more than an inch or two up into me. After

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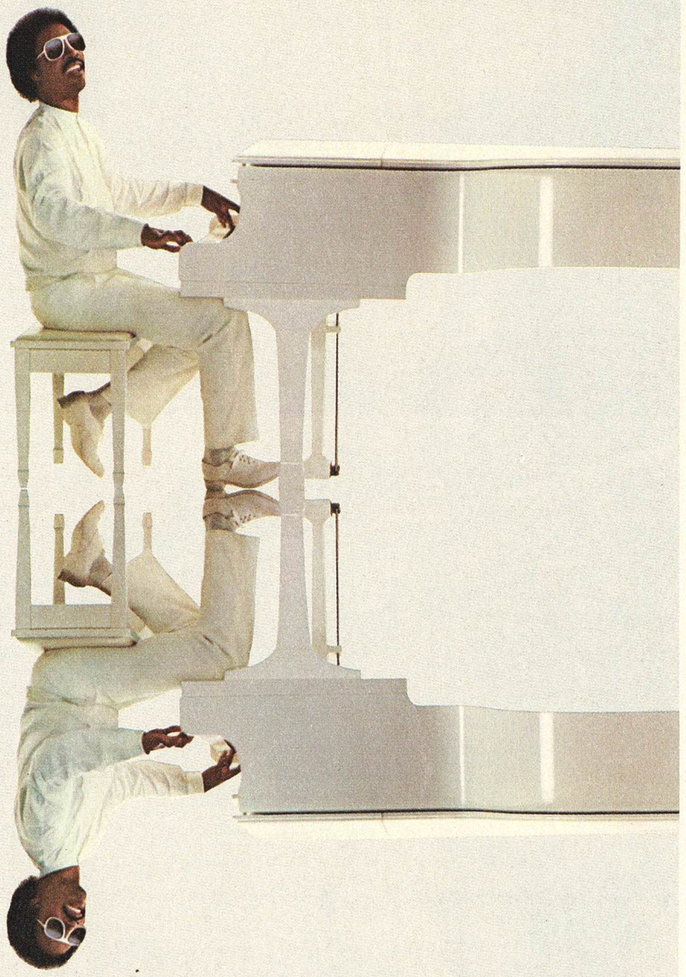

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several minutes of up-and-down movement and with his constant pleading to take more, I was able to get the entire length into me, and I must say that never before had I experienced such a sensation. Soon he was shoving up to meet my downstrokes, and I reached behind me to feel his swollen balls. As soon as I touched them, he exploded. My pussy felt like someone had stood me on my head and poured me full of hot cream.

After Marty had resumed normal breathing I eased myself off of him and to my surprise, and his, at least a teacup of his come poured out of me onto his stomach. I think for me this was the most exciting time of our mating. I eagerly licked all the come from his stomach and his still-rigid cock. After which I got on my hands and knees and he screwed me doggy-style until the wee hours of the morning.

Lying in bed the next morning, I asked him exactly how long his penis is when it is hard. He replied that it is eleven inches long and five inches around when fully erect.

Before closing, let me tell you one thing. Kathy has no chance of ever getting Marty back. I want him and his eleven inches all to myself for as long as he can get it hard. Girls, if you have never had an eleven-inch tool up your love box and in your mouth, spewing out teacups of hot, juicy come, you have never lived. Might I add one other note: Marty tells me his tool is nothing compared with what our father had. So maybe, girls, you should look closer to home for what every girl really craves.—*Name and address withheld*

A REAL TROUPER

I'm writing about a letter I read in the September 1982 issue of *Penthouse* called "Equal Time." I resent the way the guy makes it sound that women don't know how to please men. There are women who can please, and I am one of them.

My boyfriend and I have a great sex life. My boyfriend will call me around 11 in the morning to let me know if he is coming home for lunch. If he is I know that I don't have to get dressed. When he gets home I'm ready. By the time he gets the door closed I have his shirt halfway off. Most of the time we don't bother going upstairs to the bedroom.

After Jeff is completely undressed I take his cock into my hand and start to get him hard. At the same time we either kiss, or I bite his ear. Once he is hard I go down on him with a line of kisses. When I get to his cock I lick his shaft until I have covered every inch. Then I start on his balls, sucking them and kissing them until he is moaning. That's when I go back to his swollen cock. I slowly take all eight inches of it into my mouth. I start at a slow pace till he starts to beg. That's when I go faster and faster till he comes. I take every drop. If I need to take my mouth off to swallow, my hand takes over. When he is done he will lie down on the floor. Once again I start to caress his shaft with my hand to get him

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hard and ready for action.

He will stop me and make me lie down. He will suck my tits and eat me out. When he is good and hard, he will put his hard, swollen cock into my hot, wet pussy. The ride is good for at least 45 minutes. I can't help squirming under him and tightening my muscles to give him a better feel. After he comes he starts to get dressed. There are only about fifteen minutes left to his lunch break, just enough time to suck him off one more time.

When he comes home from work after supper we put the TV on. I curl up to him and caress his thigh. This gets him hard all over again. That's when I get on the floor in front of him, take out his hard cock, and suck him off.

My efforts to please him are always rewarded. Jeff will tie me up so that all I can move are my hips. He will eat me out for at least an hour and make me come about five or six times. Then he will plow me and give me another ride.

In conclusion, what I'm saying is that here's one woman who can please a man—there have to be more!—*Name and address withheld*

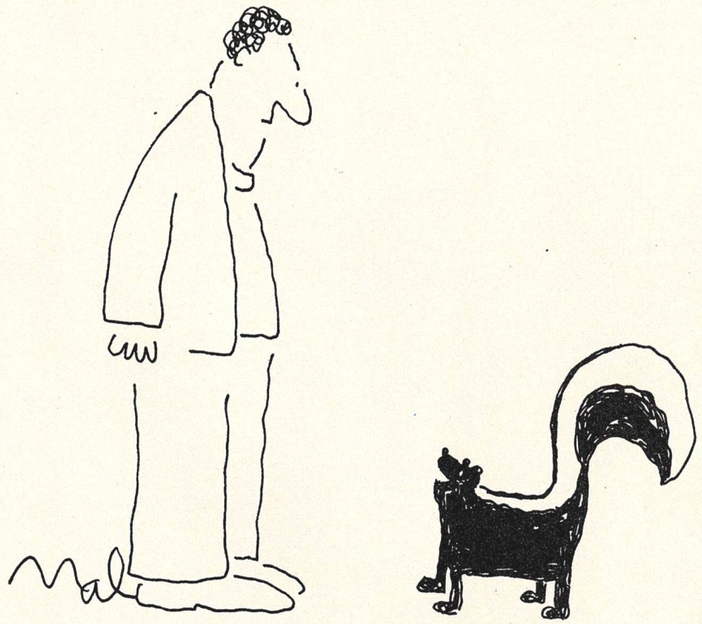
SHERLOCK HOLMES

I am a physician. Consequently, my knowledge of human physiology is broad and not without some depth. I work hard, but I also play hard, for surely I have seen the evanescent wisp which is life slip from the grasp of so many, and am daily reminded of my own mortality. I am fortunate in having a wife of similar philosophic bent, so we can enjoy ourselves to the fullest. While she was nursing our second child, as he began to sleep through the night, she would often awake with engorged breasts, and enlist my aid in relieving her discomfort. Her breast milk was sweet and plentiful, and I soon found myself enjoying these middle-of-the-night interludes a great deal. Suzanne is very well endowed in the breast department, and with her lying on her side it becomes no problem for me to get both of her nipples into my mouth simultaneously. I found that after a few moments, if I were maneuvering my stiffening penis against her vulva adroitly, her arousal resulted in a truly astounding let-down reflex, and I would be drinking breast milk as rapidly as I could swallow it for quite a while.

When our child was two, he was weaned from the breast, and my wife ceased lactating. Recently, however, things have changed in that respect. During some of our lovemaking sessions, she spoke of what incredibly intense orgasms she used to enjoy when she was lactating, since she has much sensation in her breasts as well as her genitals. I indicated to her that if she wished to resume lactating, I could help her achieve this goal, and certainly I have been extremely aroused during our activities during lactation. She happily agreed to my assistance, and we embarked on a program. Although many are not aware of it, with some easily accomplished hormonal supplementation and a dedicated program of nipple stimulation (usually only oral sucking will do), it is possible to establish lactation in a nonpregnant woman. However, it requires frequent and serious nipple-suckling for success to be achieved.

It took us about six weeks of well-planned effort to get her started, but once she did, I was extremely gratified with the results. In fact, I was downright puzzled, at least for a while. You see, the amount of breast milk produced by the lactating breast is in direct proportion with demand. That is, the more frequently and completely the breast is emptied. the more milk is made. As a physician, I have a very busy schedule, and it was not easy for me to get home for lunch and make all the other concessions of time necessary to suckle my wife enough to get her started lactating. I was emptying her quite thoroughly at night and in the morning before leaving the house, and yet her breasts enlarged three cup sizes (she has marvelous tissue—even at their current magnificent size, she still has no sag) and my every approach to her was rewarded with torrents of hot milk. The question became: why was she producing so much milk?

Two weeks ago I returned home in the mid-morning to retrieve some files I had failed to bring back to work earlier, and was dismayed to see the van of a local heating and cooling company in our driveway. Suzanne had not mentioned that we had been having problems with our furnace, but then we frequently failed to get caught up on all the domestic matters with my harried schedule. Since I wear crepe-soled shoes, I made no noise as I entered the house, so I easily heard a loud moan as I came through the kitchen. There was no mistaking that moan—clearly not pain, just pure, unadulterated pleasure. I felt that declaring my presence might be the least prudent course, so I traversed the hallway to the bedrooms silently, and sufficiently far so I had a clear and unobstructed view into our bedroom. Suzanne was on the bed, in the middle, wearing spike heels, a garter belt and dark stockings, and one of our favorite bras, which is only an under-cup, to hold her otherwise nude breast up high, and out. She was leaning back against the headboard, sitting up with her legs spread wide, and our largest double-dildo, a monster fully as thick as my wrist and twenty inches long, was protruding from between her thighs, with only about ten inches showing. Two very husky men stood on each side of the bed, each nude, and Suzanne was mouthing one rigid penis while she slowly masturbated the other very erect organ. She was not moving the dildo in her vagina with her hand; she was accomplishing that with the heel of her right foot and her very supple hips. She was cupping her astounding breasts, first one and then the other, and her hand



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was being filled with breast milk, which she used as lubrication on the pricks of her men. She was so aroused that her nipples were *spraying* their liquid, and it was easy to see that her breasts were rock-hard, because in spite of the action of her arms, her breasts didn't move. I must admit that I was incredibly aroused, and I watched, transfixed. The pace gradually quickened, and Suzanne did her best to alternate her oral attentions equitably between the two men. The men became more frantic in their motions, and then, within seconds, both pumped streams of semen all over my wife, a substantial portion of which she smoothed up her face and chest and licked off her fingers.

She then instructed her attendants in their duties, and they both docilely knelt at the bedside and each encircled a breast and began sucking, while my wife devoted her attentions to the dildo and her own orgasm. I watched her familiar tension patterns develop as she nursed herself through two orgasms, and still her breasts streamed and her lovers sucked hungrily. After her second orgasm, the man on her right crawled onto the bed and lay down on his back. His very thick prick had regained a full erection, and my wife promptly sat astride him. However, she would not lower herself onto his straining penis until he promised to suck both of her breasts at the same time. He alluded to the possibility of drowning, but consented, and Suzanne promptly impaled herself on his rod. After a few moments, it became clear that he no longer viewed his obligatory sucking as an onerous task. Meanwhile, she had grasped the stiffened cock of the other fellow and guided him around behind her. He eagerly crawled onto the bed, and after she had extracted one nipple long enough to again fill her palm with breast milk and lubricate his cock, she pressed his cock-head to her anus and encouraged him forward. Their fury was impressive, and protracted. It appeared to me that Suzanne enjoyed at least four to six more orgasms before her studs had their respective convulsions. When they had collapsed from their labors, I, sweating, slowly retreated back down the hall. But I hesitated, for I had heard no words since my arrival, and I still remained curious about several aspects of this spectacle. After a few moments, I heard Suzanne ask the men if she could change their regular Thursday time to an hour later, to accommodate an appointment at the hairdresser's, and as the echoes of an enthusiastic affirmative died, I left the house.

From my knowledge of physiology, it seemed unlikely that even three times per week repetition of this type of activity would be likely to support the magnitude of Suzanne's output. I have not found it necessary to make any further clandestine visits to home during the day, because it seems apparent that probably both mornings and afternoons find Suzanne with eager supplicants who perform admirably in relieving the building pressure behind her nipples. The only remaining question is how she manages to *cease* spurting her precious fluids long enough to greet me in evenings and sit through dinner. I personally cannot complain, for she devotes as much of her sexual talent to me as she apparently shares with others, and I must admit, her almost inexhaustible supply of sweet secretions provides us with many new and interesting variations for our love-play.—*Name and address withheld*

"Incidentally, I'm sorry I turned you in at the office for sexual harassment!"

LADIES' LUNCHEON

My husband and I hadn't been getting along. Because of pressures on the job and working late, more and more he was going out with the guys. I knew it was harmless; he just needed some time.

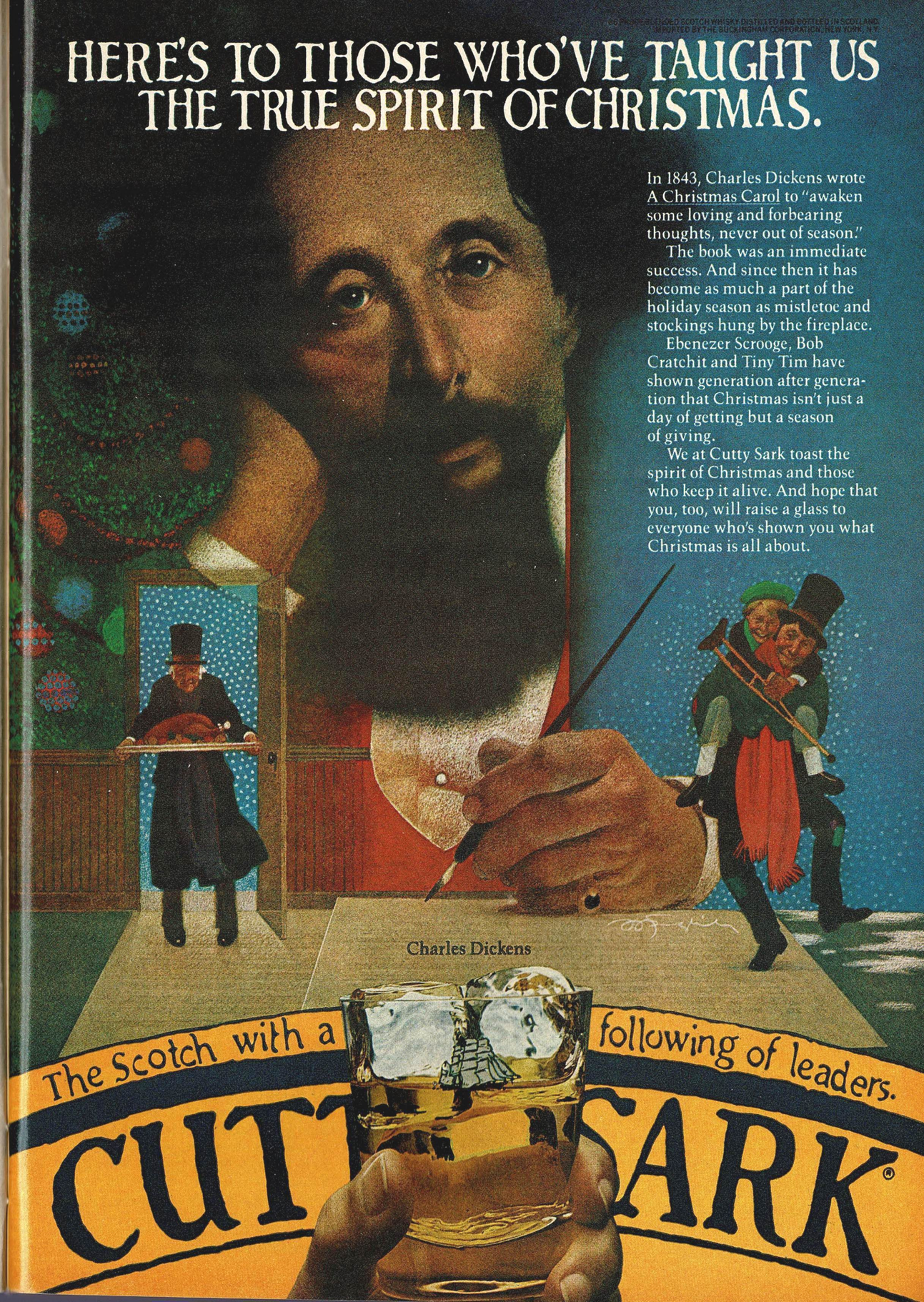
Needless to say I was getting bored and somewhat depressed. The house was as clean as it could be and the children were away at summer camp. I needed something to occupy my time. My neighbor recommended I join the new health club that had just opened. I had a good figure but could have used some toning up, so I joined.

There I was, peddling my exercycle and thinking there's got to be something better, when I met Irene. She began peddling on the bike next to me and started up a conversation. We started giggling about the other women at the club. They were all shapes and sizes. Irene was so easy to talk to. We are both in our late twenties but she seems much younger and makes me feel the same.

Irene, though still smiling, became serious and told me she thought I was the prettiest woman at the club. I had to disagree. I said she had the radiant beauty that only a single, relaxed, self-assured woman could have. She has shoulder length, black wavy hair, and large, sexy Spanish eyes. My hair is auburn, and falls to my waist. She is in such great form—what a body! I wondered if she noticed that I kept looking at her. I surprised myself by trying to imagine her in the nude. I swept these thoughts from my mind, and since it was getting close to noon, I invited her home for lunch. She insisted I come to her apartment, as it was only a few blocks away.

It was a beautiful summer day, but the air conditioner was a welcome relief. The drapes were drawn and she put on some soft Spanish music. It was like walking into another world. Irene handed me a small tin box and told me to help myself while she showered. I sat back on a comfortable red velvet chair and took a few hits. It was good. I hadn't smoked for a while so the high was nice.

I heard the water from the shower as Irene called out for me to bring her a joint. Feeling comfortable with myself, I didn't hesitate. She popped her head out as I handed it to her. "Thank you," she said, and took a couple of hits. To my surprise



she pushed the curtain back so that she was in full view. Her skin tone against the blue wall was breathtaking. Although she has a small build, her breasts are round and firm, standing straight out. The curve of her hips brought my eyes down to her black, curly hair, perfectly shaped.

She invited me in. "I'm sure you could use a shower after exercising." I felt self-conscious and needed a little coaxing. She invited me again. "I want you to sample some of my bath oils," she said innocently. As I was getting undressed I could feel the heat in my thighs rising to my cunt. I knew what she wanted. Although I had never been with a woman, I had often fantasized about it.

As I got in, Irene handed me a bar of pink soap. I washed myself as she was covering herself in exotic oils. Then she turned to me, I could hardly breathe. She cupped some oil in her hand and without asking began rubbing it on me.

Her hands were so soft. She started with my back, massaging me with oil. I turned around and we smiled at each other. She took the small bottle of oil and poured it on each breast. She rubbed it in gently, cupping my breast and nipples. She turned the shower into a warm soft spray and began caressing my pussy. I almost came as she touched my clit with her fingers. I was ready, I wanted to feel her tongue on me. Just then she turned off the water and we stepped out. We dried off, giggling from the high and she led me to her bedroom. Irene dropped her towel and kissed me. I had never kissed a woman. Her lips were soft and sensuous, her tongue experienced. I responded, rolling my tongue around hers, in and out of her mouth.

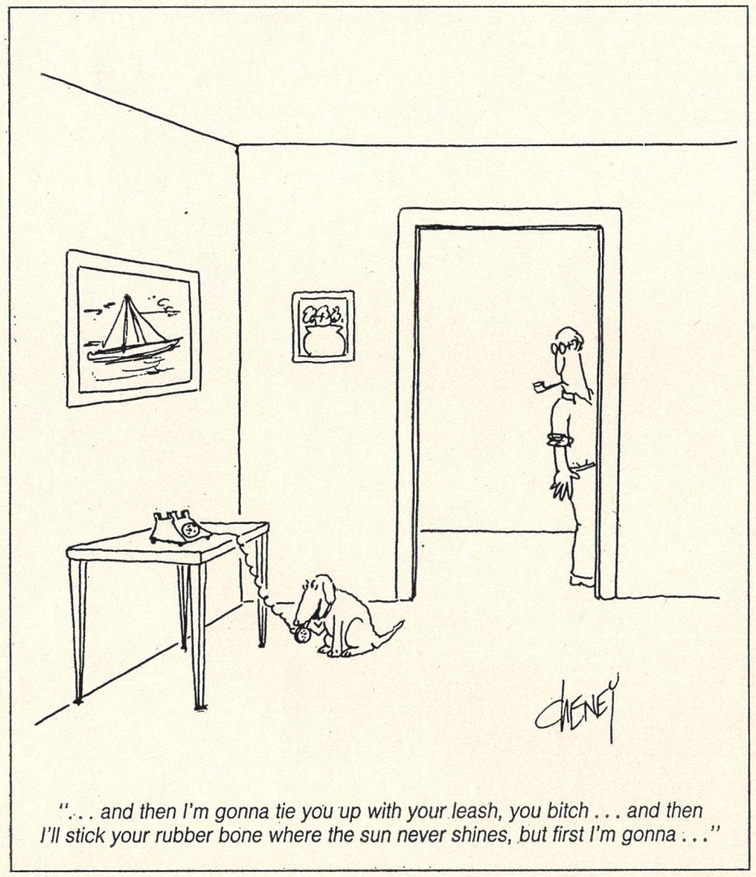
We lay on her bed. The pink satin sheets were cold but inviting. I got the feeling she had set this up, but I was glad she had chosen me. Her delicate features were so enticing. I ran my hand through her flowing hair.

Irene started to lick my body. Her tongue was hot and knew exactly where to go. Her tongue slid over my stomach and stopped at my belly-button, then proceeded down to my begging cunt. Parting my lips, she began licking and sucking my clit. When her tongue entered me, we both began to moan. I was guided over on my knees, face down on the satin pillow. She was kissing my rear as her tongue began probing my hole. My body welcomed her finger in my very wet pussy. As I turned over she went hungrily for my cunt, lapping up my juices. That was all it took. My body contracting, I started shaking and moaning. My pelvis was thrusting upward, and out came a scream of ecstasy. It was my first truly intense orgasm.

Irene quickly pushed my head to her wanting pussy. Her cunt arched into the air. As she moaned, sweet juices were rolling down her legs. I kissed her clit and began licking up her juices, getting my first delicious taste. I was flicking my tongue on her clit as she began massaging my still-dripping cunt. I placed my middle finger in her hole while my tongue was deep inside her hot flesh. "More!" she yelled, her bush thrashing in my wet face. My finger sliding in and out of her hole, she went wild, grabbing my pussy. Our bodies were quivering and shaking and we both came together.

We got cleaned up and went to the kitchen for lunch. "I have a feeling you've done this before," I said. She smiled, "Yes, I'm a Spanish teacher at the university. One of my students turned me on a couple of years ago. I think all women are bisexual," she said.

She couldn't believe it was my first time. I told her I had read about this sort of thing often and had fantasized about it many times. After that we became very good friends. My husband is home more often now and the kids are back in school. She told me next she would introduce me to her vibrator. I told her it's time I introduced her to my husband.—*Name and address withheld*



"... and then I'm gonna tie you up with your leash, you bitch ... and then I'll stick your rubber bone where the sun never shines, but first I'm gonna ..."

OPEN WIDE

It was at least a couple of years ago that I read a letter from a man who became sexually aroused while secretly watching his wife getting a pre-employment physical examination. My wife and I are in our thirties and neither one of us has made it a practice to have periodic checkups, which caused my wife and her sister to get into a heated discussion on the subject one evening. My sister-in-law believes strongly in annual physicals and finally convinced my wife to let her make an appointment with a doctor that she had been going to.

One evening a few days later, I took my wife to keep the appointment that had been made for her and while sitting in the waiting room, thumbing through some old magazines, I remembered the letter that I described above and wondered if I might have the opportunity for a similar experience.

After my wife had been gone a few minutes, I decided to check out the lavatory on the outside chance that I might find an open door that led into the room where my wife would be examined. After asking the receptionist where the lavatory was located, I went down a long corridor, entered the lavatory, and locked the door behind me. Sure enough there was a second door but it was shut tight, and hearing voices in the next room, I wasn't about to open it and give myself away. However, I did discover a small opening in the wall that was covered with a small, sliding door, which I assumed was used for passing urine specimens into the examination room. Although this sliding door was also shut tight, I felt confident that I could slide it open slightly without anyone noticing.

I slid the door open no more than one quarter of an inch and quickly realized that by sitting on the toilet and putting my eye close to the opening, I had almost a complete view of the examination room next door. The nurse had apparently just given my wife some instructions and was in the process of leaving the room. My wife was standing in the middle of the room and was still fully dressed.

As soon as the nurse had left the room and closed the door behind her, I watched my wife loosen the belt buckle on her dress and then reach behind her neck to lower the zipper that went all the way down to her waist. After my wife had pulled her dress over her head and hung it up on a hanger in the corner of the room, she removed her bra. I gaped at my wife's breasts, as if I were looking at them for the first time. In a way, I *was* looking at them for the first time, since I usually see them when we are lying in bed and, as everyone knows, women's breasts do not look as good or as big when they are lying flat on their backs. I noticed that my wife took a few seconds to look at herself in the mirror on the wall, thinking that she might be anticipating how well she would measure up when the doctor came in to examine her.

Next, my wife reached down to take off her shoes and then stepped out of her half slip. Her pantyhose and panties were all that kept her from being completely naked before my eyes. By this time I had a big hard on and had to shift my position in order to be more comfortable but I kept my eye glued to the opening so that I wouldn't miss anything. When my wife stepped out of her pantyhose, I noted that she was wearing a pair of bikini panties that I had never remembered seeing before, and they certainly showed her well-rounded ass off to best advantage. All of the time that she was undressing, she stood facing in my direction, but before she removed her panties, for some reason, she turned away from me, giving me a beautiful view of her beautiful ass and a glimpse of her crotch hair as she lowered her panties to a point below her knees and then raised each leg to step out of them. I almost came in my pants.

When she was completely naked she went over to the examination table and picked up the white gown that had been left for her and slowly put it on, having some difficulty (as I remember) in securing the opening in the back and then stood, leaning against the examination table to wait for the doctor.

The doctor came in a few minutes later and appeared to be quite young and very good-looking. After a few humorous comments, which I assume were intended to put my wife at ease, the doctor told her to sit up on the edge of the table and began to examine her eyes and ears and then checked her pulse and took her blood pressure. He then reached behind her neck (I assume that he was opening the bow that held the gown together) and told my wife to drop the gown to her waist. I noticed that she hesitated for a moment but did as she was told, exposing her breasts to this young handsome doctor but, as she did so, I noticed that she closed her eyes and kept them closed all the time the doctor was examining her back, chest, and breasts. When he had finished, he jokingly told her that she could cover up and open her eyes now and I could see that my wife was blushing.

He then told her to lie back on the table with her feet pointing in my direction, and when she was in position, the doctor pulled those metal stirrups up from the side of the examination table and helped my wife put her feet in them. When he stepped away from the table, I couldn't control myself and came in my pants for a period that seemed to last for several minutes. I was seeing my wife as I had never seen her before in all of our fifteen years of marriage and the view was fantastic.

My wife was at the very edge of the examination table, her ass extending over a small opening in the bottom of the table. Her legs were spread wide and sticking up in the air, supported by those metal posts. Her cunt lips were wide open and since her ass cheeks were separated her ass hole was clearly visible. My view was so good, I could almost count the reddish brown hairs that surrounded her cunt and ass hole.

The doctor then took a position on a small stool in front of my wife but sat low

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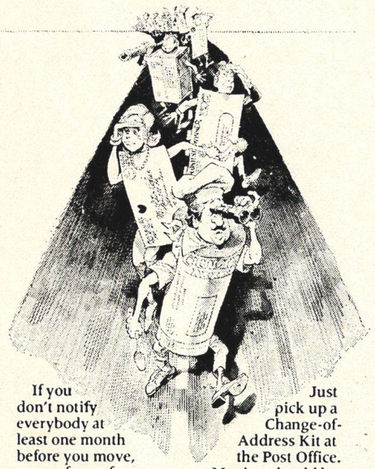

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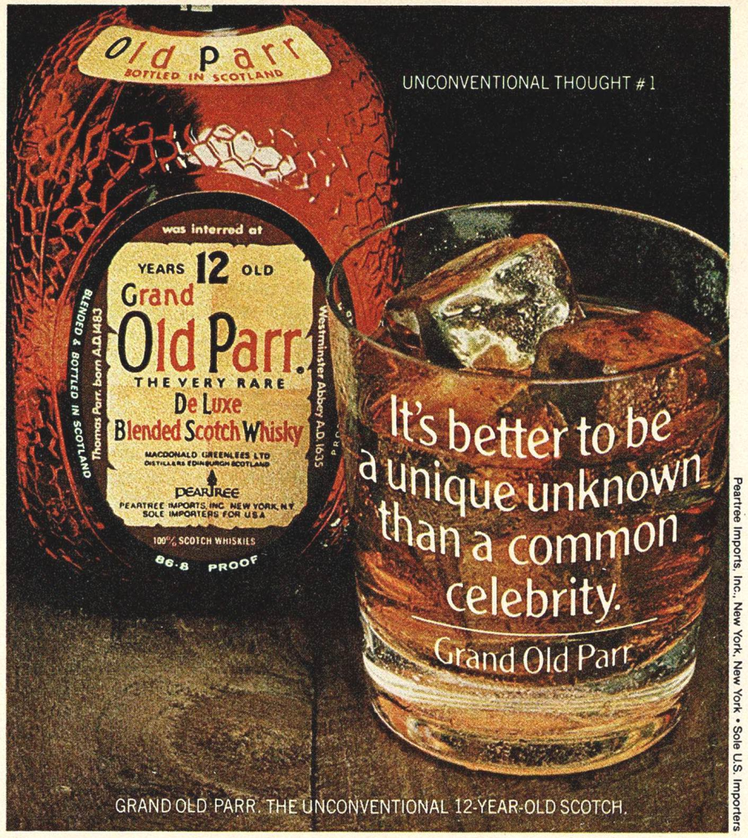


enough so that he did not block my vision. He looked like he was wearing a miner's lamp on his head, which lit up my wife's crotch when he faced her. I watched as he slowly inserted, first one and then two gloved fingers into her cunt as far in as they would go, causing my wife to let out a gasp and then a soft moaning sound. The doctor told my wife to relax and after a minute or two of probing around inside of my wife's cunt, he removed his fingers.

Next he took a long metal object and inserted it into my wife's cunt and turned something that caused it to separate, spreading my wife's cunt lips as far apart as possible. He then took what looked like a pocket flashlight and took several minutes, looking deep into her cunt. When the doctor was through with this part of the examination, he removed the metal device and went over to the sink to wash his hands, returning with a fresh pair of gloves and getting back on the stool.

This time he spread my wife's ass cheeks with one hand and inserted two fingers of his other hand into her ass hole. This time my wife let out a deep groan and made a motion that lifted her ass off the table. Again the doctor told my wife to relax. It seemed like he kept his fingers up my wife's ass for several minutes but when he finaly removed them he told her that he was finished with his examination and that after she gave the nurse a urine sample, she could get dressed.

Realizing that my wife would probably be using the bathroom that I was in, I quickly got up and went back into the waiting room, with a fair degree of discomfort, since my undershorts were soaking wet. On the way home I decided to confess to her that I had watched the entire examination. I explained to her how turned on I was by the experience (the condition of my undershorts helped my case) and how beautiful I thought she was, and later that night we had the best sex since our honeymoon. I intend to encourage my wife to have regular checkups and hope that I will always have the same opportunity to watch.—*Name and address withheld*

BUILT FOR IT

I am writing this letter at the urging of my friend, who I'll call Nancy. She and I have worked together for over a year. First of all, let me describe us. She is twenty-two years old, with brown hair, blue eyes, nice (not enormous) tits, slim waist, but a really nice, big, plump ass. I am also twenty-two, with blond hair, blue eyes, same nice tits, slim waist, a plump ass, but not as big as Nancy's.

About four months ago Nancy's husband was out of town over a weekend. She invited me over for the weekend (I am single and live with my parents) so we could shop in New Orleans and maybe see a movie or two. I had a date for Saturday that I canceled, for I thought a friendly weekend with a co-worker would be a pleasant diversion.

After work Friday we both went to Nancy's and cooked a little grub. That evening we watched TV and finished off pitcher after pitcher of piña coladas. By ten o'clock we were both loose and loaded and started talking about sex. We told of everything from losing our cherries to special preferences. I was a little shocked to hear that Nancy and her hubby were into analism and S&M. At first I thought it was a joke. With that she led me into her bedroom and slid a suitcase out from under the bed. In it were several paddles, and some restraints and leather attire. There were also some Polaroids of Nan and her husband in various states of domination and submission. At first I wanted to gather my belongings and get the hell out of there, but the feelings that were flowing through my pussy were begging her to show me more.

She then asked if I had ever worn leather. When I answered no, she insisted I try on a one-piece leather bathing suit she had. Reluctantly I took the suit, went into the bathroom, and squeezed (it was really tiny—how Nancy ever got her big ass in it is beyond me) into it. It looked stunning. When I entered the bedroom, she had changed into a black leather maid's outfit (leather apron, backless miniskirt, fishnet stockings, leather-heeled pumps). Around her neck was a black leather collar connected to a ten-foot fine chain. Before I could express my shock, Nan held up a pair of thigh-high leather pumps to me, bowed her head, and said, "Your boots, mistress."

She next presented me with my gloves. I quickly and nervously slipped them on. She then said, "I am yours, body and soul, do with me as you wish, and command me to do what you wish." My pussy juices were really flowing. Not only was she offering herself to me, but I was really wanting her. I stood silent for a moment and then said, "Lick my boots." She crawled over and sensously licked my boots all the way up to where they met my thighs. "Enough, bitch!" I screamed. I reached down and picked her up by the hair. (I couldn't believe I was doing this!)

I sat on the edge of the bed and ordered her: "Get your fat ass across my lap!" She complied. For almost fifteen minutes I blistered her ass with my gloved hands. I then removed the gloves, felt her ass all over, and goosed her deeply. She moaned. I removed her skirt and apron, leaving her in the bra, boots, stockings, and garters. We smiled at each other. "Undress me," I commanded. She complied.

We were both exploding with desire. I lay belly down on the bed. "Eat my ass, bitch!" I shouted. She slowly kissed my ass cheeks all over, licked all around the crack, and then, taking a cheek in each hand, parted my ass and dove her tongue deep into my ass. My boyfriend has eaten my ass once or twice but never has it felt this good.

After ten minutes of getting rimmed, I decided to try some of her toys out. "Enough, bitch. On your feet. I'm going to set fire to that fat ass of yours." I made her lie across the bed with her ass elevated, with pillows under her stomach. I put wrist braces on her and ran the chain from the neck collar through them and secured her to the headboard of the bed. I also cuffed her ankles together at the other end. Next I selected a paddle from her collection. I smashed it against her already flaming red ass. She cried out on the first stroke, so I went back to the suitcase and selected a ball gag to keep her quiet. I then proceeded to spank her lovingly. I could tell she had at least one orgasm during the punishment.

After I released her, we almost raped each other. That night I tasted my first pussy and first female ass. I also had my pussy eaten by another woman for the first time. But my greatest thrill came when Nancy ass-fucked me with an eight-inch vibrator while she ate my pussy. The next night we switched roles, and although she didn't lay into me as hard as I laid it on her, she still gave my ass a pretty good once-over with the paddles.

When her husband returned and she explained the origins of her heightened color, he was delighted and immediately invited me over for a threesome. The fun we have together is indescribable.—*Name and address withheld*

ICEBREAKER

I never thought I would have anything to share with the readers of *Penthouse*, but to my complete pleasure, I have finally qualified for the distinguished right to submit my own letter for your enjoyment.

Being overweight and not too tallish, I allowed this to interfere with my burning desire to stick my eight-inch Polish rod into someone. I thought I might never get to blast a wad into anything other than my hand. However, all this changed because of the peer pressure my fellow roommates at college applied.

My roommates, Russ and Nick, were always attending parties and coming back late at night with wild stories about what great fucks they got. I passed this off as just talk until one day they bet me a lifetime of fucks that I could get laid. I never imagined that it would be possible, but I was willing to try it because I was getting sick and tired of pumping myself!

We arrived at the party shortly before midnight and I immediately grabbed a beer and headed for the nearest corner. I was really unsure about staying. Oh, how I wished I could have paraded around the room, like Russ and Nick were doing, and gotten to know someone! Just then, Nick came over to me and said someone wanted to meet me. It was the girl friend of Nick's girl. After the introductions were made, Nick and his date slipped back to the party.

I could tell she wanted more than just my name. Her large, hardened nipples protruded through her tight shirt, just begging to be let loose from their blouse. As for myself, my prick was never in such a state and wanted out. She noticed my awkward gait, due to the size of my cock, and invited me to go for, of all things, a walk. We had gone only a few feet when she turned and faced me and began to undo my pants, right out behind the frat house! I quickly unbuttoned her blouse and sprung her tits from their jail. I had never felt anything so wonderful in my life. I can't even remember us taking off each other's pants, but I soon was eating her out with everything I had. She grabbed my eight inches with both hands and began sucking like her life depended on it. For the first time in my life I unloaded into something other than my hand. By now she was begging, "Fuck me, fuck me!" and I was more than willing to oblige. It was the most exciting minute of my life as I jammed all eight inches past her moist cunt lips. After her orgasm we lay motionless, capturing our beautiful moment together.

Well, since then I have had other experiences, but I will always treasure that one.—*Name and address withheld*

ON HER OWN

I am a twenty-six-year-old girl who loves everything about sex. I sometimes feel

that I live and breathe for orgasmic bliss. I'm five feet seven inches tall, weight 118 pounds, and proudly possess 35-23-34-inch measurements. My most intense pleasure is achieved through prolonged masturbation fantasies, and I have developed some very satisfying techniques over the past few years.

When I feel myself getting horny, I usually smoke a joint and get very relaxed. Then I retire to my bedroom and get out a few goodies I keep in a drawer. These are a bottle of baby oil, a dildo, a vibrator, and some nude-male magazines. Placing these items on the bed, I stand before a large mirror and watch myself as I slowly undress. I look so sexy in my lacy bra and panties, removing them slowly and dropping them on the floor! My soft skin tingles as I caress my breasts. They heave and swell slightly as I cup them in my hands. Now I take the baby oil and smooth it over my skin. My pussy begins to feel damp and warm as my hands slide down there. I gasp slightly, then move to the bed, where I stretch out, massaging my body with tender strokes. I lie there for a while and stroke my oil-slick breasts and pussy, rubbing my lips and clit into a highly aroused state.

Now I open the pages to one of the photos of a deliciously handsome hunk, naked, with a huge hard-on. My mouth waters as I fantasize that I am sucking on his swollen cock. Uncontrollably, I stick two fingers into my hot box and moan from the pleasure. I'm so very wet and hot down there. I want and need more. Taking my eight-inch dildo, I smooth my own love juices over its length as I suck the tip, stroking it as if it were real. It is slick now, and warm from my touch as I bring it to my aching pussy. I bend my legs up and apart as I guide the head to my cunt. My hips push forward to meet it and I push just the head inside. "Oh," I moan, "fuck me baby! Stick it in!" I urge my fantasy lover on. I begin to pump the cock into my seething cunt, pushing it in deeper and deeper, an inch at a time. It feels so wonderful. I am moaning in ecstasy now, fucking my tender twat with pure lust and devotion in a slow, smooth pumping motion. I am so very hot, and feel fantastic. Now I take my vibrator and put it where the dildo was. It is on low speed and makes every inch of my tunnel tingle. "Oh, shit, I'm coming!"

Now I remove the vibrator and replace it with the dildo. Lifting my ass slightly off the bed, I guide the juice-soaked vibrator to my ass hole. As I resume stroking the dildo into my pussy, I begin to push the purring vibrator into my ass hole. It feels so good as it opens to accept the intruder. Almost instantly I come again, but continue to pump both my holes without missing a beat.

I am in heaven and quite nearly delirious from this intense and prolonged stimulation. My hips are undulating, rotating and pumping back in response. The dildo slides effortlessly to the depths of my pussy as at least five inches of the vibrator is embedded in my ass.

My pussy feels on fire. I'm now fucking myself in oblivious passion. I am on the edge of the big one now.

The waves of pleasure are so very overpowering and rapidly overtaking my body. My entire being is pulsating and throbbing, synchronized to the pumping motion of my holes. I moan loudly as this last orgasm takes hold. My love juices are streaming from my pussy and my ass hole clamps violently around the vibrator. It all feels so good!—*Name and address withheld*

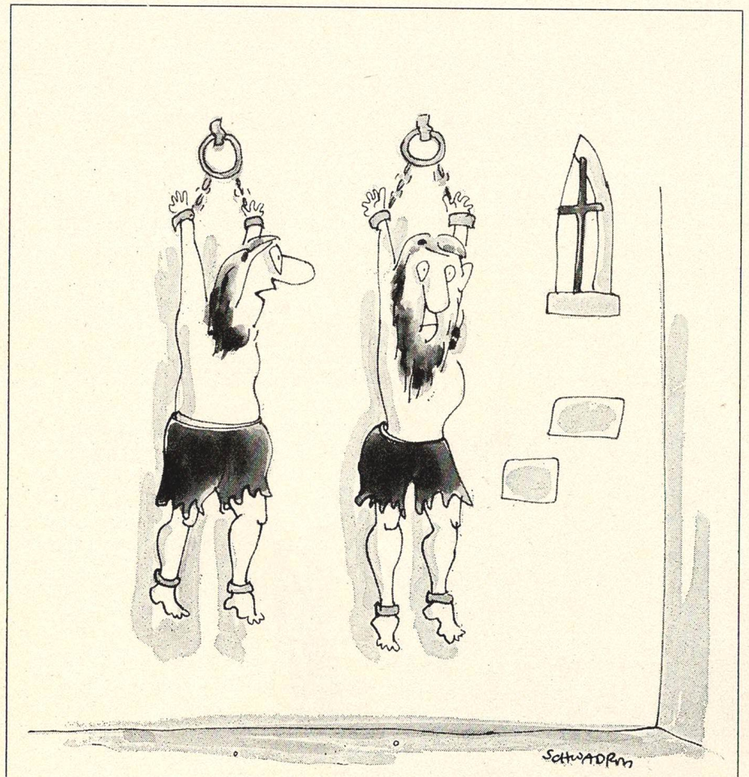
STRIKING A BARGAIN

Like many college girls, I had a terrible crush on one of my professors when I was an undergraduate. The professor, Dr. B., was youngish, single, articulate, and cute. During the last three years of my college education I took five courses from him in the hope that along with learning something, he might notice me. But that never happened, and last spring I graduated and moved to a job in another state, my fantasies alive but no longer within reach.

Then last month my boss suggested that I might want to attend a professional conference relating to my area of specialization. Having never been to a conference as a professional, I was psyched. And the first two days were a wonderful learning experience. But near the end of the second day I spotted Dr. B. standing near an elevator and rushed over to greet him. He was pleased to see me, and during the break between sessions we managed to have a drink and agreed that we should have dinner the following evening, when the program was particularly spartan. He suggested that I select someplace away from the hotel and I agreed to make all the arrangements.

The next day, Friday, we discovered that the afternoon program we had planned to attend had been canceled, and I offered to give my guest a tour of my home city. At about 4:00 P.M. I found myself near my apartment and offered to treat him to a glass of wine, which he accepted. I should note that the more time I spent with Dr. B., the hornier I got. I figured that after a romantic dinner I might just invite him to spend the night, but things took a more interesting turn.

While I went about doing a few minor chores, Dr. B. relaxed in the living room. I could see he had found a magazine, and when I asked what he found so interesting, his response was "your *Penthouse*." He then said that he subscribed and I said that I loved reading the letters to "Forum" and Xaviera's column. Suddenly, we were talking about sex and I confessed, without much embarrassment, that I had often fantasized about making it with him. He seemed flattered and said he found me attractive. He drew me nearer to him, and



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soon we were involved in undressing each other. We made love for the rest of the afternoon. It was heavenly. He proved to be a most considerate lover, kissing and nibbling all over my body and finally fingering and licking my moist pussy until a shivering orgasm consumed me.

Next it was my turn to return the pleasure he had given me and I gave his cock and balls a delicious tongue bath, licking and kissing all over his privates. Then, as an added treat, I slid his cock between my boobs and let him tit-fuck me until he was on the verge of coming before returning him to my mouth.

Before going out to dinner, we made love and showered together. It was pure erotica. After dinner, he had to return to his hotel because he had an 8:00 A.M. panel at which he was presenting the first paper. I offered to spend the night until I learned that he was sharing his room with someone else. But he offered to delay his departure for one more day so we could spend a full evening and day together. As we drove home, we talked a lot about fantasies and he turned to me and asked about mine of him. I confessed that they usually were either very romantic, like that afternoon, or involved his dominating me. He said that we had tried the first and did I want to try the second. "Sure," I replied with a lot of excitement. We agreed not to see or speak to one another until after the luncheon session, which also marked the formal end of the conference. Then, from the moment we entered my apartment that afternoon until 12:00 noon the next day, I would be his sex slave.

When he arrived at my apartment, Dr. B. game me ten minutes to clean up and get myself ready for the following twenty-one hours. I returned to the living room deliberately late, so that there would be a reason for any punishment my master might be pondering. He informed me that he was displeased with my slowness and would punish me after I had bathed him. Like a good servant I drew his bath and informed him when it was ready. While my master soaked in the tub, I washed his body while kneeling on the floor next to the tub. After he was washed and rinsed, it was my duty to dry him off. For his amusement, he ordered me to kiss his feet, then he took me by the hair and shoved his full eight inches into my mouth and started to fuck my face. I took hold of his thighs and started to suck for all I was worth. Then, just when I thought he might be ready to come, he stopped and stepped back.

Now he announced it was time to punish me. I have to admit that I am not a masochist and have a low pain threshold, but the idea of being whipped seemed like the most exciting thing that could happen to me. I was told to get up on all fours on the coffee table. Dr. B. positioned my knees close to the sides and had me extend my arms fully. He proceeded to inspect me and explained that I was fully available to him in this position. Then he asked where my hairbrush was kept and I told him. He returned a few minutes later with it. Then he informed me that I was to receive twelve swats and that after each swat I was to thank him for the blow and tell him the number remaining: if I erred, we would start over until I had responded in the proper manner. He took his time between blows to finger my pussy, ass hole, and nipples. Between number eleven and twelve, he had me suck him as before, and when he finished he told me that we could go into the bedroom and I could thank him with my mouth.

Inside the bedroom and between the sheets, I found that my sudden ability to use my hands, rub my nipples and pussy against his body, made me wild. I went crazy on his body and within a couple of minutes had a mouthful of come. As for me, I, too, came quickly, rubbing my pussy against his leg.

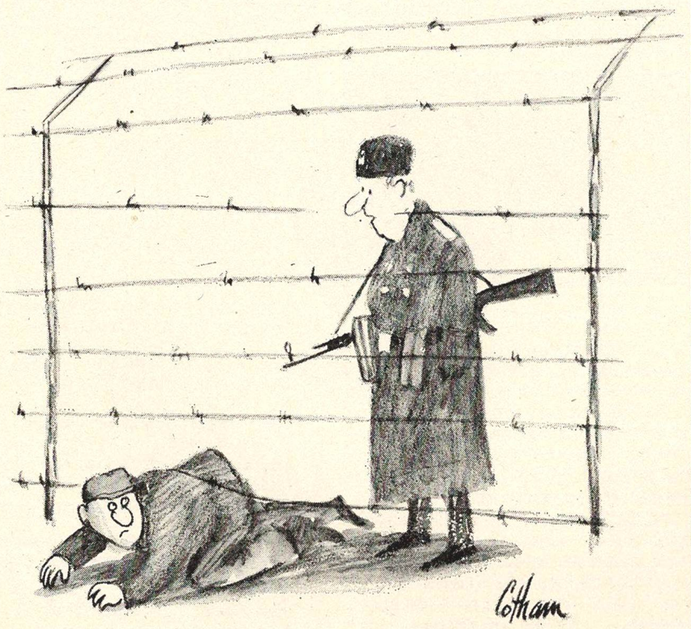
It was now well past dinner time and we were both very hungry. My master ordered me to dress as sexily as possible and then added that I was to wear no underwear. I found a skirt with a slit up the thigh and a silk blouse that buttoned down the front. We went out to dinner and it was filled with more exquisite erotic torture. Dr. B. sat on the side with the slit and periodically would stick his fingers up my skirt and into my pussy then take them out and either lick them himself or have me do it.

As we left the restaurant, Dr. B. asked about neighboring areas and when I told him that we were near several X-rated shops he told me to drive by them. Then he spotted several empty parking spaces and told me to stop the car. Next he got out his wallet and handed me a $20 bill and told me to go buy myself a vibrator and a pocket novel. Embarrassed but knowing what he had in mind, I walked to the first bookstore. Fortunately, it was almost empty and I made my selections as quickly as possible.

Once home, I was instructed to strip naked and assume my position on my coffee table. It was his turn to play with me, and he proceeded to explore all my holes, starting with mouth, then my pussy, and last my ass hole. But he never brought me off, just kept heating me up. Then suddenly, he announced he was horny and wanted a blowjob. I was about to ask, "What about me?" when he announced that after he came, I might enjoy what he had in mind.

This blowjob took longer that the last one. He might have been hard, but he was careful not to come too soon. Near the middle of my ministrations, he pushed me onto my back and began fucking my tits. But instead of putting his almost-ready-to-shoot cock back in my eager mouth, he began fisting himself and soon three big squirts of come shot over my face.

I started to wipe his come off my face, but was told to leave it. Then he handed me the book and vibrator and told me to



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read him a story. I began reading and playing with myself. About twenty-five pages into the book, I had come three times and my master was hard again. We got ready for bed and then fucked one last time that night.

It was late and we were both exhausted, so we slept very soundly and kind of late (almost 10:00 A.M.). I was the first up and got cleaned up and made coffee while I waited for him to get up. Shortly after he arose, he came and got me and brought me into the bathroom. He had me take off my robe and kneel in the middle of the tub. At first I thought he wanted to shower together, but then I realized what he had in mind. He started peeing all over me. It was my first golden shower, and because he had a hard-on it took almost a minute for him to drain himself. It was totally humiliating and I loved every second of it.

After my golden shower I took a real one with my master. He was pleased with my willingness to go along with his desires and told me he wanted to fuck me one more time before freeing me.

We returned to the bedroom with the vibrator. He told me to get myself ready, so I started to use the vibrator and got my juices flowing. Then he took some hand lotion, applied it to my ass hole, and told me to fuck myself that way, so I did. Now he was ready to be entertained personally and pulled me close and pushed my face down to his cock. I eagerly lapped at his manhood while alternating the holes I put the vibrator in. I came twice before feeling him fill my mouth. I kept sucking and licking until he was hard again. This time he pulled me on top of him and fucked me in the pussy with his cock and the ass hole with my vibrator as he sucked and bit my nipples. I was going crazy and came at least two more times before he pulled out and rolled me onto my belly and shoved his cock up my ass hole, which he proceeded to fill with his sperm a few minutes later.

We then showered again, got dressed respectably, and had brunch near the airport before I dropped him off for his return flight.

Yesterday, my boss asked if I was interested in attending another conference. After seeing Dr. B.'s name on the conference proceedings, I responded with an emphatic yes.—*Name and address withheld*

FIRST TIME LOVE

I would like to share an experience with your readers which started two years ago, in the summer, and which made me the happiest man in the world.

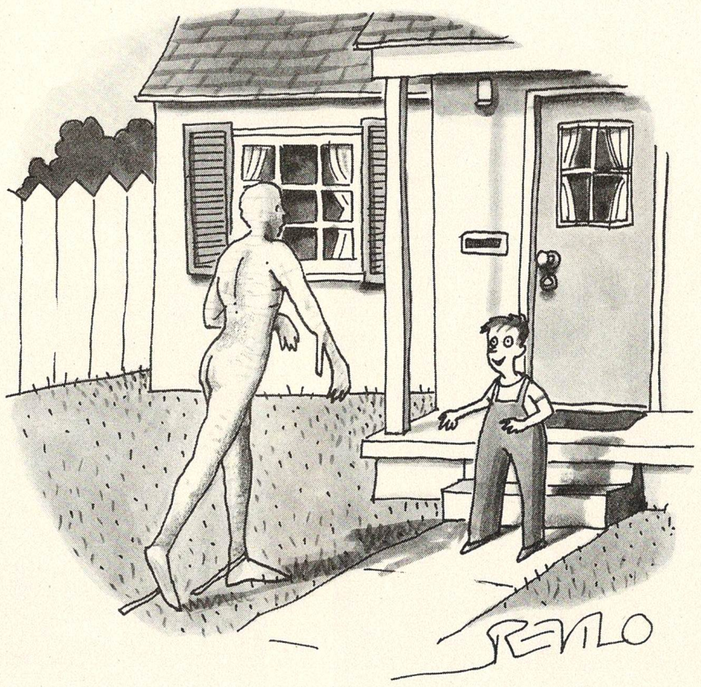
I am now thirty-six years old, German, and fairly rich, so I can afford nearly anything I would like to have. I run my own firm and live in a large house of my own in one of the suburbs of Munich. Two years ago I decided to go for a six-week vacation to Denmark only to relax, not to meet anybody.

I will never forget that July day. It was a hot and sunny afternoon and I was lying nude in a hidden place in the dunes of the beach. I was reading a copy of *Penthouse*, especially the "Forum" section, and slightly stroking my fully erect ten and a half inches when I suddenly heard a girlish giggle. I looked up and saw two fascinating girls standing on the top of my dune. They were also stark naked and looked down on me. They had bodies like one can only dream of with long blond hair down to their shoulders. One of them had voluptuous, but very firm and outstanding tits. The other one had smaller tits, and both of them nice, round asses and very long legs. Their legs met in two nicely trimmed love nests. At this view my cock didn't get limp, as you can imagine.

They came down the dune and asked me if they could sit down. I gladly accepted. They spoke German, and so there was no difficulty in our understanding one another. They introduced themselves as Hilda and Ingrid and—believe it or not—they were mother and daughter! In fact, they looked like sisters. Hilda, the mother, was thirty-four by then (like myself) and Ingrid, the daughter, would have her nineteenth birthday two days later.

At first I tried to hide my rock-hard rod a little but soon our talk led to sex, and I didn't see any reason to hide it any more. They told me they were bisexuals and made it together every day, but that Ingrid was still a virgin, which meant that she had never had a cock up her cunt. Hilda told me that she and Ingrid decided that she would lose her virginity on her 19th birthday and that they were looking for the right guy to do it. The evening before, they had seen me in the local pub and decided that I should crack Ingrid up! So they were looking for me at the beach until they found me and they were now happy about it, as they said.

"Please don't say no," Ingrid said. "Now that I've seen your lovely cock, I want it even more inside my love-tunnel. Lie back and let us show you what we mean!" Of course I didn't say no! I'm no fool. And of course I lay back as they asked me to do. I felt four hands caressing my naked body and two mouths kissing my mouth and face, nibbling down my chest, stopping short of my stiff cock. Ingrid took it in her hands, gave the knob a light kiss, and licked down my shaft to my balls, sucking one after the other into her sweet mouth. Her mother's then took the whole glans in her mouth and sucked furiously. I nearly went crazy as I felt those two pairs of lips and two tongues on my cock. Suddenly Hilda opened her mouth wide and swallowed the whole length of my cock deep down her throat, so that I felt her lips and nose in my pubic hair. She began to move her head slowly up and down about three or four inches, so that I was actually fucking her throat. It was an amazing feeling and I was near coming.



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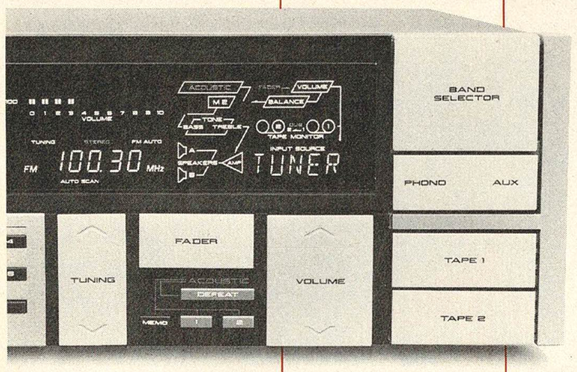

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Suddenly I opened my eyes and looked right into Hilda's juicy cunt. She parted her cunt lips with her hands so I could reach all her wetness with my mouth. Her hips rocked forth and back and my whole face was soon covered with her love juice. I put my hands under her buttocks and lifted her up when I screamed "I'm coming!" I shot my load the next second.

What should I say? I only smiled and took them in my arms. We lay back to rest a little, but our hands were still busy stroking one another.

In the evening of this day we met again in their holiday apartment and had a very horny night of fucking and sucking together. I licked the cunts of both girls and they were both sucking my cock before I fucked Hilda. She lay on her back, legs wide apart, and I rammed my rod deep into her love tunnel.

Then came Ingrid's nineteenth birthday—or, as we called it, "Defloration Day." We really celebrated. We were together at the beach the whole day long and went back to their apartment early in the evening. We had a fine dinner together and then Hilda left us alone and went into the bedroom to do some preparations, as she said. When Ingrid and I were led in, there were a lot of burning candles around the bed and soft music playing from a tape recorder. It was Ravel's *Bolero*. I slowly undressed Ingrid while kissing and caressing her. Her mother was sitting on a chair in a corner of the room watching us with her hands under her blouse and skirt.

Ingrid lay down on the bed and opened up her legs wide so I could reach her horny little cunt quite well. I bent down and started slowly licking her inner thighs way up to her twat, and when I reached it I blew some air through her light pubic hair. With her hands she opened her cunt lips, moaning. I sunk my tongue deep in and began a light sucking on her well-trained clit. She reached down for my head and pressed my face even deeper into her wetness. We changed into a sixty-nine position, but before she started sucking my rock-hard pecker, she asked me to shoot my load deep inside her cunt this time because she wanted to get used to this feeling. Then she began sucking at my swollen knob and I had to control myself to keep from shooting too early. I knelt between Ingrid's legs and Hilda came over and knelt behind me.

She reached between my legs and guided my cock between the pink cunt lips of her daughter, working it slowly up and down to caress her clit. Ingrid was moaning loudly. "Now do it, it's time!", Hilda ordered. With one slow but strong thrust I shoved my dick into this tight young cunt. Without any blood or cries I slipped in and began a furious fucking. Hilda was kissing and nibbling Ingrid's tits by this time. Now my sweet little Ingrid was a woman!

After about ten minutes I shot my load deep into her womb and I saw tears of pleasure running down her young face. From that day on, we fucked every day, and Ingrid got more and more horny, if this was possible. It didn't take long for the three of us to really fall in love. Two months after our holiday in Denmark they moved into my house in Munich. Since then, we've lived together and have a lot of fun.—*Name and address withheld*

POKER NIGHT

I belong to a group, with four other fellows, that meets for weekly poker games every Friday night. My wife, Janice, is very open sexually, and in all our years of marriage we have enjoyed the pleasures of other partners in bed, both male and female. Although we're not swingers as such; if an opportunity arises, neither of us will turn down an experience.

Janice, at thirty-five years of age, is a real looker. She's five foot five, 122 pounds, and 37-25-36. Her tits are firm and capped with silver-dollar-sized nipples. During our poker games Janice usually serves drinks and snacks and watches the game. This particular evening, Al was telling of a nude show he had seen in a nearby city. He went into great detail about the girl's performance and how she did her floor show after she had stripped completely. She lay on the stage, which was about a foot lower than the bar, so the customers were afforded a good view of what was going on. She opened her legs and gave everyone a view of her pussy, spreading her legs so her cunt lips were open. Al went on and on about the girl's show.

Janice was listening to all of this with great interest. All of the fellows were also listening eagerly. John suggested that next week, instead of playing poker, we all visit the place Al mentioned. Everyone thought that was a good idea, and we planned to skip poker next Friday.

In the meantime Janice had left the room to freshen everyone's drinks and get more snacks. When she returned she was wearing a see-through blouse without a bra and an old micro-mini skirt. Her blouse was almost completely unbuttoned and her large tits were almost completely exposed. As she served the drinks to the guys, she gave one and all a view of her luscious tits by bending over as she placed the drinks on the table. She announced that she didn't want anyone to go to the sex show because if we wanted a show, she would provide it! She looked at me, knowing I would give my approval. The guys were sure surprised. She left the room for a moment and the guys asked me what the story was. I said I didn't know, but that they should go with the flow. I let them know that whatever happened was all right with me.

Janice soon returned with more drinks, but this time sans blouse. Her beautiful tits were proudly displayed and her nipples were sticking out real hard. The guys all whistled and as she served each one she

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pressed her tits against him. Needless to say, our poker game was deteriorating rapidly. She left the room again, but returned wearing only thin white panties which clearly showed her dark bush. It was also clear that she was hot and her panties were wet. Again, she received a loud welcome.

As Janice paraded around the table, the guys all felt her tits and ass. She finally suggested that we clear the table of the chips and cards so she could get on with her show. All the guys were hard and eager by this time and didn't waste a second.

Janice got up on the table and sat with her legs crossed Indian style. Her pussy lips pressed against her panties and she stretched back and pushed her tits toward the ceiling. All the guys were making comments about her body and Janice was loving it. She turned toward Peter, stretched her legs out, and asked him to remove her panties. He reached out, slipped his fingers into her waistband, and as she lifted her ass off the table, pulled her panties off. Janice then slowly stretched out on the table on her back, pulled her knees up, and spread her legs so we could all get a good view of her cunt. She made all kinds of comments to really get the guys worked up, then she got on her hands and knees and walked around on the table. She gave each guy a good close look at her pussy. As she did this the guy she was facing played with her tits. We were all pretty hot and as Frank fondled her tits, Matt viewed her pussy and said, "She's hot—her cunt's all wet." Janice said to Matt, "If it is why don't you lap it up?" Matt grabbed her ass and started to lick her with his tongue. Janice said it was wonderful and then said that she wanted all of us.

We all stripped quickly and Janice proceeded to suck and fuck all of us. The evening ended with everyone saying that he would rather play poker at our house than go to see the sex show any day. They all left happy and satisfied, looking forward to our next poker night.—*Name and address withheld*

BETTER LATE . . .

Ever since I read *Fear of Flying*, I've nourished a secret desire for the "zipless fuck"—the brief and erotic close encounter with a complete stranger. Earlier this summer, with a man whose name I never knew, my desire was unexpectedly fulfilled, and with an intensity I had not thought possible even between longtime lovers.

I just moved to New York this past year, and lucked out in a job as a cocktail waitress in a trendy midtown club. With the accelerated summertime flow of tourists in and out of the city, as well as the usual businessmen courting new mistresses and lucrative business contracts, I found myself thoroughly exhausted by the end of July. I hadn't found much relief in the sensual arena, either, for although the scanty "merry widows" I wear during working hours garner me much attention, we're advised against socializing with customers. Fatigued and alone in the big city, I leapt at an invitation from friends to visit them at their summer house in the Hamptons.

I arrived late on Friday, and my hosts showed me my room, where I sank into the multiple down comforters of a glorious four-poster overlooking the sea—and fell promptly into a deep sleep.

I awoke the next day to complete silence. Sunshine and the salty aroma of the sea flooded the room. A note was pinned to the rose-colored satin sheets: "Gone to the beach. Join us after you've roused yourself." At that moment, I had no idea just how "roused" I would be before I next saw them!

I slid out of the satiny bed, dressed only in sheer, pearly stockings—which I'd been too tired to remove the night before—pulled taut by a frothy lace garter belt. I shivered with delight as I caught a glimpse of my outrageous appearance in the full-length mirror opposite the bed, then wriggled into the snowy-white silk slip I'd let drop to the floor by the bed. Then I slipped into a pair of silvery, strappy, stiletto-heeled sandals.

I stumbled out into the hall and passed into a huge, beautiful room and walked to one end, throwing open a set of French doors to let in sunlight and the ocean breeze. The sensation of the fresh, cool air on my warm skin excited me; my body awakened and I began to explore the unknown room, my high heels clicking lightly, musically, on the polished wood floor. I felt my body moving, straining inside the tight, nearly transparent slip as I glided across the floor, my breasts swelling against the deeply cut lace cups, my ass pressing against the delicate silk. I sat down stiffly on a daybed against one far wall. Slowly I parted my knees, then thighs. A swatch of silk barely covered my rounded vulva as the slip rode up my open legs. My body exuded a deep, musky odor, and I shivered as I brushed the ivory skin between knee and crotch with my long fingernails. I traced inside my thigh, slowly, up and down.

I pushed the silk a little against my pussy—it was warm and wet—then I pushed it harder, inside. I started moving my fingers across the silky strip, pressing them harder and harder, and the silk got wetter and wetter until I could almost see through it. My cunt was getting so hot and juicy and ready, my eyes were glazed over, and my head fell back. My long, tangled blond hair was tickling my quivering ass. And then I looked up and I saw him. He'd been watching me for quite a while and waiting until I saw him. I was startled but too far gone to stop—besides he was beautiful; lean and sun-bronzed, with dark, curling hair, a sensuous dark beard, and deep, dark eyes that were staring straight into mine. He was bare-chested and barefoot

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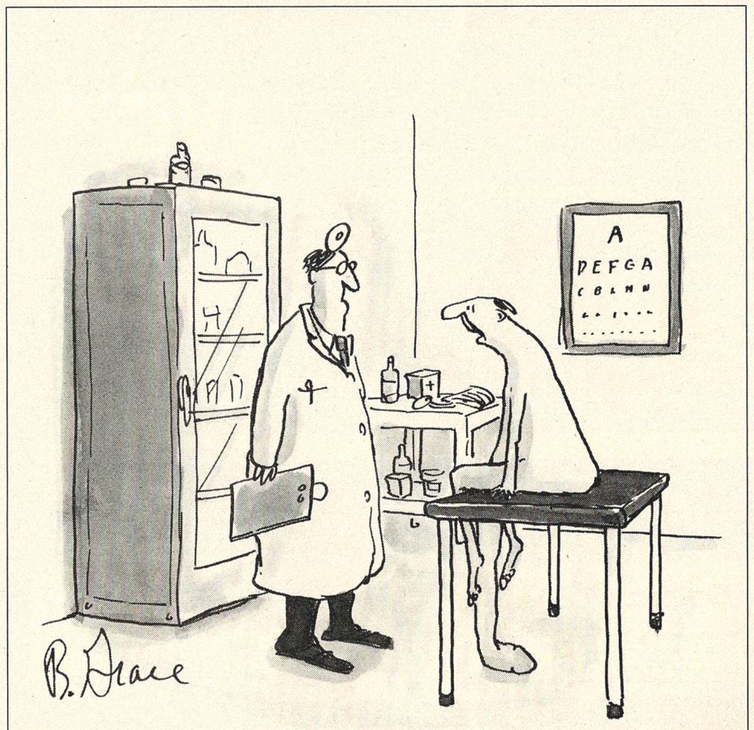
in snug, faded jeans. He just stood there and said, "Don't stop baby, don't stop." I'm usually a little shy, but I felt so sexy I didn't need to hold back. I shook my hair back, licked my full, soft lips real slow, slowly peeled back the soaked silk from my cunt.

His eyes glittered and I could see the growing bulge in his jeans. I opened my legs into an even wider vee and spread the pink, glistening folds of my pussy wide open for him to see. Then I slowly pushed a finger into my mouth, sucked it slowly, and then thrust it deep into my cunt. He gasped. I let the finger slide out, then pushed it in again slowly, my pussy sucking wetly against my finger. His breathing was heavy, but he still hadn't moved.

Then I withdrew my finger and slowly circled my hard clitoris. When I looked up, I saw him moving toward me, softly padding across the gleaming floor like an intense, hungry animal. I watched him moving closer. There was lust deep in his eyes and he looked hard into me. I looked right back and whispered "Eat me." Quickly, he grasped my shoulders and shoved me down on my back on the bed. He stood right over me, like an emperor, his cock stiff against his jeans. He grabbed my breasts with both hands, cupping their fullness, then lightly squeezed the jutting nipples. Then his hands slid away, pressing quickly, hotly, down the curves of my body. He fell quickly to his knees and grabbed the cheeks of my ass real hard. He pulled me into his face, thrusting his nose hard into my crotch and sniffed me deeply and long. Suddenly my thighs locked around his head and he was devouring me like a ripe fruit, my juices running down his chin. I ground my swollen cunt hard against his face, smearing the honey all over his beard. As I started bucking with the climax, my legs were over his shoulders and I couldn't get nearly enough. Suddenly he stood up, straight over my face. We were both panting as I tugged at his zipper, inching it down, exposing the smooth golden skin of his muscular stomach and lean hips, and then his cock leapt free bobbing over my face. I was astonished at its beauty—but before I could rise up and suck his pulsing cock into my mouth, he tore the slip off me in one flash of his strong hands, grabbed my tight, silky legs, and pulled me onto the floor. He knelt in front of me, flipped me onto my belly, and pulled my ass towards his swaying cock. He spread the cheeks of my ass, exposing my wet, hot, swollen box, shoved his jeans down to his knees—and suddenly my whole body received a terrific, electric jolt as he plunged his spear into me with a savage thrust. I was still so tight and very, very slick, slippery—he was rock hard inside me, filling me thickly, drilling into my cunt faster and faster. My wet ass slapped against his taut stomach and his hips churned wildly against me. Then, finally, we both shattered into a screaming climax, hardly human. We were barely conscious, falling away from each other slowly as the ocean breeze caressed our glistening nakedness.

I never did make it to the beach that day.—*Name and address withheld*



"Every time I get an erection, I pass out."

HANDYMAN SPECIAL

My wife and I have just celebrated our eleventh anniversary and I want to tell you about it. Let me explain that Irma is a fantastic-looking lady, with a great ass and soft, round breasts that make a lot of men turn their heads. We got our kids in bed and proceeded to pop the cork on a bottle of champagne. After half a bottle I suggested a warm shower. While the water was running on us, we worked our soapy hands over each other. Irma brought my six inches to life and I got her nipples hard and fingered her pussy until she almost came. This is when I got out of the shower and told her I was going to get dinner. She loves Chinese food. I told her to be ready when I got back!

Half an hour later Irma met me at the door in a sexy, low-cut dress with a glass of champagne and a wet kiss. She ground her pussy into my already hard cock. My hands moved around and felt her fine ass. I could feel her garter belt through the thin material of her dress. She backed off and asked what I wanted for dessert as she pulled up the hem of her dress and displayed a perfect triangle of hair between her white garter belt and soft nylons. We ate dinner and played footsie by candlelight. We opened our second bottle of champagne and retired to the bedroom.

Irma started rubbing my cock through my pants. She unzipped me and pulled me free and I lifted her dress and started kissing and licking her inner thighs. She asked if I wanted one of my fantasies played out: would I like to watch her through a window while she played with herself? I jumped at the offer and grabbed a ladder as I ran out of the house.

I climbed the ladder to our bedroom window just in time to see her lazily combing her hair in front of a mirror. She looked great. She started to untie her shoulder straps and pushed her dress down past her breasts, pausing to squeeze them and roll her nipples between her fingers. She continued pushing the dress down until it lay on the floor. There she was in only a white, lacy garter belt, nylons, and red high-heel shoes. Irma started rubbing her hands over her tits and down into her wet pussy, where I could see her juices running down her thighs. She slowly walked over to the nightstand and pulled out a vibrator. She then lay down on the bed and started pulling at her nipples and fingering her wet slit. Her hips were working in time with her hand and fingers when she took the vibrator and inserted it all the way up her wet and red pussy. At this point I could take no more. I almost fell off the ladder and ran back inside, throwing my clothes off in the process. I jumped between her legs and ate her out until she came all over my face and shot her pussy juice in my mouth. We then fucked in every way possible. I can't wait for our anniversary next year.—*Name and address withheld*

PALLING AROUND

I am a twenty-six-year-old woman and I consider myself very lucky, as I was gifted with a sexy figure that makes most men stop dead in their tracks. I have long blond hair, long legs, a trim waist, and ample, firm breasts that don't require the aid of a bra. I've had an active sex life since my teens, but it wasn't until I married Fred two years ago that I could unashamedly try my various fantasies with another.

Recently, though, our fun and games have taken a brand-new turn. We were on vacation, relaxing in our hotel after a good session, when I teasingly asked Fred if he had ever wanted to make it with another woman. After all, I was the only one he had screwed in two years and sex was always at the forefront of our minds. He surprised me completely when he said that he didn't really want to fuck another girl, but he wanted me to put on a performance for him this time: he wanted to watch me get laid by another man while he jerked off.

The idea sent shivers all through me the next day. I found myself horny from morning till night. We discussed how to find our third partner and decided to be on the lookout for someone we both liked and who appealed to us, but not to rush things. After all, we were on vacation. Our search ended only two days later when a charter bus pulled up to our hotel. The driver hopped out and started unloading the passengers' luggage. He was tanned, handsome, and had a sparkle to his eyes that didn't escape me. When I showed Fred the object of my desire, he just smiled and said if I liked him, he thought he'd be perfect.

Our chance to meet him came late that afternoon, when we saw our friend having a soak in the hotel's outdoor hot tub. We were already wearing our bathing suits and joined him. My bikini had its desired effect. Our new friend couldn't keep his eyes off my nicely rounded boobs. We struck up a conversation with him, and later asked him to join us for dinner. Hal turned out to be a nice, extroverted man with a really good sense of humor. I steered the talk toward sex, and Hal mentioned that during the summer he was almost celibate because of the demands of his charter bus job. He was often on the road for two-week streches and was never in one place long enough to meet people. His passengers offered no help, as most of them were senior citizens.

After a wonderful dinner, Fred asked Hal if he wanted to come up to our suite for a couple of puffs and wine. In the elevator I felt like a high-school girl on her first date. My stomach was full of butterflies and my pussy was soaked in anticipation of what might happen. When we arrived in the room, we all got comfortable while Fred rolled a couple of joints and we uncorked a nice bottle of Burgundy. Soon we were all in a good party mood and laughing at anything, so I decided it was now or never! I turned to Hal and asked him if he would like to change his celibacy status and have a good time tonight. He was smiling but slightly puzzled, and I told him to relax and wait because I had a surprise for him. Fred winked at us approvingly, and I went into the bathroom to prepare myself.

I took off everything and dressed only in my tiny lace bikini panties, my high heels, and my silk shorty nightgown. I let my hair fall down, brushed it full and shiny, and put on a touch of my favorite perfume. My heart was racing, but I opened the door and made my entrance. Hal's eyes just about popped out of his head as I slowly walked up to him and kissed him on his lips. I heard Fred behind me say, "Go ahead and enjoy yourself." Well, he needed no more prompting, as he returned my kiss with passion and reached under the silk to cup my breasts. I could feel all his doubts melting as he pressed against me. I unbuttoned his shirt and pressed him down on the bed. I let my nightgown fall to the floor and helped him pull his pants off. I was delighted to see his athletic body and gorgeous, stiff cock.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 212

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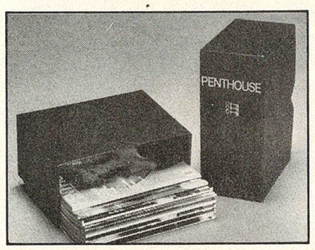

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JACK ABBOTT: "I REFUSED TO DIE"

Editor's Note—*The following letter was written by convicted murderer Jack Henry Abbott to amplify parts of his December 1982 interview in* Penthouse. *We are publishing his letter complete and verbatim as we received it.*

To correct the misunderstanding that will naturally occur from a sentence I thoughtlessly made in the interview with Peter Manso, let me here say I had in mind the differences in the experience of prison between black and white inmates.

It is commonly known that prison destroys family relationships; it estranges a man from his spouse as well as from his parents and siblings. This is usually so of white inmates in general but it is not true of black inmates as a whole. The changes anyone goes through being in prison are more drastic, more dramatic, for the white man because his family is not conditioned to comprehend the effects of being without rights and being subjected to oppression of body and soul. White society commonly has not experienced how oppression alters the personality and can twist the mind.

The worst part is not prison conditions in themselves. The worst part is to be made aware of a castigated sexuality and an existence without a single right. It can reduce the reason to the level of that of a child.

To suffer these things is one thing; to suffer them alone is another. It is to discover that those closest to you are incapable of comprehending what is happening to you. To save the situation, whites block out most of the experience and do not try to talk about it. The only result it would have is to embitter them toward their loved ones, even as prison does its work and takes its toll on them.

One of the common things that occurs when a white man goes to prison is the divorce from his wife. I would say 70 percent to 80 percent are divorced within the first two years. Most states only charge a token one dollar for a woman to divorce her husband in prison. Many states charge nothing—even *offer* this service.

I have (long ago) went through the phases of coming to the realization that white society cannot comprehend, in the intimate sense required, the unspeakable injustice of prison. Michael Foucault—the French philosopher, alive today—remarked that imprisonment is historically the most unjust form of punishment, for it injures a man in ways that so massively outweigh *any* crime an individual can do, it is itself the greatest of crimes.

The families of black inmates remain intact, however. It can only be because black society comprehends, in that felt and intimate way, the oppression of prison. History has taught them how to sustain one another and survive oppression. They simply do not torment one another.

When I went to prison, any inmate at all who spoke to any guard at all in an informal manner was considered to be a snitch. Cut and dried. Snitching was an *activity* and a charge *seldom* leveled at any man. Today, inmates and guards speak freely to one another, and there is, in general, no stigma attached to it. I have even seen inmates *openly* argue loudly over the "question" of which of the guards is the "best." And in every prison and jail it is these inmates who constantly start rumors about suspected "snitches."

They excuse themselves by saying they "use" the guards to extract information from them. In any of the even basic penology textbooks one can read entire chapters on how these guards are "used." The guards manipulate these inmates so shamelessly one must suspect a mental defect in the inmates.

And yet it is because the inmates still sense that they too are being used in turn that it prompts a feeling in them that makes them avidly denounce the notion of "snitches"—even to the guards!

It is common now in prison to hear a guard remark that inmate so-and-so is "no good," and when one observes the effect this has on the inmates, one would marvel at the strange ideas they have of themselves as a group, fundamentally opposed to the guards and separate from them. When a guard today tells one of these inmates that another is a "snitch," the inmates receive this "information" as if bona fide and utterly true. It is virtual madness.

Overall, black and minority inmates cannot be manipulated in this childlike and absurd manner. Overall, they can successfully beat the man at his own game. This is why in prisons today the prison regime prefers to employ white inmates as clerks or helpers where points of security exist—around certain files and access to certain communications posts or in certain offices where guards gather to confer.

It is no different outside prison. The American parental romance with its government that white society indulges in, in the romance of insisting "loudly" that it is rebellious of government while it silently and in its actions supports and carries out its every whim, attacking and denouncing anyone who seriously opposes their government, is the same as the inmate who allows himself to silently be employed by guards at the same time he loudly denounces "snitching."

These same inmates, by the same token, revel in the idea of an enemy of the prison staff being killed just the way the white American, who considers himself critical (at least) of government revels in the idea of his government crushing men who are in serious rebellion.

The statement extracted from me at Marion was extracted under the literal threat of death and no inmate was *ever* disciplined for anything I have ever said. I played the man and four lawyers were denied access to Marion. Those four lawyers were *my* lawyers.

During this period, the press, the liberal intellectuals, the prison-reformers—*all of them* kept silent and helped conceal the strike from the broad masses of American society.

And now I am accused in a vacuum of betraying that work strike when that is not true at all and is information given to the press by the government.

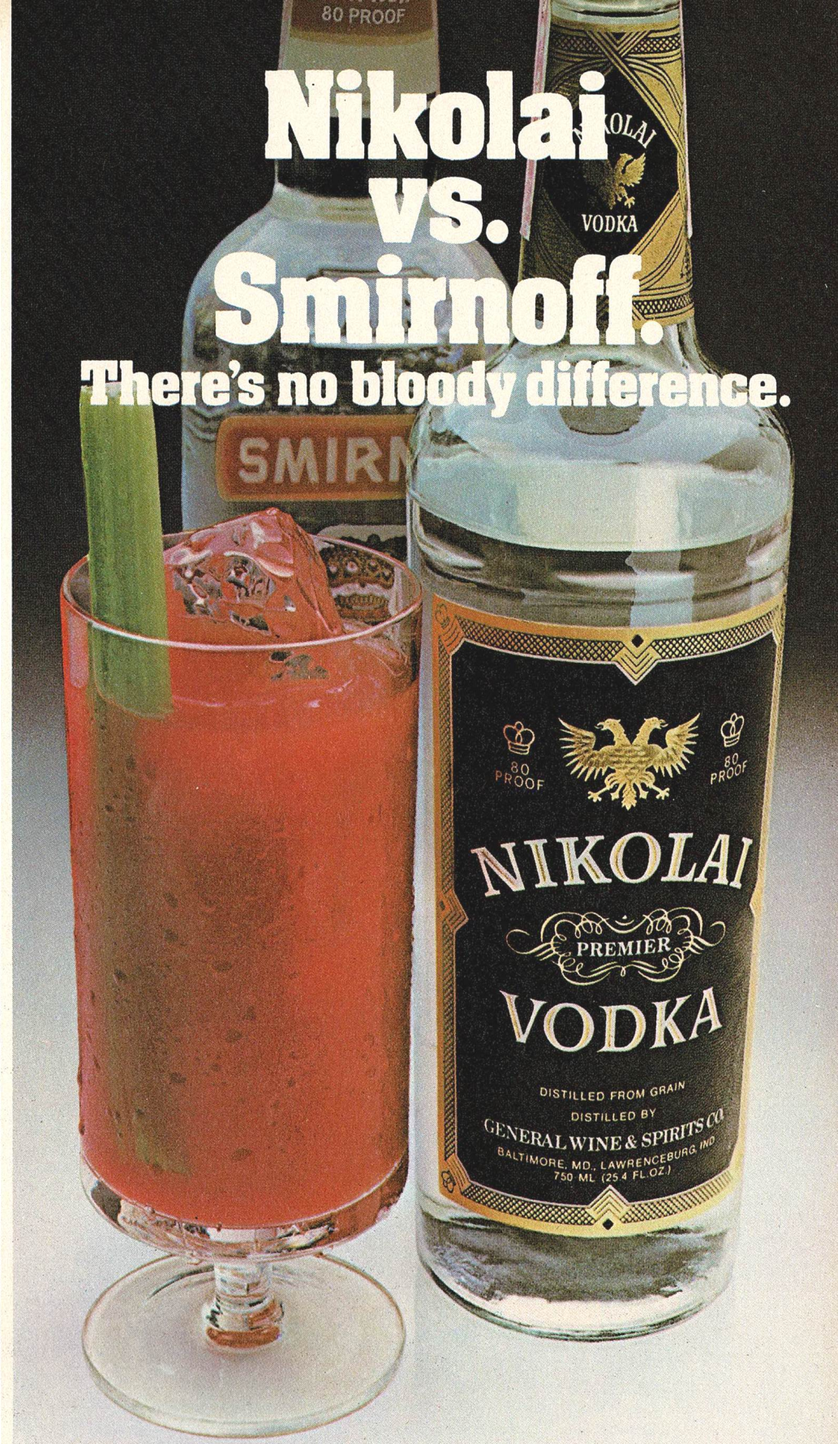
During the strike a number of inmates were killed and wounded at the instigation and manipulation of some of the guards. And I refused to die for nothing more than the vanity of a parental romance with government that four lawyers were indulging in.

And now the press is pleased to shout its government information that I am a snitch; doubly pleased (and silent on the fact) that the government refuses to give me protection, white society is hoping that I may not live long enough to write the truth that would annihilate the conscience of that society.—*Jack Abbott*

A NO VOTE FOR ANDERSON

John Anderson's "romance of ideas" campaign for the presidency in 1980 was a romance mainly with himself. What a pathetic figure—cutting out and pasting up his own press releases himself. Your interviewer (*Penthouse,* September 1982) handled him with kid gloves. Perhaps he submitted his questions in advance. There were no questions about the potential destructive force of a third party, its questionable value, or whether Anderson might achieve his political program faster through the traditional two-party system. *Penthouse* even let Anderson get off scot-free for manipulating the American people with a non-event (the Kennedy-Anderson meeting). If Richard Nixon pulled such a stunt, journalists would have demanded their requisite pound of flesh. Nor did your interviewer hold Anderson accountable for Ronald Reagan's election, which, I presume, a majority of your readers opposed.

The reality of Anderson's political goal seems to be political aggrandizement—and this is best achieved by his third party. This is illustrated by his pledge, in the early part of 1980, to support the GOP nomi-



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nee—a decision he changed less than four months later.

Anderson's assertion that political parties follow and don't lead, which he illustrates by the nuclear freeze movement, uses false logic. Of course political parties follow the people's will—that's the whole point of democracy.

Anderson's benighted campaign to form a third party that has no discernible principles and no specified social programs rings as hollow as a California mission's wooden bell. The darling of trendy journalists and fat cats reveals his cardboard opportunism with the not so comforting thought that he doesn't shrink from the notion of his being the "prospective nominee of a conceptual third party."

Your interviewer's casual job of interviewing Anderson notwithstanding, I hope few of your readers take Anderson seriously. His rhetoric, such as his calling present U.S. foreign policy "imperialistic," is hyperbolic and grating to the ears.—*Edward G. Heidig, Thousand Oaks, Calif.*

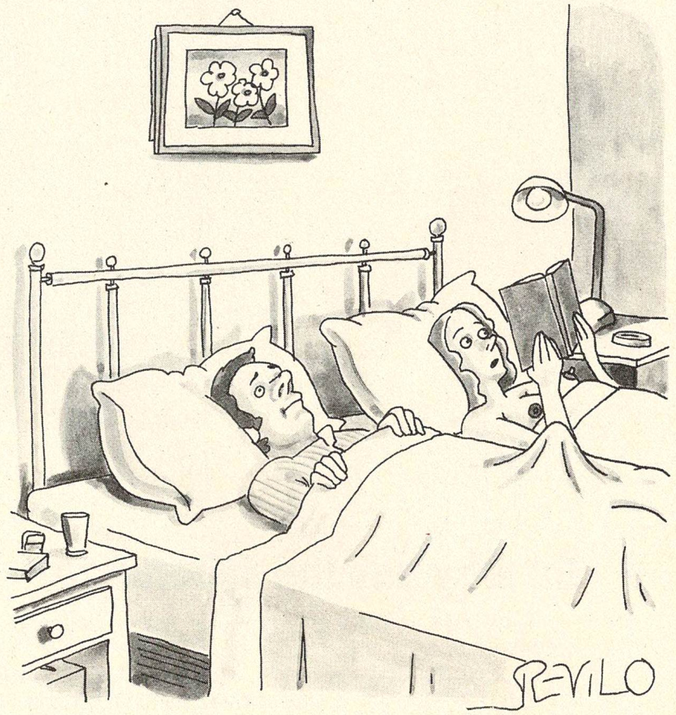
A GUARDIAN ANGEL

Thank you for the interview with Curtis Sliwa in your August 1982 issue. I, too, grew up in the Canarsie section of Brooklyn. My father and grandmother still ride the subway (the LL, or Canarsie, line) into downtown Brooklyn every day. Thank you for bringing Curtis Sliwa to the rest of the country. Here is a true American hero. He embodies the spirit and love of freedom with which our forefathers strove to create the "better quality of life" that he speaks of. He has shown us that we can achieve this quality with a maximum of our own effort.

One question comes to mind, though. Since John McEnroe and Reggie Jackson are worthless as role models, why can't we see more of Curtis Sliwa? With him, money is obviously not the motivating force. The force is guts, vision, and hard, hard work. I would gladly trade in my Julius Erving basketball poster for one of Curtis Sliwa.

The man is a symbol of everyone's worth to himself and to others. The question of giving the Guardian Angels credit for what they do is absurd to a New Yorker. My father swears by them. They get recognition every time a patrol member steps on a train. More important, though, is the point that Curtis Sliwa's Guardian Angels drive home: we don't have to sit back and let a handful of worthless scum control our life-styles in a potentially beautiful and free society.

I say "nuts" to the naive dumbshits who would call the Angels fascists; and I plead with the cops who won't cooperate to do so. I say "thanks" to Curtis Sliwa. In a time when all of our generations are looking for a true hero, I think we have found one in this man.—*2d Lt. Alan G. Sherman, USAF, Columbus, Miss.*



". . . and in that same village, there lived a handsome young prince."

BUGGED

Okay, I'm finally bugged enough to write *Penthouse*. There are some things that you do in the magazine that, after years of repetition, are getting to be definite irritants. Here's my list.

1. For years the vast majority of "heroes" in the "Forum" letters have been boasting of penises in the nine-to-eleven-inch range. Their sexual encounters are routinely launched by a combination of booze, grass, and/or cocaine. They all seem to suffer from a strange form of priapism, characterized by a perpetual hard-on, coupled with frequent, copious ejaculations of unusually sweet semen. I, for one, would like you to give at least some space to the true adventures of more average folk, and less to the wishful musings of a distinct minority, alcohol-and drug-dependent satyrs.
2. Your pictorial preoccupation with lesbian couples is really getting old. The posing is, for the most part, ungraceful, and the subject matter is of no more than occasional, passing interest to most of your readers, and then only if done with style and originality. Myself, I'd prefer more pictures of sensuous women alone, allowing me to fantasize myself into the scenes without worrying about creating a crowd.
3. Please, please give us some relief from the low-light, soft-focus center spreads! If the lady is that beautiful, I want to view her clearly, not like I was peeping through an army-surplus mosquito net.

Don't misunderstand me. I find nothing morally offensive in the material I am complaining about. Rather, it is the repetition, the editorial laboring of a theme until it has been sapped of its strength to excite and seduce the reader, that I decry.—*Barry M. L'Etoile, Sacramento, Calif.*

SCREAM, MOAN, HUMP, SUCK

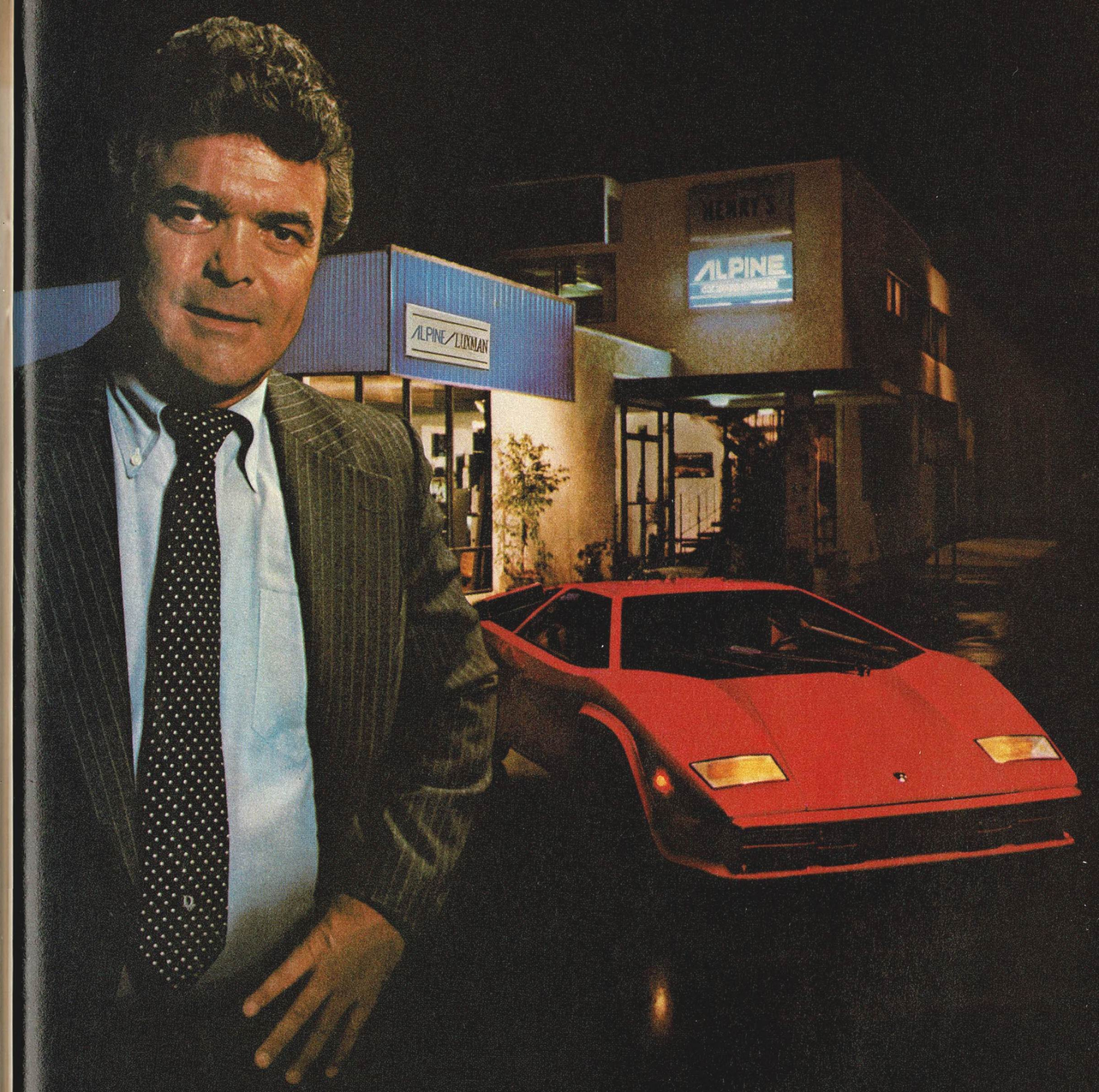
This letter is written in reponse to the "Forum" letter entitled "Equal Time," published in your September 1982 issue. I felt somebody should tell this poor man what he's missing.

I am a screamer, moaner, humper, and sucker and am always actively involved in sex. And there are many women just like me. Quite often, the first thing I do when my man comes home is get down on my knees, open his fly, and suck him right into the bedroom. At least five days a week he is awakened with a blowjob, and I seldom miss a drop! As a matter of fact, we have such an active sex life that the newlywed couple upstairs has complained.

Just one word of advice: some women come by a good technique naturally while others need to be taught . . . with patience and understanding. Don't sell us short—almost all of us are willing to learn!—*Name withheld*

PLEA BARGAINS

I wish to bring to the attention of your readers more proof about the biggest trick of the judicial system: plea bargains. Seymour Wishman's "Advise & Dissent" es-



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say "Plea Bargains: A Criminal Disgrace," in the June 1982 *Penthouse*, covered one aspect of the system. My experience illustrates another.

In April 1980, Los Angeles Deputy District Attorney Frederick Stewart told me in "open court" that if I pleaded guilty to two felony counts of burglary, I would receive a sentence of two years. "Maximum exposure": two years. I set my mind to serve the two years and took the plea bargain. Upon my arrival at the California Institute for Men in Chino, Calif., I was informed that I could not serve the entire two years, but would be released in sixteen months on my good time/work time behavior. Well, that sounded even better—until a month prior to the release date. At that time my counselor informed me that I would be on "three years' parole." I was released on "forced parole" after serving sixteen months. After forty-five days in the community, my parole agent had my parole revoked and the California Board of Prison Terms ordered me to return to prison for an additional twelve months. I wrote letters to the Board of Prison Terms regarding my plea bargain and they replied:

(1) The law does not provide for a prisoner to serve his entire term in prison.

(2) The additional twelve months in custody is because of a violation of parole and not a new crime.

(3) If you violate again, you can be revoked for another twelve months.

(4) The California Department of Corrections and the Board of Prison Terms does not honor plea bargains.

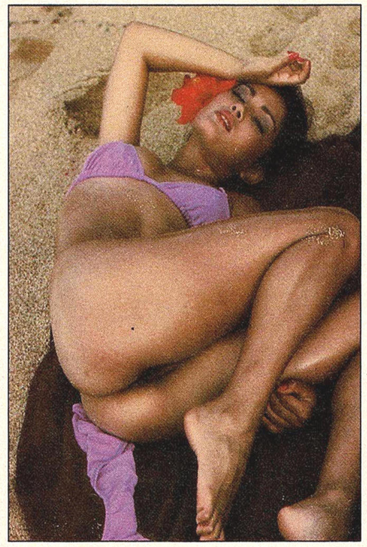
So now you see that plea bargains in California courts do not mean a damn thing. Already I've served thirty months on a two-year maximum, and my release date is June 1983, so I will have served forty months on a two-year plea bargain. My plea bargain did not mention parole, and the Board of Prison Terms informs me that I can serve five years and four months on a two-year plea bargain.

Well, there you have it. My advice to those facing the decision about whether or not to plea bargain is: don't do it. The bargain is really life in prison on the "layaway plan."—*Ronald Hicks, Los Angeles County Jail, Los Angeles, Calif.*

SHERE HITE HELPS

After reading "What Women Really Want" by Shere Hite, in your September 1982 issue, I was moved to write you this letter. I have never been a letter-to-the-editor type but your article dealing with the female role in sex was so enlightening that I felt I should express my appreciation.

I have always been curious about many things related to sex, as I think many people are. I wondered whether I was doing the right things in bed, whether I was "good." Your article has helped me to see that things I was doing were right after all. I feel a new resolve to continue to express my awareness of all things related to human sexuality. Thank you, *Penthouse*.—*John Pfaff, Teaneck, N.J.*



A TASTE OF SUZEÉ

Please excuse our tardiness, but I must tell you that I had missed your January 1981 issue until now. It was a real taste treat! Especially your cover girl, Suzeé. By my accounts she is extremely breathtaking. Any chance for one more quick glimpse, please?—*George Crosby, Forsyth, Montana*

We're happy to oblige! See the above photo.—The Editors

CORRECTION

Larry Linderman's article "The Twenty Worst College Football Teams of 1982–83" in the October issue exhibited some spurious journalism. Being a graduate of one of the universities included in the bottom twenty, I took it to heart when I found that the pennants of the #2 team, Colorado State, and the #14 team, Colorado, were reversed. I'm not sure Mr. Linderman is qualified to write an article on the worst college football teams in the nation when such an obvious error is made. Colorado State's colors are green and gold and their mascot is the ram. The University of Colorado's colors are blue and gold and their mascot is the buffalo. I have to give Mr. Linderman credit for knowing the mascots of the respective schools, but that is no excuse for having the pennants in reverse order in the illustrations for the article.

What other state can legitimately say that its two largest universities have worthless football teams? We can even add a military institution to Larry Linderman's Twenty Worst, the Air Force Academy, at #9, for good measure. Mr. Linderman, give us the publicity our universities deserve, but at least make certain the pennants are correct! Other than this small error, keep up the good work.—*William Schulte, Stratton, Colo.*

The inadvertent transposition of the two pennants was an error made by the Penthouse *production/art departments. The fault is in no way Mr. Linderman's. We apologize for the mistake and appreciate our readers' close attention to the article.* —The Editors

PTSD AND VIETNAM VETERANS

Your "Advise & Dissent" column by Joanna Kyd on the Charles Heads case in the September 1982 issue of *Penthouse* brought an important issue to the attention of your readers. However, the article left the impression that a defense based upon Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) is just another blind alley for veterans.

Your readers should know that shortly after the Heads case, another veteran, Jearl Wood, was found not guilty in the shooting of his foreman at a Ford plant in Chicago. As one of the attorneys who tried the case, I must say that the instances in which a PTSD defense is applicable are few in number. In the Wood case, like the Heads case, painstaking effort over many months was required to piece together details of our client's life in a way that could be admitted into evidence.

Unlike the Heads case, however, Mr. Wood was never forced to take the witness stand. His life, which included no previous criminal charges, a good work record, and an effort to seek counseling, was his testimony. In addition, unlike the Heads case, Mr. Wood was *not* imprisoned or committed to a mental hospital. Mr. Wood was able to return to his family and is now undergoing therapy as an outpatient. Your veteran readers should know that Post Traumatic Stress Disorder affects between 500,000 and one million veterans. Most veterans, like Mr. Wood, are not aware of how experiences in Vietnam can influence their behavior even today. Since each veteran is an individual, it is wrong to say that every vet has suffered effects from the war in the same way. However, it would be equally wrong to ignore a real problem where it exists.

The best news from the Wood case is that both Mr. Wood and his family now understand why he had nightmares, bouts of depression, and other symptoms. My hope is that other veterans and their families, and particularly their employers and unions, will make the counseling available that prevents tragedies such as that which befell Mr. Heads and Mr. Wood.

The Post Traumatic Stress Disorder is not a hopeless condition either psychologically or legally.—*C. Peter Erlinder, Assistant Professor of Law, William Mitchell College of Law, St. Paul, Minn.*

TO TORTURE OR NOT TO TORTURE

Thank you for your interview with Prof. Michael Levin (October 1982). He is truly a splendid example of that most perverse intellectual phenomenon: the mental giant and moral cretin. He is called a philosopher, that is to say, "a lover of wisdom," and yet what he offers us as a solution to our grave social problems of criminality and terrorism is the same monstrous solu-

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tion advocated by Pinochet, by Amin, by Goebbels and Eichmann, by Stalin, by Torquemada, by Tiberius and Augustus. Levin is in fine company indeed, surrounded by this veritable who's who of high-IQ ghouls masquerading as human beings. However, the first lesson to be learned in the pursuit of wisdom is this: truth is relative. Thus, one man's terrorist is another man's hero (witness Menachem Begin, late of the Stern Gang); one age's despised heretic is another age's revered seer (witness Martin Luther). Levin has precious little imagination, or else he might see himself as he might have been during the time of Christ: a Roman official ordering the torture of Paul or the crucifixion of Peter. Truth *is* relative. Peter and Paul were, after all, avowed enemies of the state and consorts of an infamous militant revolutionary who was condemned, by law, and duly executed.

I am both a Roman Catholic and a reader of *Penthouse*. Therefore, I am glad that *Penthouse* has had the courage to expose a man like Michael Levin to public scrutiny. This man, who can advocate torture as an instrument of the state's power—and in particular the torture of an alleged terrorist's innocent child—is not worthy of being called a "lover of wisdom." There is a very delicate and tenuous membrane separating humankind from the utmost brutality, and the Holocaust *should* have taught us how easily that membrane can be punctured, ruptured forever in the name of the state. Behold this man Levin, then, and beware, for he bears the Mark of the Beast. Clearly Eichmann and others of his ilk did not die in vain, for their spirit—God help us all—lives on.—*Suzanne Heine-Hult, Hollywood, Calif.*

A HEALTH WARNING

As a novelist and a physician, I read Ellen Sherman's article on male prostitution (*Penthouse*, September 1982) with more than passing interest. I think it was a fine piece of journalism, and the whole topic is fraught with fictional possibilities. As a gynecologist, though, I think several points must be underscored. I must say up front that I have no intention of moralizing about behavior that has profound—and often positive—psychosocial implications. Yet, in my role as a health care adviser, and at the risk of beating an often discussed topic to death, I would be remiss if I didn't mention the *possible* medical consequences of that behavior.

In one month in my office, I see more varieties of sexually transmitted diseases than I could possibly enumerate in a brief letter. Suffice it to say that they run the gamut from the trivial (the countless forms of transmissible vaginitis, warts, "crabs," etc.) to the more serious (herpes, fertility-destroying gonorrhea, syphilis) to the fatal (hepatitis B, a small percentage of which cases may prove lethal). It's a credit to Ms. Sherman that she mentions the possibility of disease, albeit briefly.

The upshot of all this is that an individual must be fully cognizant of the consequences of his or her actions, both to himself or herself and to others. Many a woman might find it difficult explaining to her sex partner how she inadvertently transmitted penicillin-resistant gonorrhea to him, for example, or why she suddenly needs an abortion.

The point I'm making is that the behavior Ms. Sherman alludes to can indeed prove both gratifying and beneficial—provided, though, that the individual has grappled with all the ramifications of that behavior beforehand. It's always nice to know at the start what you're getting into.

Or, I should say, what is getting into you.—*David Shobin, M.D., P.C., address withheld*

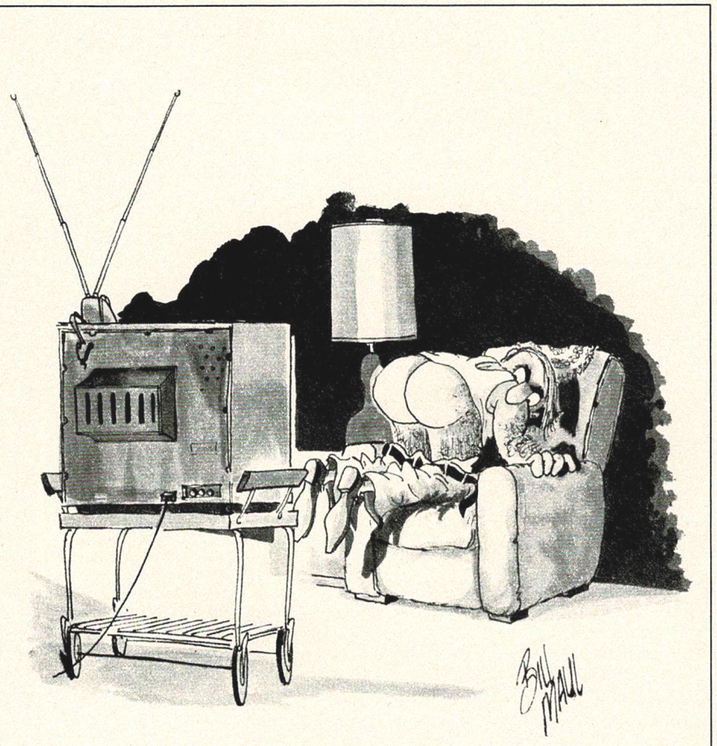
FAN MAIL

To put it simply, I am overwhelmed by the pictorial excellence displayed in your October 1982 edition. From the front cover through each of the photo spreads, all the photographs were perfectly classy. Please, less of the leather, the whips, the insects; please, more of a woman's natural beauty and the beauty of lovemaking.—*Name withheld*

I must congratulate you on your choice of Laurie L'Oranger for October Pet of the Month. She is truly outstanding. I can readily understand why she makes a living as a photographer. She has the most interesting box camera it has ever been my pleasure to see. I have seen a number of Brownie box cameras in my day, but this was the first time I have ever seen a "Reddy" box camera. They are really neat! I just have to have one!

By the time I got to the last page of your layout on Laurie, my motor drive was whirring and my long lens was zooming. I especially liked the shot where she has her beautiful finger poised gracefully on her "shudder" release button (or is that her aperture-control ring?), apparently ready to make a long-time exposure. Her focusing knobs are tastefully designed, beautifully textured for nonslip gripping, and very conveniently located so they can be easily manipulated during a fast-focusing situation. Given the high quality of the rest of the equipment, I can only assume that her exposure-control system is multimode, highly sophisticated, and most responsive. The lens mount appears sturdily constructed yet delicately designed, and easily capable of absorbing the stresses of mounting inordinately long lenses. A very exciting centerfold.

It is my fantasy to go on an extended photo trip with Laurie, with my long zoom lens and motor drive mounted, and do some close focusing and lots of exposures with very slow shutter speeds. All kidding aside, Laurie is one terrific lady. She can take my picture any time she wants to!—*Bill Craig, Nampa, Idaho*



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LETTER OF THE MONTH

My name is Gail. I've been married for four years. Both my husband and I have good jobs. I'm a secretary in a small firm. I'm twenty-five, blond, and a physical fitness nut. My problem was and is that my husband, John, is a workaholic. Ever since our marriage our sex life has steadily deteriorated. Don't get me wrong—I love John. But he is so determined to get ahead it leaves little time for us together. I tried everything—from sexy underwear to being damned aggressive—but found it only left me frustrated or unsatisfied from John's slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am style of lovemaking.

I guess my boss must have read all the signs, because one day he was dictating to me in his office one minute and the next he was pounding his cockmeat into my cunt. I felt almost like a virgin. It had been so long since I'd been fucked. That afternoon in Herb's office was a delight, and I actually experienced my first orgasm. I couldn't wait for repeat performances.

The next day at work Herb even had a gift for me. When I opened the box I found a choke collar, which Herb said I would wear from that day forward as a sign that I was his sex slave. I would obey his commands without question. Well, I didn't see anything wrong with this. After all, I just had the best sex I'd ever had. Anyhow, Herb's first order was for me to suck on his cock, which I did without hesitation. When he came, it was the sweetest cream I'd ever tasted. My cunt ached, but Herb said I must learn to be a patient slave. From his desk drawer he pulled out a dildo to fill the void in my love canal. I didn't want to offend my master, so I worked the dildo back and forth, and as I did that I saw that Herb was masturbating. He encouraged me to work the dildo in and out, faster and faster. I had a tremendous climax. As I came back down Herb was standing over me jacking off, and he started shooting his sperm all over my body. Then he had me rub it into my skin.

This went on for the first two weeks, with Herb allowing me only to suck him off and then use the dildo. Herb also wanted me to dress sexier at work. He preferred the plunging neckline on dresses because it revealed more of my large bosoms, and he preferred the open back, so I went braless. A must was high heels—"the higher the better," as Herb would say. Herb also liked me to wear the low-cut dresses because he felt it showed off the choke collar more.

Anyhow, into the third week Herb told me that since I had been a good little slave, he would fuck me. With that he had me strip down, spread my legs, bend over his desk top, and let him have it. I had to bite my tongue hard to stop from yelling out loud, it felt so good. It was simply fantastic feeling him expand inside me and then release his love juices. After this Herb referred to me as his good little cock-sucking whore.

Well, I continued to care for my master in this way for several weeks, and then late one night I found myself in a complex situation. Here I was, bent over Herb's desk, with my legs spread and just high heels on, and guess who walks into the office—the president of the firm and three other executives, all of whom were sporting hard-ons, which led me to believe I was set up. Well, there I was with Herb slamming into me, and the president comes up and pulls out his cock and thrusts it into my face. I opened my mouth like a good slave and sucked so hard that the president came in my mouth within a minute. Peter, another executive, took his place, and then Malcolm took Herb's place, and it was just a sexual marathon that lasted for several hours.

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
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Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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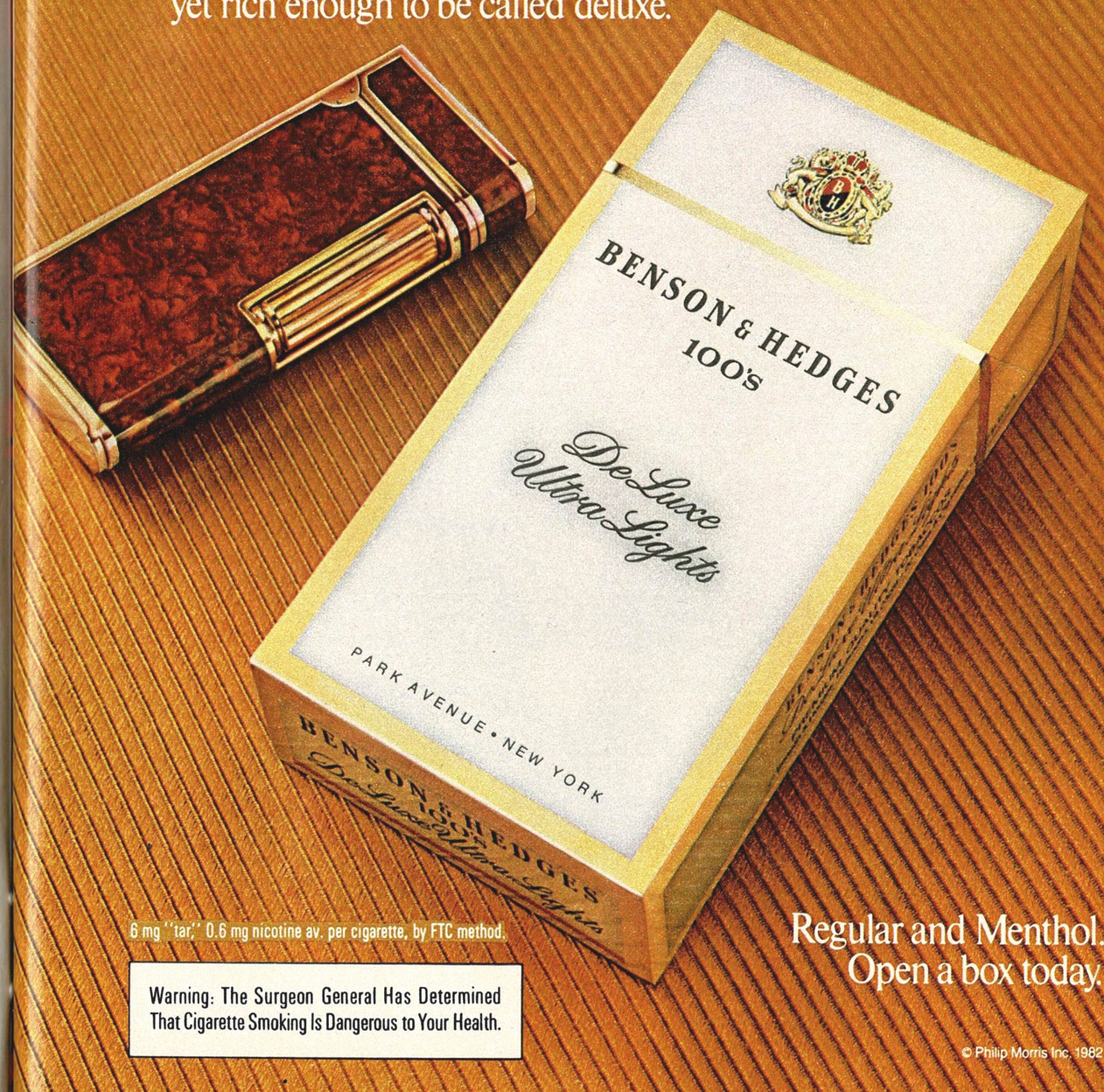

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Now I have quite a few masters at work. I received a nice raise and the president has even told me I'll be entertaining some prospective clients. Talk about going from one extreme to the other!—G.S.

What you quickly are becoming, if you continue being fucked around by your bosses and their friends, is a free hooker who will eventually be the laughing stock of everybody. If a girl is easy, that's one thing. But to go to the extreme of becoming everyone's sex slave sounds a bit ridiculous. I myself have an American female sex slave who comes to visit me once a year for a couple of months. I occasionally instruct her to fuck one of my friends, but she listens only to my orders and won't fuck anyone unless I instruct her to. That's the way a good sex slave ought to be.

In the vocation of prostitution, what they gave you as a raise would probably be considered a rude tip. Maybe you ought to change your profession and become a paid hooker.

TOE JAMMING

I was in the last six months of my hitch in the navy when I went on my final two-week leave. It was a long ride home by bus, but all the way I kept thinking of the horniest bitch I knew back home. She wasn't a young girl I was seeing but my mother's best friend, Lucy. She was always hot for me, and right then I couldn't have been more hot for her.

The look on her face when she opened the door was worth a million, I guess because she saw me with the same look on mine. I was hungry and looking for a warm welcome home.

She invited me in for a few drinks, but I couldn't help but stare at her, from the top of her head down to her beautiful, bare feet. I took her feet and, putting them on my lap, began to touch them, which really got her going. But what she did and said took me by complete surprise. She put her foot right near my face and begged me to make love to her feet with my tongue. This really turned me on. I sucked and licked and bit her toes until she almost lost all her breath. She then stood up and undressed me and I returned the favor. She said she would be right back and left me and my rod hanging. When she came back, she had a jar of honey and a small brush. She then applied the honey to her toenails and in between her toes. I was totally amazed. She sat on the couch and made like she was a queen and I was her slave or something. Well, I went along with her, as I kind of enjoyed it also. I knew what more would come.

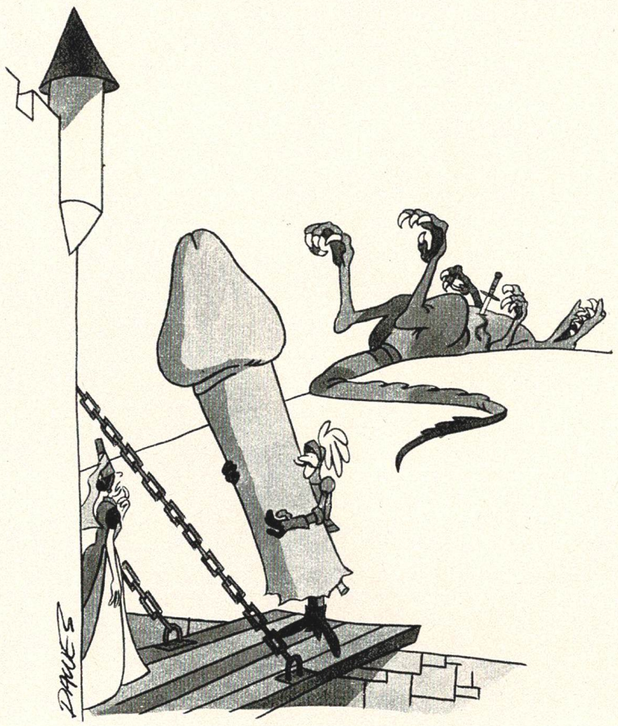
I dropped to my knees and began to lick her feet and suck those toenails. It didn't take long to get her to come. She finally caught her breath and began to beg me for my dick. The moment couldn't have been finer. I thrust my cock into her harder and harder. She was moaning and groaning, begging me to fuck her even harder. When I finally came, she licked the come off my dick and begged me again to suck her feet. I think we had more fun doing that than anything else.

Have you ever had your feet licked? How did you like it?—P.D.

This is actually the first time I have received a letter relating what I myself once experienced: an incredible toe-job. The foot has so many nerve endings and may well be one of the most erogenous zones. Unfortunately, most people never pay attention to the foot, probably because they think feet are there to walk on and that's all.

I once spent a week in the company of a lesbian lover of mine. We rented a chalet in the mountains. After one week of lovemaking, I suddenly had this tremendous urge to have my own penis and not just use one of the dildos or vibrators. Until then my girl friend and I had relied on heavy petting and mutual oral sex, but somehow I began fantasizing growing an unexpected cock from some part of my body. I begged her to touch me and kiss and suck my body with her mouth so I could perhaps imagine that I was growing a penis myself. She was allowed to touch any part of my body except my clitoris or vaginal area. I wanted to experience an orgasm from a different point this time. I made her suck my earlobe, then my neck, and eventually my breasts. This all felt sensational, but it still did not give me the feeling that I had my own cock. Finally I guided her toward my right foot and fed her my big toe. She began masturbating with one hand and wriggling around my foot as she intensely sucked my toe. I lay back with my hands behind my head, like a man sometimes does when he enjoys a good blowjob. I closed my eyes and let the sensation of her warm mouth and rapid tongue going around my big toe and in between my other toes take me away on an incredible fantasy trip: *I was growing this huge cock at the end of my toe.*

After a good ten minutes of her caressing, massaging, and sucking my foot and especially my big toe, I finally reached a brain-shattering orgasm that surpassed any normal vaginal or clitoral orgasm I had ever had before. I really felt as though I ejaculated in my girl friend's mouth, and she came simultaneously while masturbating.



"Er . . . thanks, Sir Lancelot. But perhaps next time just an ear would do nicely."

BACKSTAGE PASSES

I'm a fairly successful female rock journalist in a large city, and very often I'm brought into contact with many beautiful male bodies. I'm in my early twenties, five feet five inches, shapely, and (I'm told) extremely exotic-looking, and most of the time I'm the only female a musical group gets a chance to talk to when playing in the city. I won't deny that most of the time I relax the professional "wall" and submit

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Technics
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to the attention that is paid to me.

A few weeks ago there was a funk festival in town featuring several international funk groups. I had an interview scheduled right after the show, much to my dismay. Through experience I know that a late-night interview, particularly after a grueling ninety-minute show, is not a musician's idea of fun.

A press representative from the group's record company accompanied me to their hotel room. It was empty, and we sat waiting for one of the members of this all-black group to come in. Finally the bass player—I'll call him Maurice—walked in. We were introduced and the PR rep excused himself because it was very late, and left us alone.

Standing six feet and with shoulders and arms strong enough to crush a table, Maurice started talking while removing his shirt, still wet from the evenings sweat-out. After some idle conversation and much nonsensical colloquialism, we got into some very interesting questions and answers. He pulled out some great cocaine and poured us both some very good white wine. The conversation was getting very personal. I turned off the tape recorder and decided it would be wise to leave before I became too uncomfortable to drive. Maurice seemed disappointed and, while we were standing by the door, asked if I'd be available for lunch. I said I'd call him and went to grab the doorknob but his hand stopped mine. His other hand grabbed my neck and pushed me against the wall while his lips met mine. His tongue forced my lips open, and I could swear it touched the back of my throat. I managed to free my mouth and mumble that I had to leave.

Grabbing me by the waist, he threw me face down on the bed. With one arm around my waist, holding me down, and another ripping my panties off, he said, "I bet you've never had a big black dick before." He shoved two long fingers inside me, and I couldn't but squirm with pleasure as he pushed in a third. "You're tight," he said. "You're gonna love what I'm gonna give you." Well, I'd never been with a black man before but I'd heard myths and jokes.

This was no myth or joke. I tried to free myself, but with his one arm around my waist and the other guiding his cock into me, there was no hope. And I was glad. He pushed his cock in, slowly at first, and then suddenly slammed it all the way. I shrieked in surprise and pain first, feeling his cock inside my abdomen, digging in. I came right there and then. He kept pounding me like there was no tomorrow. I think I came ten, twenty times. I couldn't tell.

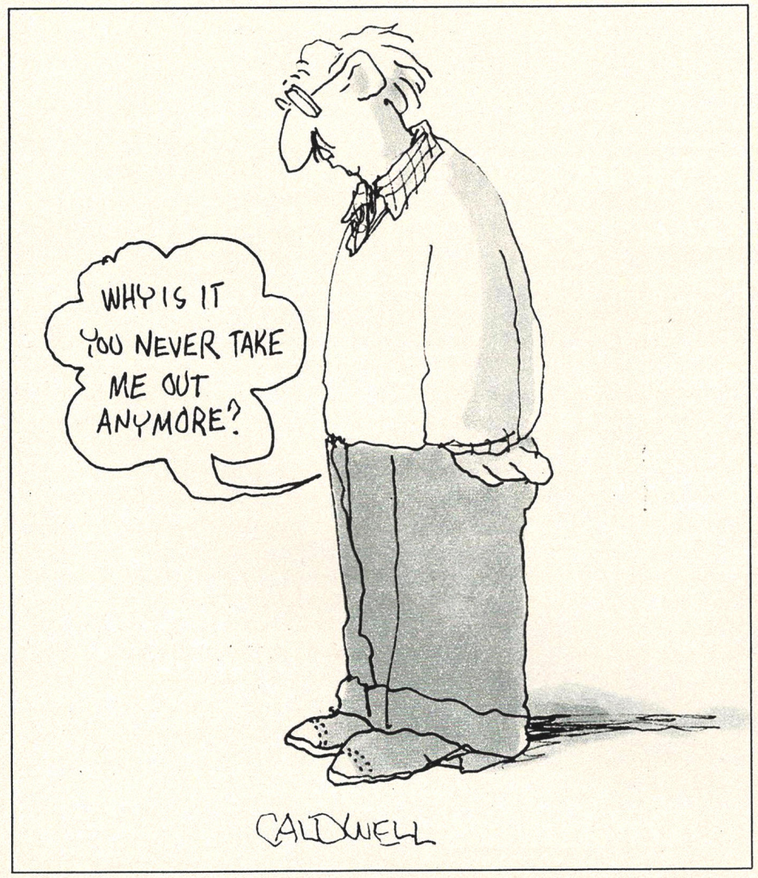
My juices were running down my legs and over the blankets. Maurice suddenly shoved a finger in my ass hole, causing another mind-wrecking orgasm. Then he slipped his cock out and put the head at the back-hole. In panic, I protested, pleading with him that it was too big and would tear me apart. He just kept biting my neck and putting pressure against my ass. I managed to slip away but he grabbed me, threw me over the edge of the bed until my feet touched the floor, and, standing up, shoved his monster in my ass.

The pain was unbearable and I started to yell, but he covered my mouth with his hand as he tried to shove as much of his cock inside me as he could. The pain subsided as I felt another orgasm coming on. I heard Maurice growl as he pounded even harder until I felt his sperm running over my ass cheeks and down my legs. I'd had rough sex before, but never as overwhelming as this. I stayed the night, of course.

Now comes the problem. I've always had fairly tight vaginal muscles that were able to accommodate most penises snugly. But since the experience I feel I've been stretched a bit too much. Do you know of any muscle exercises I can do to tighten up a bit?—A.B.

It may well be your imagination convincing you your pussy muscles have stretched. If any normal woman can give birth to a seven- or ten-pound baby and have its head pass through her vagina, then I don't see why getting laid rather roughly would change the shape of your cunt at all. Of course, some married women after having given birth to several children suffer from severely stretched vaginal muscles. This could not be the case after one night's good fucking.

I once knew a man who had a garage and employed a Tunisian mechanic. The mechanic frequently failed to show up at work because his wife was so tight that every time they made love, he injured her and had to take her to the hospital to be treated. Obviously, some people have worse problems.



JAILBIRD LAYS CHICK

I am a nineteen-year-old male presently incarcerated. This is my first time ever in jail, and I'm doing a year's sentence. Since I've come to jail, I've been an avid reader of Penthouse *and especially of your column. I have ventured back into my most memorable experience and would like to share it with you.*

I often fantasized about a lovely classmate of mine, and luckily I was eventually introduced to her by friends. By chance one evening I bumped into her at a local store and invited her to my house for a drink. On the way home she might have noticed how nervous I was, for I was still a virgin. Upon reaching my house, we had some innocent necking and a little foreplay.

After several weeks of dating, I asked her if she would like to go on a weekend camping trip with me and my parents. She accepted.

The first day turned out to be quite dismal. When my parents decided to play

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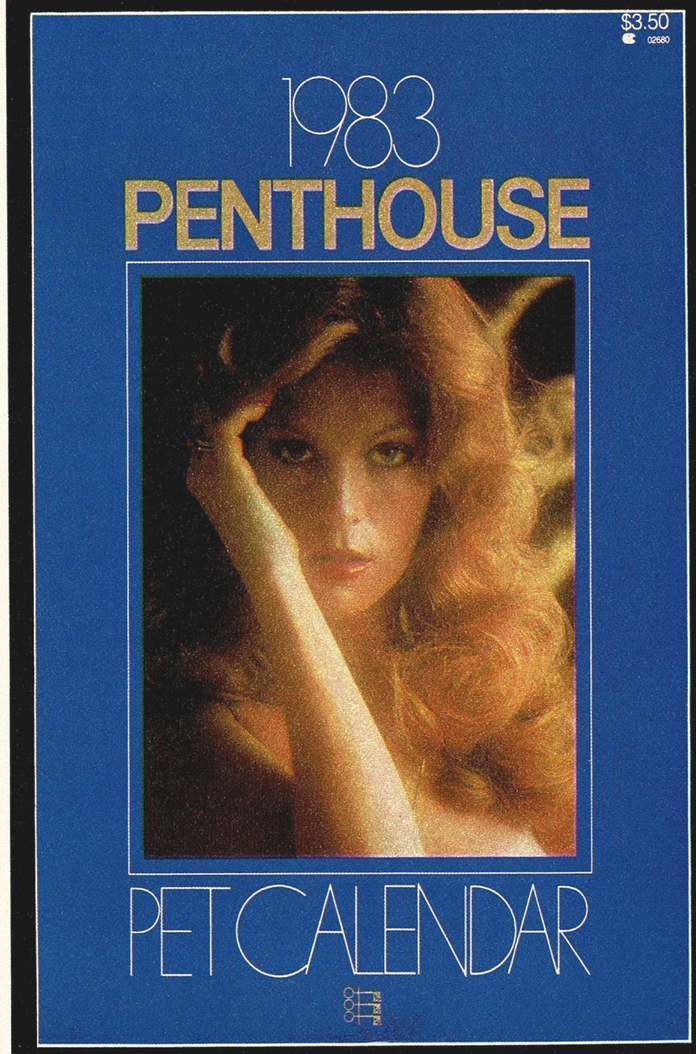
HOT DATES



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cards with other campers, Kim and I went for a walk in the light rain. While walking, we came upon a graveyard of junk cars. Upon our inspection and to our delight, we found an old sedan that offered us comfort and shelter from the rain. After a moment of talk, our lips met in a heat of passion and her hands headed for the buckle of my belt.

The head of my throbbing cock appeared as I lay back. After she pulled off my pants with anticipatory lust, her lips and tongue began licking and sucking on the head of my shaft. I then started to feel a tingling sensation that covered my entire body and caused me to have a mind-boggling orgasm. She quickly swallowed every last drop of come and left me momentarily exhausted. I then turned to her to disrobe her and gazed with burning eyes upon her luscious, firm breasts and started to caress her stiffened nipples with my tongue. I began rubbing her inner thighs with my hand while sucking on her very hard nipples. She then started to get very wet between her legs at this point, and I stuck my right forefinger into her soaking snatch as far as it would go. She started moaning with delight and squirming like a snake as I rolled my thumb and forefinger around her clitoris. I felt her pouring her hot love juices all over my hand. By this time I was rock-hard again and ready to climb in and have my first real fuck. I then slid on top of her and put my elbows on each side of her head. Her legs were spread wide and the smell of her love juices was driving me crazy with desire. She grabbed my cock and put it at the entrance of her hot love box. When I stuck the head of my probe into her awaiting love nest, it was like heaven. I immediately pushed it in to the hilt. I fucked her slowly until she started screaming "Faster, faster!" I quickened my pace until I was like a car piston going crazy, until we both exploded with devastating orgasms that left us breathless.

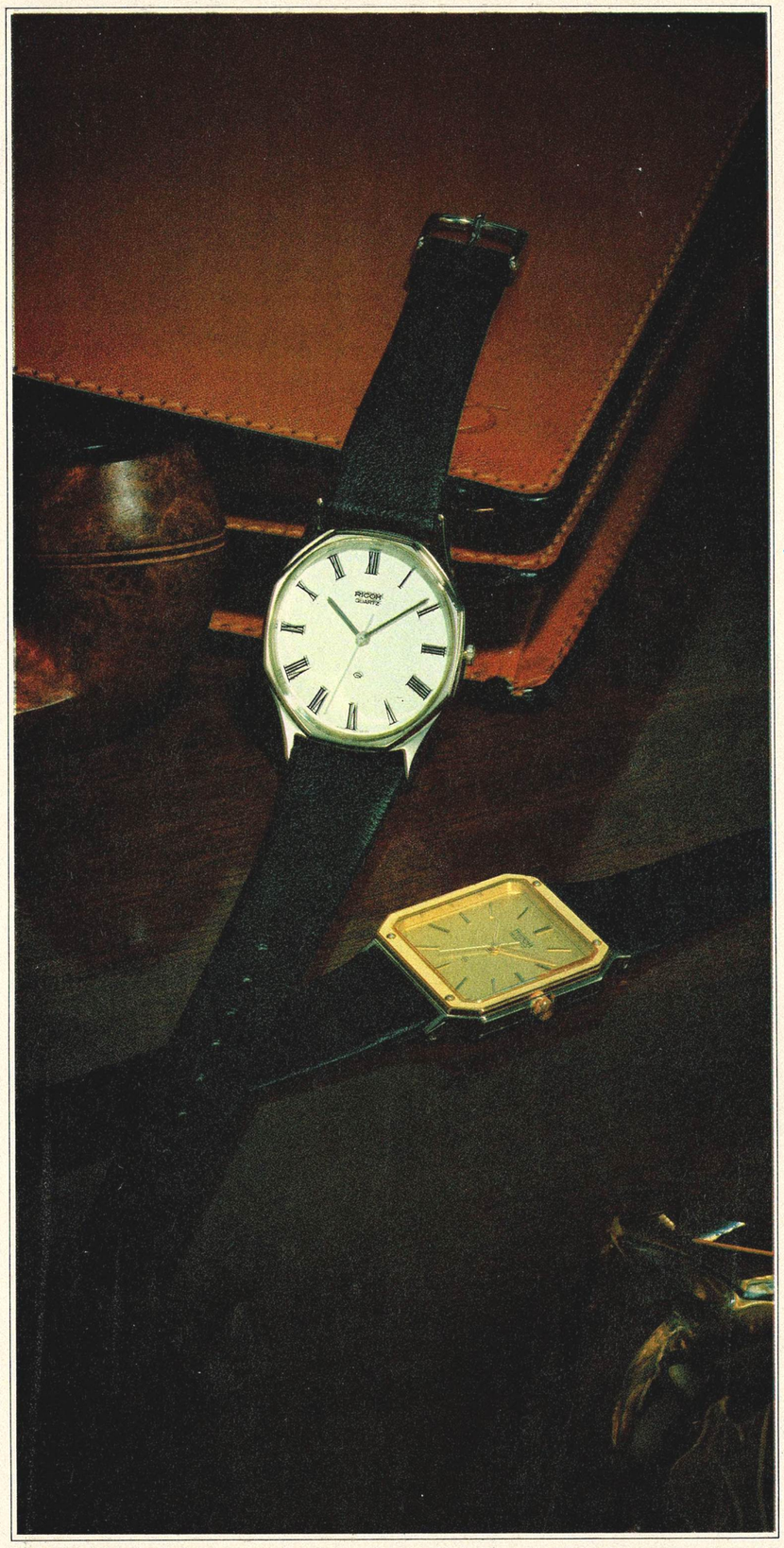
We have now been "together" for three years while I have been incarcerated. She writes me that she still truly loves me, but she is finding it very difficult to stay true to me. I've told her if she can't stay true to me, she doesn't love me and never did.—G.J.

What do you expect your poor girl friend to do? Sit home and masturbate for a whole year?

Be reasonable. She is a young woman with a healthy sexual appetite. Of course she still loves you, but if you keep restricting her from having affairs, even if it is merely for sexual relief, you may well lose her altogether. Be happy that she comes and visits you and has stuck by you all this time. I don't think she can be blamed for your jail sentence, so be easy on her. Usually men are the ones who fuck around and expect the women to sit at home and take care of the household and the children. This time the shoe is on the other foot. It is you who is restricted and she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 179

A new trend in time **RICOH**



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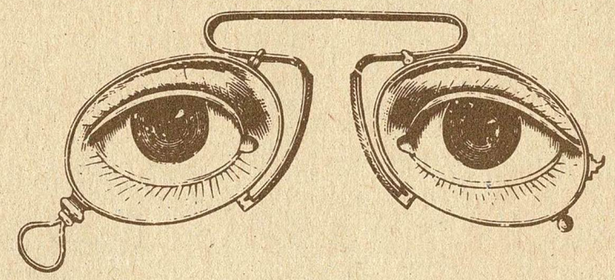


VIEW FROM THE TOP

NO TV NEWS IS GOOD NEWS

BY LAWRENCE EISENBERG

The other night, after watching the four o'clock news, the five o'clock news, the six o'clock news, and the seven o'clock news and wondering, as I do every destiny-cursing day, why those anchorpeople get paid six figures and I don't, I dozed. . . .

I was just out of graduate school, sitting in a taxi, headed for an employment agency and wondering what I was going to do with my life.

"Wouldn't it be great to have a career in television news?" I asked. The cab driver handed me a matchbook, which read, "Be an Anchorman in Three Days. . . . If you can read a sentence, you can earn six figures. . . . The Something-Extra School of Broadcast Journalism."

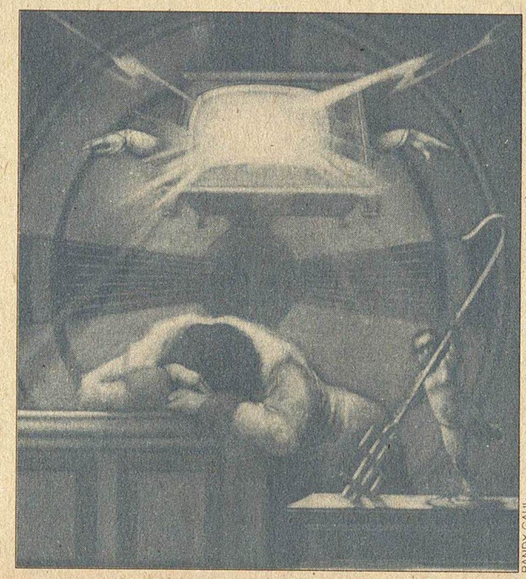
I had the driver take me right to the address, a midtown loft. A six-foot blond femaleperson, Ms. Priority, met me at the door and took my $100 deposit. Since the room was empty, I asked what had happened to the rest of the class. "I expelled every one of them," she said. "They were hopeless." She went to the podium, looked thoughtfully at me, and asked me to stand up.

She shook her head and said, "You probably developed that straight-arrow habit in college. Dump it. Now, stand up as though you've got a wet body around your shoulders. It's what we call our Albatross Stance."

I tried and tried, and after 18 minutes was standing well enough to earn a smile from Ms. Priority.

"Very important now," she said. "Stand up and walk across the room." I did so and she screamed. "Stop! Your walk is Preppie City! Keep the stand-up pose I taught you and weave a little from side to side. Your walk shoud be a statement—a combination of world-weariness, ironic amusement, and the insouciance of somebody who's just put in fourteen hours of meaningful sack-duty, if you get my drift." After skirting the room for thirty-three laps, I finally got a nod from Ms. P.

"From now on, I want you to stand and walk that way in your everyday life until it becomes a permanent part of you," she said, glancing over my clothing. "Conservative, a little dull. Perfect. But occasionally I want you to wear clumpy brown shoes with a gray suit or a rumpled sweater under your jacket. That shows audiences you may not have slept home last night." She scanned my hair, then whipped out a comb, brush, and hairspray. "This will be our last lesson of the day," she said, and in the next thirty minutes taught me how to keep my hair four inches off my scalp while maintaining a non-sprayed look. She pulled a few wisps down over my forehead. "A little untidiness shows vulnerability." Now she mussed my hair so it was hanging over my eyes. "This is in case you get a job as a street reporter. It tells the public—and the news director—that you're working hard in dangerous conditions."

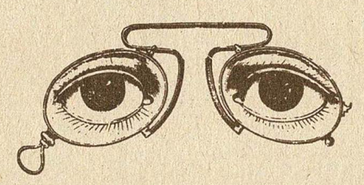


RANDY GAUL

I left the school thrilled. On the way home an old lady offered to help me cross the street, saying, "You were walking so funny I thought you'd been in an accident." While reassuring her, I collided with a street sign and dented my hair.

Day Two at the school was divided into (a) Small Talk and Banter, (b) Kidding Around With the Weather and/or Sportsperson, (c) Laughing.

"Small talk is easy," said Ms. Priority. "Whenever your co-anchor or a guest or *anybody* finishes a sentence, you must always say, 'That's for sure' or 'You can say that again.' If the other person has just announced that California has fallen into the Pacific Ocean, you comment, 'Boy, that's really something.' These meaningless statements assure the audience that you're concerned, chatty, and that you've been listening. Also: all your remarks should be accompanied by lots of



shtick—eyes raised skyward and crossed, smirks, and fish lips. Your guiding principle is that no piece of news is ever as important as your reaction to it." She handed me a list of twenty-five obvious comments with diagrammed facial expressions, asked me to memorize them, and went on.

"Naturally, you're constantly bantering with your co-anchor, but your chatter with—and about—the sports and weatherpeople is aimed a little lower: you must give audiences the impression that they're buffoons, badly dressed, and have trouble getting a date in a women's prison. At the same time you don't want viewers ever to think you are all anything but the closest of friends, who go out for jovial beers and backslapping every night after the show. Never mind that it's costing $375,000 a minute for this banter. Here are some samples: 'Well, here comes Marv. Hey, Marv, where'd you get that suit—at a wino yard sale?'; or, 'Hey, Frank, where'd you get your haircut—in a Cuisinart?'; or, 'I hear Joe's buying drinks tonight. The last time he picked up a check was on a street in Prague. That's spelled C-Z-E-C-H!'

"Every one of the above remarks is followed by such laughter as to shatter Memorex tapes—paroxysms, screams, uncontrolled geyers of giggles," continued Ms. P. "It's also very important to begin reading the next news item while still guffawing, making a nice, easy transition—and lightening it if it's tragic news."

I was really getting into it, adding my own jokes to the school's suggested list. With Ms. Priority playing sports/weatherperson, she told me my giggles and snickers were first-rate, my small talk a new high in insipidity, and my gestural ad-lib—throwing a pencil at her head—a true stroke of genius. Then she got very serious. "Tomorrow, on your final day, we take up language, the most important aspect of the curriculum."

That night I went to a posh restaurant and was almost thrown down a flight of stairs when I said to the maitre d', "Where'd you get that suit—at Undertaker's Outlet?" When my date arrived, I commented, "Have some coffee. You look as though you've just taken a wine tour of the Bronx." She punched me in my sweater.

Day Three at the school: Ms. Priority was wearing black. "Everything you've learned till now is frosting," she said ominously. "Today we separate the anchormen from the wimps. 'Language' is our topic. Repeat the following sentence: Harvesting of grapes while Ronald Reagan was California governor ran a fine line between good news and bad news."

I read the line and she slapped my face. "You read a line like that and you won't get to anchor a Mafia body in the East River! You sound as though you went to speech school! Nobody wants a major newsperson to speak correctly. Let's start with the Walter Cronkite Een. Cronkite can't pronounce the final *ing*, so it comes out *een*. Therefore, the first word in our test sentence is *harvesteen*. Say it after me." I did, twenty-four times, until she said I'd done well.

"On to Tom Brokaw," she said. "Every time he hits an *l* he sounds as though he's gargling his throat. Therefore, the words *while*, *Ronald*, *California*, and *line* would be: *whiagh*, *Ronaghd*, *Caghifornia*, and *ghine*." This was a little tougher than Cronkite, but twenty-five minutes later I had it down.

Ms. P. raised eyes skyward. "Next, there's Barbara Walters. She's famous for making her *r*'s sound like *v*'s. In that sentence, the Walters words would be: *Vonald*, *Veagan*, and *van*." This was pretty easy for me.

"Next," she said, "we come to the Geraldo Rivera Oy Syndrome. Rivera tries to conceal his New York accent by fancifying his *o*'s so they sound like *ew* and giving his *r*'s a growl, but his *i*'s give him away. You take the words *while* and *fine line* and they come out *woyl* and *foyn loyn*. Can you handle that?" On the eighteenth try I could and I felt euphoric.

"Finally," my teacher said, "there is the Jessica Savitch Slur. Savitch is a toughie, because she changes her accent from week to week. Most of the time she sounds like Ginger Rogers on helium. But she's consistent in her pronunciation of the word *news*. She rhymes it with *rouge*, so it comes out *nouge*." This one was the easiest.

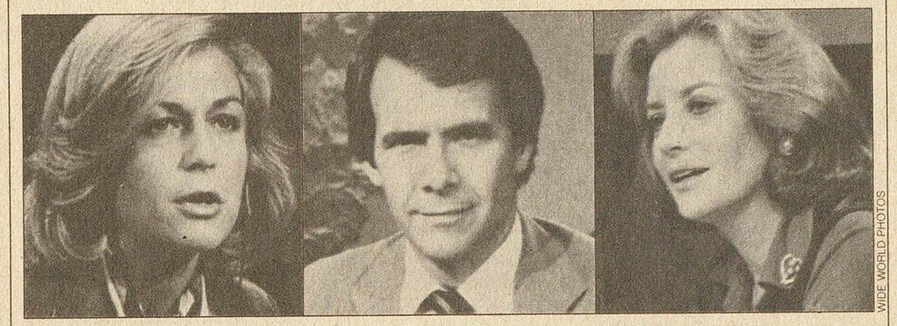
Ms. Priority looked at me and said, "Okay, now this is the final exam: let me have the sentence as Cronkite - Brokaw - Walters - Rivera - Savitch would say it."

I pulled a few hairs over my forehead, had a fit of giggles, stood in my slouch pose, walked wearily, and said, "*Harvesteen of gvapes woygh Vonaghd Veagan was Caghifornia governor van a foyn ghoyn between good nouge and bad nouge.*"

Ms. P. was transfixed. Tears rutted her face. "Moments like this make all the disappointments worthwhile," she said. Without a rehearsal, she whipped out a videotape camera, had me do an audition tape, and sent it out.

If you read the papers you know the rest. Every TV station in the United States wanted me for an anchor slot. I was offered all the jobs on "60 Minutes" as well as host duties on "Good Morning America," "Today," and the CBS morning show. Eleven universities asked me to conduct guest seminars, and I won the Phyllis George Broadcast Journalism Award. As TV's most influential critic said about me, "He has the authority of Cronkite, the savvy of Brokaw, the street smarts of Rivera, the brashness of Walters, and the abrasiveness of Savitch. But he has it all over them in one area: when he says something, you know exactly what he's talking about. . . ."

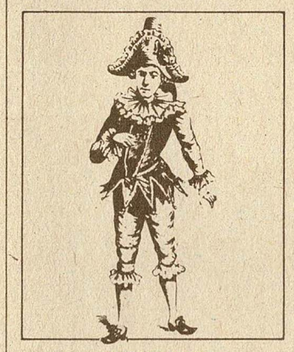
Well, it was a dream, of course, and I'm just too old to start a career in television nouge. But . . . I could be teacheen people how to do it. Seriousghy, I have this tevvific oydea for a school . . .



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Jessica Savitch, Tom Brokaw, Barbara Walters: nobody wants a newsperson to speak correctly.

SCENES



DAYS DAZE

Last year, there was a calendar for everyone. This year, it seems, there are two or three calendars for everyone. Every hope, every fantasy, every like or dislike, every style, fad, sexual persuasion, or humorous bent, has been covered by the calendar makers, and then some. If you can't find a calendar to your taste, then you're either a snob or a cultural boob; or, quite possibly, you may not exist at all.

You like cats? You don't like cats? You like sushi? Then you've got a big choice. **Fine & Fancy Cats** (Argus) is a wall calendar with some sterling cat head closeups. **I Love Cats** (SOS), with watercolors by Elizabeth Lamb, features a set of very pleasing, color-coordinated felines, flowers, and vases. Arthur Howard's **Yet Another Cat Calendar** (St. Martin's) is a series of art parodies using cats instead of humans, such as Ingres's Nude Cat, Botticelli's Cat on a Half Shell, Edward Hopper's Nightcats. This, unlike so many, is a really funny calendar, witty and with good cat expressions. Compliments to Mr. Howard. And, of course, there's **The Official I Hate Cats Calendar 1983** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), by Skip Morrow, which, my Siamese points out, is really getting a little tired, not to mention violent. Will Mr. Morrow ever get a new idea? Does he need to? Not as long as sales are up, I guess. Then there is **Brilliant Animals** (Argus), featuring quotes by Ashleigh Brilliant. Now, if only there were no quotes by Ashleigh Brilliant, this would be a stunning group of animal photos. Yes, there are dogs, tigers, pigs, raccoons, baby seals—only an animal hater wouldn't like it. Hey, there's a new idea for Skip Morrow: *The Official I Hate Animals Calendar*—maybe next year. Anyhow, I was a bit shocked to find one of the photos from Argus's *Fine & Fancy Cats* in here, a really cute one of a tiny kitten clinging to a rope in terror, but I guess it's a depression and there's recycling everywhere. Anyhow, I think there's nothing more sickening than cute pictures of animals with even cuter anthropomorphic quotes underneath them. But if you don't mind, then the photos are clear and crisp. Good for children who don't yet read. And, last but not least, there's **Sushi** (Universe Books), which, as it promises, contains the loveliest photos of sushi you've ever seen, anywhere, in your life.

MICHAEL PUTLAND/RETNA

Mick Jagger: no drugs?

You like rock 'n' roll? You like girls? You like penguins? Okay, you're covered. **Rock and Roll Calendar** (books/bell springs publishing), by Sam Leandro, is a series of action rock photos by Jim Marshall and Dave Patrick of all your favorites, from Sly Stone to the Rolling Stones. A quote from a rock great begins each month: " 'Do the Stones use drugs? No, never.'—Mick Jagger." And intricate sidebars for each week chronicle important dates in rock history: "June 7: Bill Kreutzman of the Grateful Dead born 1946, Palo Alto, Calif." Wait a minute. Bill Kreutzmann (that's two *n*'s, Mr. Leandro) was born on May 7, not June 7, 1946. Uh oh. I wonder what else is inaccurate. Do you suppose the Rolling Stones really do take drugs? In **Delilah's Hollywood Classic 1983 Pinup Calendar** (Delilah), all of the women are either over fifty or deceased at this moment in time, but they were in pretty good shape, fortunately, when these pictures were taken. When Delilah says "classic," she means it. Cyd Charisse, Jayne Mansfield, Betty Hutton, Jane Russell in color pinups resurrected from a gentler time. I don't know why a young guy would buy this calendar over, say, a spread of Victoria Principal. But maybe he could buy it for his dad. No, seeing the old cheesecake of Jayne Mansfield would only depress Dad and make him think of Vic Morrow. Gay guys might like this one, except on some level it's not campy enough. It would be great as stage dressing for a movie set in the mid-1950s. And speaking of dead, sexy women, there's **The Marilyn Monroe Calendar** (Pomegranate), with photos by Milton H. Greene. If you're a Monroe freak, this looks like a relatively fresh set of poses, but some are a bit out of focus owing either to sloppy printing or to yet another photographer's desire to soft-focus her to a pulp. Okay, penguins. **The 1983 Penguin Calendar** (Pomegranate) is, as billboarded, thirteen original paintings of penguins. Penguins dancing, laughing, crying, all on the fantasy, as opposed to the cute, side. Penguin sci-fi, in a way. Myself, I'd prefer pictures of real penguins, but look, you don't get penguin stuff that often, period. So don't let me quibble.

CULVER PICTURES

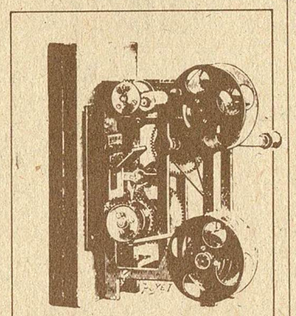
Jane Russell as a Hollywood pinup: not campy enough.

Perhaps the most inventive calendar this year turns out to be another of Delilah's Hollywood Classics: **The Beefcake 1983 Calendar** (Delilah), featuring 1950s beefcake shots of Jeff Chandler, Rossano Brazzi, Alan Ladd, and many more. This is a curiously sweet calendar, devoted to the heterosexual macho image of yesteryear. There is one piss-off however. On the cover is a real cute snap of Ronald Reagan, bare

to the waist and looking confidently toward the future. He does not appear inside! Rip-off, or did the Defense Department impound his 8 x 10 glossies in the interests of national security? What's the story, Delilah? No fair.

You hate war? You like war? You'll take Manhattan? There's a desk calendar for each and every one of you. **The 1983 War Resisters League Calendar** (War Resisters League) is an unpretentious diary with antiwar quotations from Cicero to Margaret Sanger. (Proceeds from sales "will be used by the League in its work for peace at home and abroad.") Here's a good one for the '80s: "'If the only tool you have is a hammer, you tend to see every problem as a nail.'—Abraham Maslow." Yeah, I guess so. Nuclear tests and disarmament events are noted within. **America's Navy Now and a Century Ago** (United States Naval Institute) is a mini-history of the navy cum desk diary, with some pretty exciting pictures. My favorite is a shot of a long line of sailors pulling a rope to which is attached a giant ship, the icebreaker *Polar Star*. The ship, it says in the copy, had mechanical difficulties and the sailors were actually towing her by hand. The date of the picture is 1980. Give some of those defense appropriations to the navy, will you, Mr. Reagan—they need mechanics. Rug doctors, summer sandals, corporate Santas—it's all there in **Joan Hamburg's 1983 Date Book and New York Almanac** (Bufflehead Press). This is a glossy, useful diary that tells where to go to pick your own apples in the fall, where to buy the best smoked fish, and how to go on a tour of Gracie Mansion. There's even a section on college loans and information on where you can have a real English tea. The only thing that's missing is a guide to the homeless people in your neighborhood. Oh, well. Maybe next year.—*Emily Prager*

FILMS



MEN WORKING

There may be nothing odder, in modern movies, than the career of Werner Herzog. Now forty years old, he has just a dozen features to his credit. But what a dozen! Consider casting a movie entirely with dwarfs, portraying mental derangement with a known schizophrenic leading man, or hypnotizing the actors so as to create the desired dissociation in a solemn fairy tale about medieval life.

Klaus Kinski in Fitzcarraldo: *infectious enthusiasm.*

When Herzog needed a plague of rats for a remake of the Dracula story (*Nosferatu*, 1979), he inundated the lovely little European city where he was filming with hordes of rats. And in ***Fitzcarraldo***, his latest and best movie, when he wants to show a good-sized river steamer being dragged by primitive force over a steep jungle mountain, he does indeed drag a steamboat over a South American jungle mountain.

Actually, he cheats a little in *Fitzcarraldo*. In the film, set at the turn of the century, they use wooden winches and the ship's own steam power. Herzog had a behind-the-scenes bulldozer to help with the hauling. But the ship is real, as is the seemingly impossible incline—and the effort makes the climax of *Fitzcarraldo* one of the most moving celebrations of human labor on film.

This commitment to the difficult project—often, sensationally difficult—hasn't always been so admirable. Sometimes, in his obsession with painful progression, Herzog has seemed more taken with pain than with progress. But in *Fitzcarraldo* the nature of the story takes command, and, together with Herzog's grandiose realism, it produces a genuine exaltation.

That story, loosely based on fact, concerns one Brian Sweeney Fitzgerald—renamed Fitzcarraldo by the Peruvian natives he lives with—whose amiably nutty dream is to bring performances of the grand opera he loves, sung by the great tenor Caruso, into the jungle. To finance the dream he will harvest rubber, from trees located deep in a hostile wilderness, above impassable rapids. And to reach the trees he will drag his ship overland, foot by foot.

The project seems impossible. (The movie itself almost proved impossible—years in the filming, with great hardship, loss of major cast members, and, among the Indian extras, loss of life.) But Fitzcarraldo has the mechanical wizardry to back his vision. With good luck, good will, incredible energy, and ingenuity, he completes his journey—taming the jungle with the voice of Enrico Caruso singing Verdi and Puccini, coming from a record player on the pilot house roof.

That doesn't, of course, complete the story, an unconventional adventure story that nonetheless touches most of the traditional elements of plucky triumph against enormous odds—in spirit, one not unlike *The African Queen*. After great effort comes a release from tension, an ironic twist that has its own lesson for the adaptable Fitzcarraldo. He lives his life as if it were a charm. And the quality that the actor Klaus Kinski brings to the role is in fact charm—infectious enthusiasm rather than the incipient madness for which he is so often typecast. I would also praise everyone else in the movie, people you've probably never heard of except for Claudia Cardinale, still very beautiful as Fitzcarraldo's financial backer and cheerful mistress.

The jungle's mystery, the beauty of a steamship on a river, the labor of days and the stillness of night—these elements provide the lovely rhythms of *Fitzcarraldo*.

The work force in Jerzy Skolimowski's ***Moonlighting*** is just four men, Poles, surreptitiously flown to England for thirty days to renovate (at absurdly low wages, by British standards) a luxurious London town house for their Warsaw-based boss. Only their foreman, Nowak (Jeremy Irons), understands English. And so the others don't know that during their

Jeremy Irons and director Jerzy Skolimowski: a black comedy of misadventure and ineptitude.

month abroad the labor movement back home has been crushed and Poland has fallen under martial law.

To keep his men working, Nowak feels he must keep them ignorant—intercepting letters, tearing Solidarity sympathy posters off nearby walls. He must also keep them in building supplies, and when his budget runs short he begins stealing food to save money for plasterboard and lumber. Virtually an essay in the wilder reaches of petty theft, *Moonlighting* might have been entitled "Shoplifting" with as good reason.

Much of this is very funny, a kind of understated, desperate black comedy of enterprise, ineptitude, misadventure, and occasional bouts of horniness for which nothing can be done. Since Nowak's workers have the manual dexterity of the Three Stooges, it isn't wholly clear how the town house happens to get completed (it does). But the accumulation of disasters along the way makes for a movie rather different from anything else you're likely to have seen.

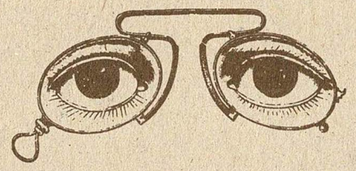
Moonlighting does resemble a tradition of Eastern European comedy practiced by the likes of Milos Forman and Ivan Passer years ago, before they came to America and began making less interesting films. A quietly absurdist, throwaway humor, full of sight gags so modest you're never entirely sure they've happened—this hasn't been Skolimowski's manner, at least during his early career in Poland. But he has done more subtle work in England, and one film, *Deep End* (1970), is very fine indeed. *Moonlighting* doesn't succeed entirely. For one thing, the events in Poland that give it its poignancy also assure it no place to go. For another, Jeremy Irons, an excellent British actor, stands too far apart from the world both inside and outside the town house for him to make much dramatic sense. I'm sure Skolimowski wants that alienation—Irons communicates with us mainly through a private, uninflected narration—but I'm not sure why. His universe is so full of disconnections that he needn't impose yet another by way of method in the script.

After two movies, whatever their limitations, that clearly know what they're doing, it's a shock to come upon two that, quite obscurely, don't. It's a special shock since Herzog and Skolimowski, coming from an intellectually demanding central European tradition, bring us entertaining movies of great appeal. But Fred Zinnemann and Robert Benton, a couple of American professionals, seem almost unable to construct a story that makes narrative sense.

Just a word on Zinnemann's ***Five Days One Summer***, about a May-to-December romance set during an early 1930s mountain-climbing holiday in the Swiss Alps. The blend of earnest obviousness and helpless obfuscation that have become Zinnemann trademarks over the years here result in a melodrama in which the most important factor (incest) is arbitrarily kept from the audience, but not from the principal actors, for two thirds of the film. As a result, you keep uncovering secrets that by right you should know already. Since what happens is a cheat, you are left with all the glacial scene-setting behind what happens. It's stunning enough, and real, until Zinnemann turns it into such a succession of rock slides, fatal crevasses, and the like that it might as well have been papier-mâché.

Robert Benton's ***Still of the Night*** is a sadder matter, if only because Benton (*The Late Show*, *Kramer Vs. Kramer*) has made good movies and because the idea behind this one—the story of a female Jack the Ripper—seems potentially more interesting than anything actually filmed. The psychological murder mystery that was actually filmed has its woman stabber, all right—*not* the one who seems guilty (Meryl Streep), who is made so obviously guilty that only the psychiatrist (Roy Scheider) who loves her wouldn't know for sure she's innocent—but it also has a collection of gratuitous shock effects and false clues large enough to start a museum of tired devices. *Still of the Night* is the kind of thriller that keeps you on the edge of your seat until you long for someplace else to sit. The setting, primarily a major New York City fine-arts auction house, overwhelms with its ready-made, too self-evident fascination. Among the actors, the inwardly motivated Roy Scheider survives. But Meryl Streep sinks under the weight of continual blank-reaction shots and from having so many wrong things to do.—*Roger Greenspun*

Still of the Night *with Meryl Streep and Roy Scheider: false clues.*



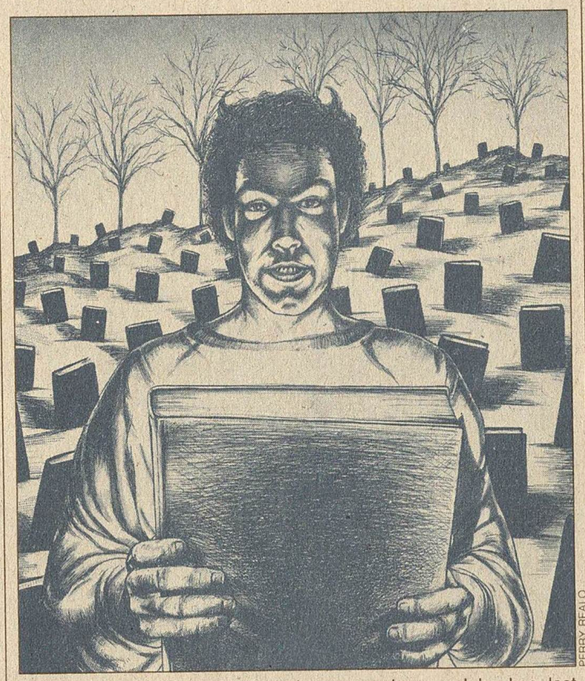
WORDS

CROSSING OVER

Science fiction has been called a literary ghetto. Despite the fact that many colleges use science-fiction books in literature courses, new s.f. novels are rarely reviewed by big-name literary critics; and in bookstores, science fiction is not displayed in the regular fiction racks but in a segregated section, far from the works of John Updike, John Irving, and Joyce Carol Oates.

Every once in a while, however, a writer of science fiction gains the attention of readers, if not critics, outside the s.f. ghetto. Two such "crossover" figures who have published new novels recently are Isaac Asimov and Frank Herbert. At the age of sixty-two, Asimov has published more than 200 books, the majority of them expert popularizations of scientific subjects that have won him a wide and admiring readership. But he began his career as a science-fiction writer, and his most popular s.f. work is undoubtedly the *Foundation Trilogy*. Written in the 1940s, the trilogy tells of the fall of the mighty Galactic Empire, and the efforts of a few brave men and women to cut short the ensuing "Dark Ages" and to hasten the creation of a more civilized Second Empire.

Now, thirty-four years after the last volume of the trilogy appeared in a magazine called *Astounding Science Fiction*, Asimov offers a sequel—and what a sequel it is! In ***Foundation's Edge*** (Doubleday) the two "Foundations" that have been established to guide mankind through the chaos between empires are at each other's throats. The First Foundation is the master of physical science. The Second Foundation guards the insights of psychohistory, the science that reduces the behavior of masses of people to mathematically predictable patterns; in addition, the leaders of the Second Foundation can control the



PERRY REALO

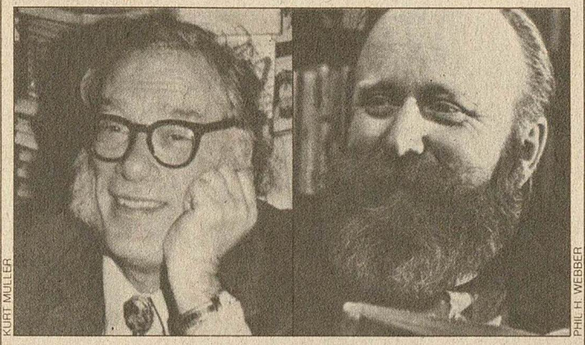
thoughts and emotions of individual human beings. The clash between Foundations is complicated by the intervention of a third force, a wild card whose existence has been kept secret even from the wisest psychohistorians.

This is space opera of a kind, but it is not the gun-happy, mindless s.f. adventure that *Star Wars* brought so lovingly to the screen. With the fate of the Galaxy in their hands, Asimov's characters talk more than they act. Before making a move, they carefully analyze what has happened so far, what their options are, and what it all means. If chess pieces could talk, this is what they would sound like. Fortunately, their intense involvement is contagious; from the first pages, the reader is peering anxiously over their shoulders, anticipating, second-guessing, trying to follow each strategic thrust and counterthrust. Asimov writes much better than he did in his younger days; and he has lost none of his zest for this kind of deadly serious wordplay. The result is the best by far of all the Foundation books.

Unlike Asimov, Frank Herbert made his mark outside the science fiction ghetto with just one book. That book was *Dune*, and it captured the imagination of an entire generation, the first generation of eco-freaks who, back in the sixties, became worried that human beings would thoughtlessly upset the delicate balance of nature that made life on Earth possible. Dune is a desert planet, inhabited by a people called Fremen, whose cultural adaptation to their waterless environment would put a bedouin to shame. *Dune* the novel grew into a four-book series that roamed about the galaxy but always returned home to Dune the planet and to the lessons that it taught. In his new novel, ***The White Plague*** (Putnam), Herbert abandons the far future for the here and now, but his concern with man's self-destructive potential is stronger than ever.

John Roe O'Neill, an American scientist of Irish descent who is visiting Dublin, sees his wife and two children blown apart by a terrorist bomb. He vows vengeance, retreats to a secret laboratory, and engineers a diabolical new disease that is harmless to men but invariably fatal to women. The novel tells of the rapid spread of the plague, and of the efforts of scientists and political leaders to halt it before the human race is extinguished. It also tells of the plague's impact on a variety of individuals, from innocent victims to the terrorist who planted the bomb to O'Neill himself. Brilliantly, Herbert ties all the threads together. For all the death and devastation, the book is paradoxically hopeful, even life-affirming, at its core. Herbert's message is that human beings count—and all political and intellectual values, including the freedom of scientific inquiry, must ultimately be justified in that light.

Roger Zelazny is one of science fiction's most acclaimed stylists. He writes a lush prose that often reaches for poetic effects, and just as often falls on its face in the attempt. But when he finds a subject worthy of him, the result is genuine song. His new novel, ***Eye of Cat*** (Timescape), sings. Not at all by accident, its hero is named William Blackhorse Singer, a Navajo who hunts extraterrestrial game. To defeat an alien predator, he enlists the aid of a creature he once trapped and brought to Earth to be exhibited in a cage. This creature, called Cat, turns out to be intelligent—and understandably angry with Singer. Once the other predator is defeated, Cat proceeds to hunt Singer. After a mad chase through technologically advanced cities, Singer goes to ground in the ancestral home of his people. Here, reality and dream, truth and



KURT MUELLER PHIL H. WEBBER

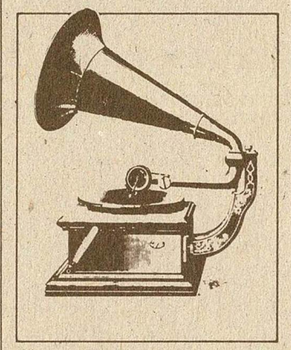
Isaac Asimov, Frank Herbert: guiding mankind through the chaos.

desire interpenetrate, and both Cat and his prey find what they are looking for. Zelazny expertly weaves Navajo myth into his science-fictional tale in a way that enlivens—and enlarges—both.

The Strugatsky brothers, Arkady and Boris, are known to a handful of science-fiction readers in the United States. But in their native Russia they are famous for their daring explorations of the truly "alien." Arkady is a specialist in Japanese literature; Boris is an astrophysicist. ***Escape Attempt*** (Macmillan), their latest book to be translated into English (by Roger DeGaris), contains three short novels in which the principal emotion is frustration. The protagonists keep coming up against situations they wish to change but cannot, because they cannot comprehend the motivations of the other people involved. In the title story, the efforts of well-meaning Earthmen to help the victims of a brutal social order only result in compounding the general misery. In the second story, called "The Kid From Hell," another group of Earthmen manage to end a war on a distant planet, but their overtures of friendship merely puzzle a native of that planet who has been trained to do only one thing: kill. In the third story, a human child who was marooned on a planet dominated by an alien intelligence presents a group of explorers from Earth with a unique opportunity to communicate with another form of sentient life. But even with the intercession of this "Space Mowgli," the gap seems too wide to be crossed.

For American readers, the unmistakably Russian point of view of the Strugatsky brothers heightens the sense of otherness they seek to convey. Their characters seem ordinary enough, but their cultural assumptions are just different enough from ours to underscore the point the authors are making: to understand ourselves, we must look in mirrors provided by others—and there is no guarantee that we will recognize what we see.—*Gerald Jonas*

SOUNDS



IN STYLE

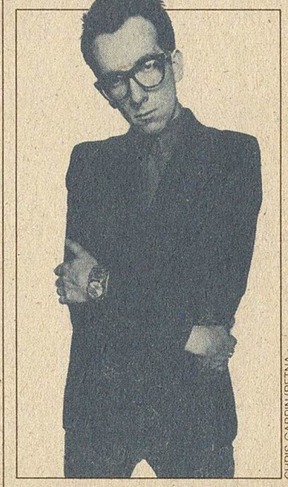
When **Frank Sinatra** sang in London recently, a short, bespectacled young man in his mid-twenties was in the audience, hanging on Ol' Blue Eyes's every word. A few rock fans in the audience recognized the young man, a former computer programmer named Declan McManus, who is better known as **Elvis Costello**, avatar of new-wave rock, songwriter and singer of vitriolic intensity who told an early interviewer he understood only two emotions, revenge and guilt. What was Costello, a sworn enemy of power and privilege, doing listening, spellbound, to the man who organized the entertainment for Ronald Reagan's inaugural gala?

"Listening to a great singer," Costello said some weeks later, when he was in New York City preparing for an American tour. "My publishers asked me not too long ago what my ambitions are, and I said *first* of all, I'd like to hear one of my songs recorded by Frank Sinatra. That would be *ideal*. I don't really think of a lot of the songs I'm writing now as rock 'n' roll. Sinatra mostly sings songs by Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, people like that, of course. But that kind of songwriting is something I'm very fond of and aspire to."

Costello was sitting on the edge of the couch in his hotel suite, radiating the same nervous intensity he displays onstage, and expressing himself with the same precision and attention to the well-turned phrase that distinguish his songwriting. Albums, purchased during a record-shopping spree in Manhattan, were piled in a suitcase nearby, and while there were a handful of new-wave titles (Richard Hell and the Voidoids' *Destiny Street*, for example), most of them were by people like Chet Baker ("my favorite singer"), Ella Fitzgerald, and Chris Conner.

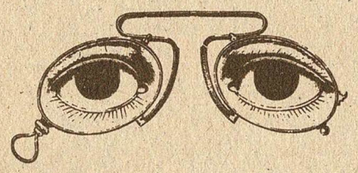
"When people ask me to name a great song," noted Elvis, "I name something like 'Love for Sale' or 'Someone to Watch Over Me.' You can hear Billie Holiday sing 'Someone to Watch Over Me' and then hear Ella Fitzgerald sing it, and they're different, but they're equally valid. In the last twenty years or so, very few people have been up to that standard of lyric writing. People haven't been writing great songs, they've been making great records."

"They aren't writing 'em like they used to" is a phrase commonly heard in the nostalgic over-



CHRIS GABRIN/RETNA

Costello: songs with more heart.

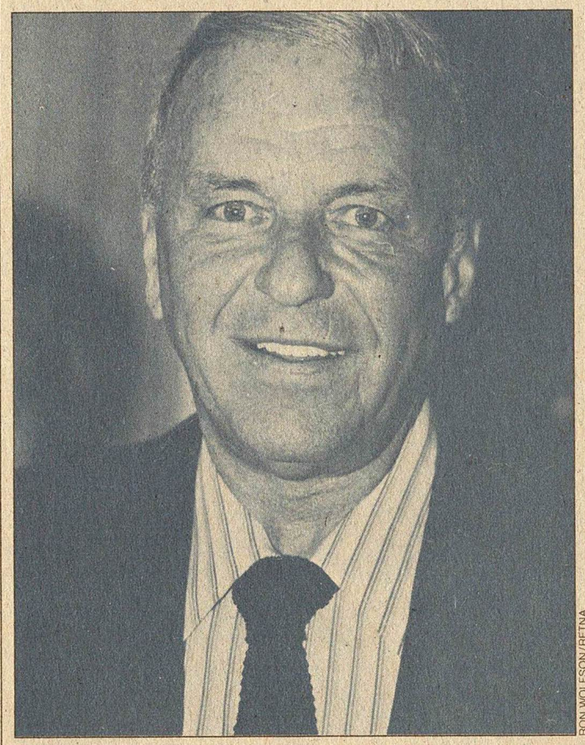


forty crowd, but Costello wasn't being nostalgic. He sees the dearth of great new popular songs as a challenge, and as fans who have been listening to his recent albums are well aware, he's doing something about it. He was already an exceptional songwriter in 1976, when he made his first album, *My Aim Is True*. Tunes like "Alison," "Watching the Detectives," and "(The Angels Want to Wear My) Red Shoes" were archetypal new wave, with their unsentimental portrayals of romance as a kind of emotional fascism, their mile-a-minute wordplay of punning alliteration, and their zingy pop melodies. But as Costello's songwriting developed on subsequent albums—*This Year's Model*, *Armed Forces*, *Get Happy!!!*, *Trust*—it went far beyond its original pop-rock orientation, embracing elements of soul, country music, and Tin Pan Alley.

It all comes together on the recent *Imperial Bedroom* (Columbia), Costello's ambitious bid to become the Cole Porter of the eighties. The lyrics are sharply honed and tightly packed. "Giving you more of what for always worked for me before," one song begins; another typical gambit is "History repeats the old conceits, the glib replies, the same defeats/ Keep your finger on important issues, with crocodile tears and a pocketful of tissues."

But there's more here than clever wordplay. The emotional range of the songs on *Imperial Bedroom* is breathtakingly broad. The songs cut deep, some practically to the bone, but they cut with compassion. And Costello sings them with careful attention to nuance and detail and an exquisitely musical sense of phrasing and pacing not unlike that of his idols, Sinatra and Chet Baker. "The important things to me are the melody, the words, the way you sing them—all the little innuendos you can get into them—above all the *feeling* behind them," he said. "I'm trying to cut back on the clever wordplay and write things that are more directly emotional, more personal, things with more *heart*."

A few weeks after Costello's visit, Sinatra came to town and settled in for a series of ten concerts at Carnegie Hall. His audience included the limousine crowd, but there were also younger faces, including some rock 'n' roll fans.



RON WOLFSON/RETNA

Sinatra: pop fashions come and go, but some things never change.

One young woman said she had paid scalper's prices to see the Rolling Stones last year and was considering braving the crowds at Shea Stadium for the Who's upcoming farewell tour, "but I really had to see *this*. Frank Sinatra is one thing I can agree with my parents about. They've been playing his records around the house for longer than I can remember, and I don't ordinarily like that kind of music, but he's a great singer. I saved up for a fifty-dollar ticket so I could see him up close; how many chances like this am I gonna get?"

Sinatra did not disappoint. For a veteran of almost fifty years in show business, he was remarkably agile. He did a little tap dancing on "My Kind of Town," worked right out at the edge of the stage—and sang his heart out, all the while flashing his baby blues and a grin that's still boyish. Every song he sang was a gem; he'd dropped the experiments with "contemporary" tunes like George Harrison's "Something" that made his shows of the last few years uneven. And when he announced each number—"I Get a Kick Out of You," "I've Got You Under My Skin," "Come Rain or Come Shine," "It Had to Be You"—he made sure he identified the songwriters and the arrangements he was using, most of which were 1950s Nelson Riddle arrangements that still sound appealingly fresh.

You'd think that after singing these same songs for some forty years, Sinatra would have run out of ways to make them sound new. But that's what makes Sinatra Sinatra—his ability to dig beneath the delicately crafted surfaces of these American art songs and find emotional bedrock. "When Your Lover Has Gone" was an utterly convincing portrait of devastating loss, "As Time Goes By" had the languid flow of a big, muddy river, "The Best Is Yet to Come" bristled with puckish optimism. And the crowd's reactions weren't significantly different from the reactions at Elvis Costello's concerts. "Atta boy, Frankie!" one enthusiastic old-timer kept shouting affectionately. "You sing it, now!"

Pop fashions come and go, but some things never change. Melody, craftsmanship, emotional commitment, the determination of superior popular artists to keep growing—these are things that may sometimes be in short supply but never go out of style. Who would have thought six years ago, when Elvis Costello arrived on the scene in a blaze of anger and angst, that he'd metamorphose from a croaking new-wave frog into a sophisticated pop prince? Or that Frank Sinatra, anathema to most rock fans at the height of the punk explosion, would be winning the admiration of younger listeners? "Radio keeps everything pigeonholed now," Costello noted. "They won't play Billie Holiday back to back with Hank Williams, or Sinatra with Randy Newman, or Stevie Wonder with Mel Torme. I'd like to see that change." The optimists among us are betting that it will.—*Robert Palmer*

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PART ONE

THE DEADLIEST MAN ON THE PLANET

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF BRUCE LEE

BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

The Oriental relish for violence in its most brutal forms gave the greatest martial-arts star of all time the cue he had always been seeking to release the violence pent up in his own soul.

PAINTING BY DON PUNCHANTZ

About five on the afternoon of May 10, 1973, Dr. Don Langford, an American missionary surgeon stationed in Hong Kong, was preparing to leave Baptist Hospital in the suburb of Kowloon Tong. Suddenly, the switchboard operator shouted at him to stand by for an emergency case. Bruce Lee was being rushed to the hospital, desperately ill.

Dr. Langford knew Bruce Lee very well. For the past year and a half, the Tennessee-born, Tulane-educated doctor and minister had been the kung-fu star's family physician, the only doctor in whom Lee reposed any confidence. On more than one occasion, Dr. Langford had received Lee fresh off a film location where he had suffered a damaging kick to the groin or a nasty burn or a slashed hand; for no matter where or how Lee was injured, he insisted always that he be carried to Dr. Langford. The doctor, for his part, had come to view these visitations with muted apprehension and even a bit of resentment, for the famous star was a most difficult patient. Indeed, after observing Lee carefully for a considerable period of time, Dr. Langford had come to the conclusion that the actor was in the strict medical sense of the word a "hysteric."

For example, instead of coming into the office like any other man and explaining what ailed him, Lee would not permit the doctor to perform his work until he had witnessed a complete enactment of the entire incident that led up to the injury. Instead of getting on with his job, Langford would have to stand by, with the other members of Lee's adoring entourage, while blows whizzed by his nose and high kicks missed by inches his precious instrument cabinet. Then, as the climax to the performance, Lee would gather all his fury into a final paroxysm of rage and swear a blood-curdling oath to kill the man responsible for this outrageous humiliation. For Bruce Lee's image was based on the idea that while he killed scores of men with his bare hands, nobody every laid a finger on him until the final death duel with the supervillain. An injury for Bruce Lee, therefore, was not just a matter of physical pain or nervous anxiety. It was *a loss of face*. God help the man who made Bruce Lee lose face!

This afternoon proved very different from those previous occasions. Instead of the great fighter bursting into the emergency room like a pirate boarding a junk, followed by his crew of trusty henchmen, Lee was carried into the clinic in a horizontal position by four men who looked like they were bearing a corpse. All they could tell the doctor was that Lee had been working at Golden Harvest Studios when, for no apparent reason, he had collapsed and lost consciousness. Though Lee had been scooped up and rushed to the hospital, only minutes away from the studio, it was obvious to the doctor that the actor was nearly dead.

Lee was in a deep coma and barely breathing. His eyes were rolling around in circles. His blood pressure was low and sinking further. He had no reflexes. His body was drenched with perspiration from a fever of 105°.

The initial picture was that of a stroke victim or a man who has suffered some traumatic injury. Dr. Langford, a veteran of many years in the Orient, suspected he was seeing a condition not uncommon among young Chinese: a leak, or even a hemorrhage, produced in the brain by a congenital defect in the wall between a vein and an artery. The only remedy was to open the skull and repair the damage.

As the doctor looked about, however, he realized that he would not be able to operate, because his staff was starting to panic. This was not the first time that these otherwise competent nurses and orderlies had faltered and even fled. Every time a famous person was brought in at the point of death, the Chinese, who dread being held responsible in such a case, would seek to escape. Recognizing this danger, Dr. Langord summoned to his aid two other physicians upon whom he could rely: Dr. Cecilia Wong, an anesthesiologist, and Dr. Peter Wu, Hong Kong's leading brain specialist.

Even as Langford took these precautions, he saw his patient slipping away. Before any surgical procedure could be attempted, the patient had to be stabilized. Ordering the anesthesia machine brought down from the floor above (to act as a respirator), the doctor inserted a breathing tube into Bruce Lee's throat and an IV needle into his arm, to counter with glucose the effects of shock. At that moment, Dr. Wu appeared and examined the patient.

What he saw suggested not that there was bleeding inside the skull but rather that the brain had *swollen* and was pressing dangerously against the cranium. The treatment for this condition was a dehydrating agent called Manitol (the same substance that is used to cut cocaine). Manitol, which is actually snythetic urea, produces a strong flow of urine. With the patient unconscious and unable to urinate, there is the danger that his bladder will rupture. So Langford inserted a catheter into Lee's penis. It was during this painful procedure that the moribund actor gave his first sign of life. Still unconscious, Bruce Lee reached down and seized the doctor's hand.

No sooner did Lee exhibit one sign of life than he displayed others. He began to thrash about on the operating table. In these uncontrolled movements, Dr. Langford recognized a fresh threat. He recalled the instance, not long since, when a Japanese stuntman had been brought in suffering from a concussion. When Langford shone his flashlight into the man's eyes, the powerful Japanese had come off the table like an enraged animal and attacked the doctor with hands and feet. The muscular missionary had to fight for his life. Eventually, he subdued the patient. But Langford knew he wouldn't stand a chance with a demented Bruce Lee. Immediately, he began to tie down the

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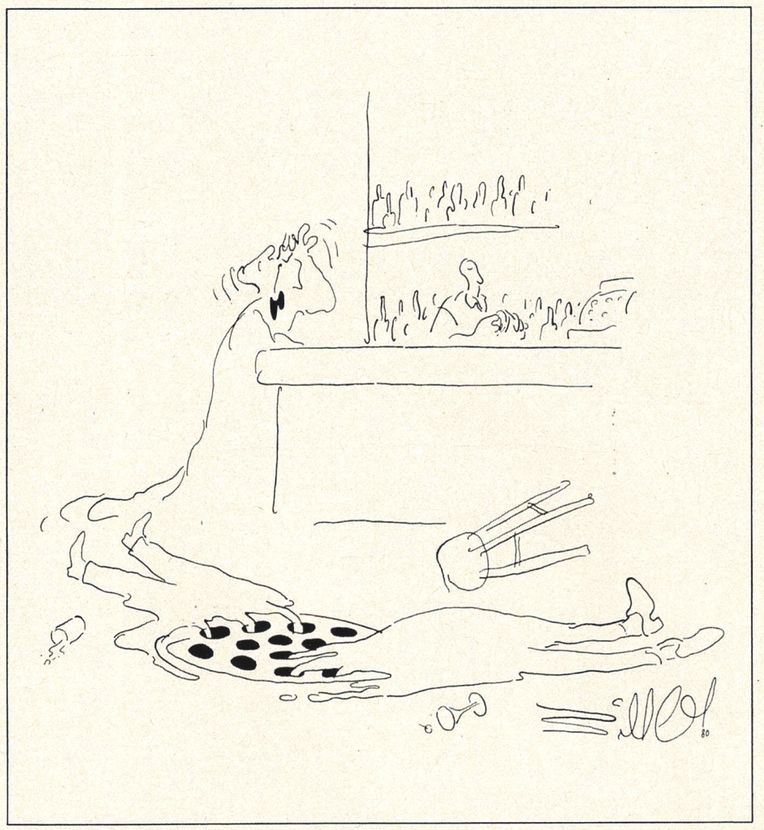

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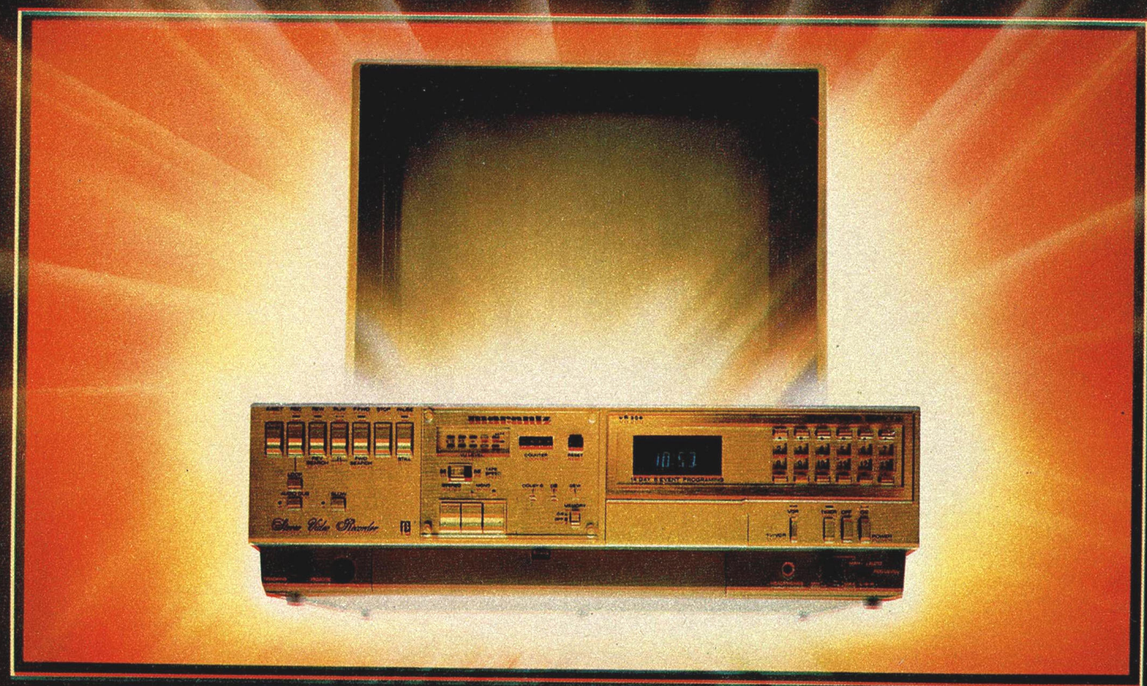

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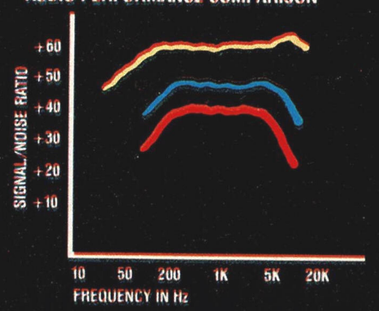

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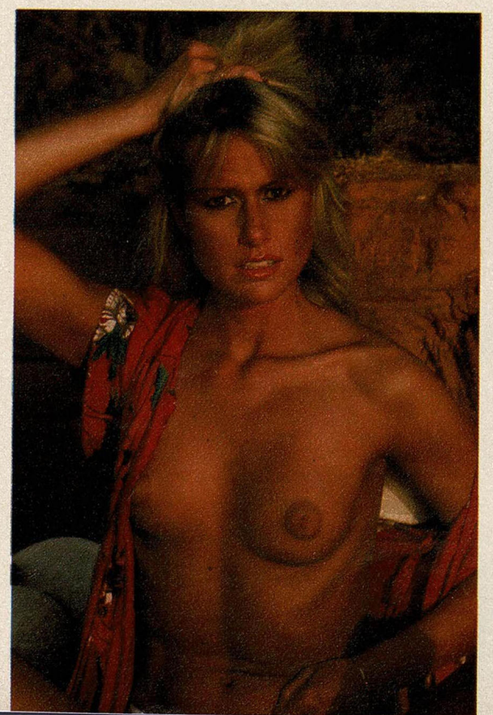
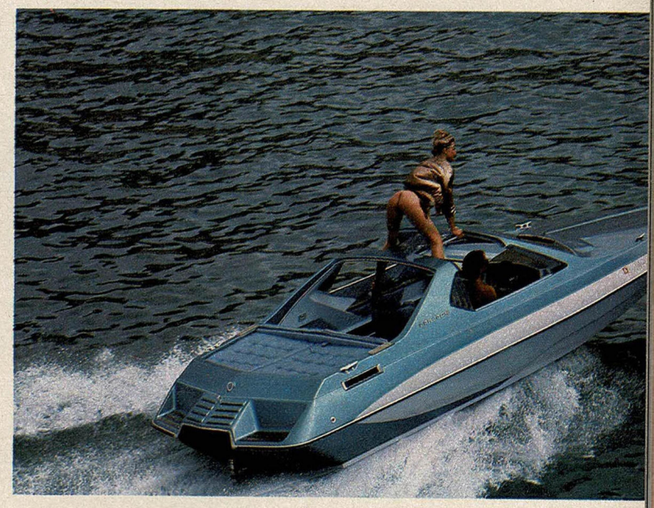
THE SOLID GOLD SOUND

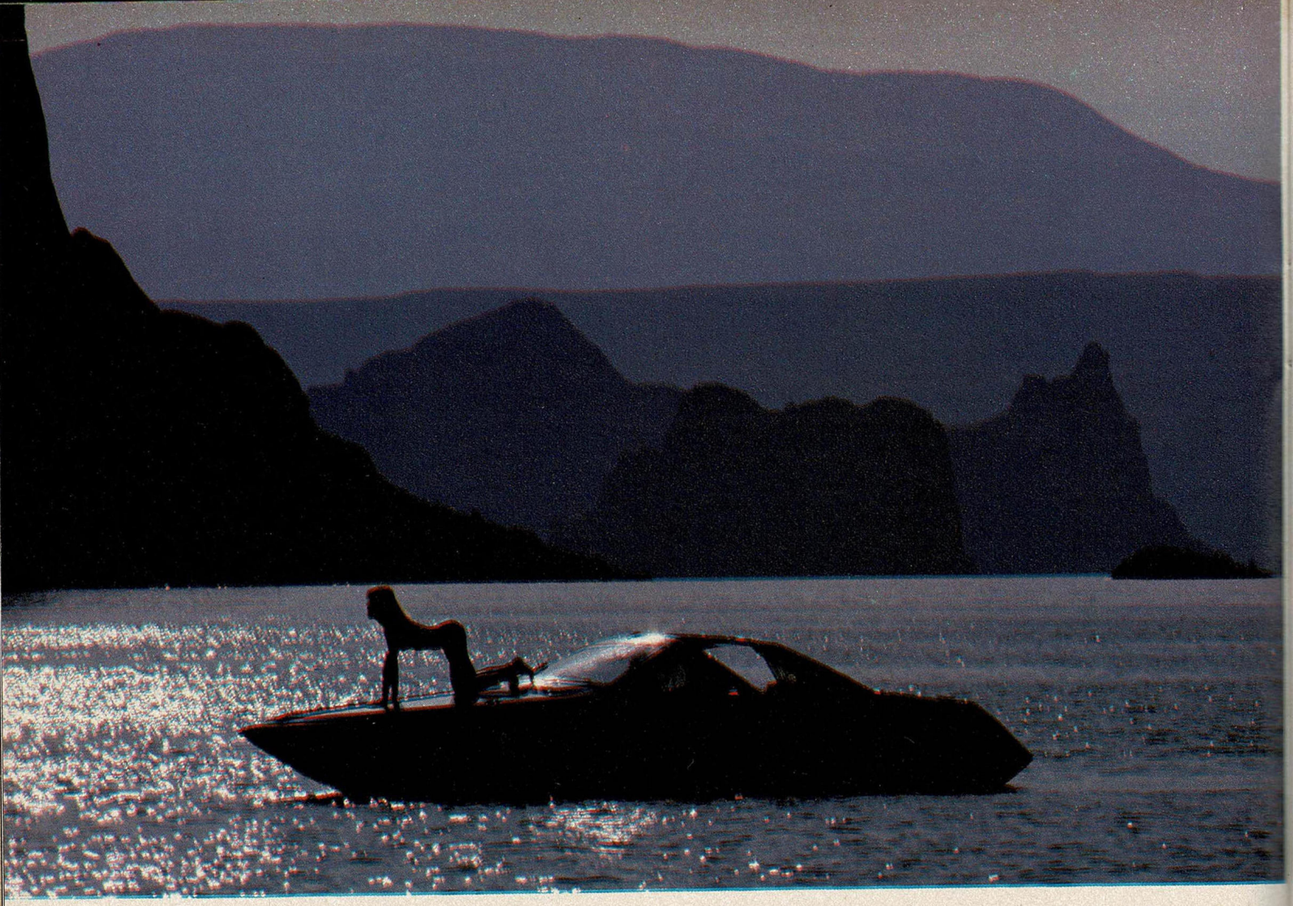
BEST OF THE WEST

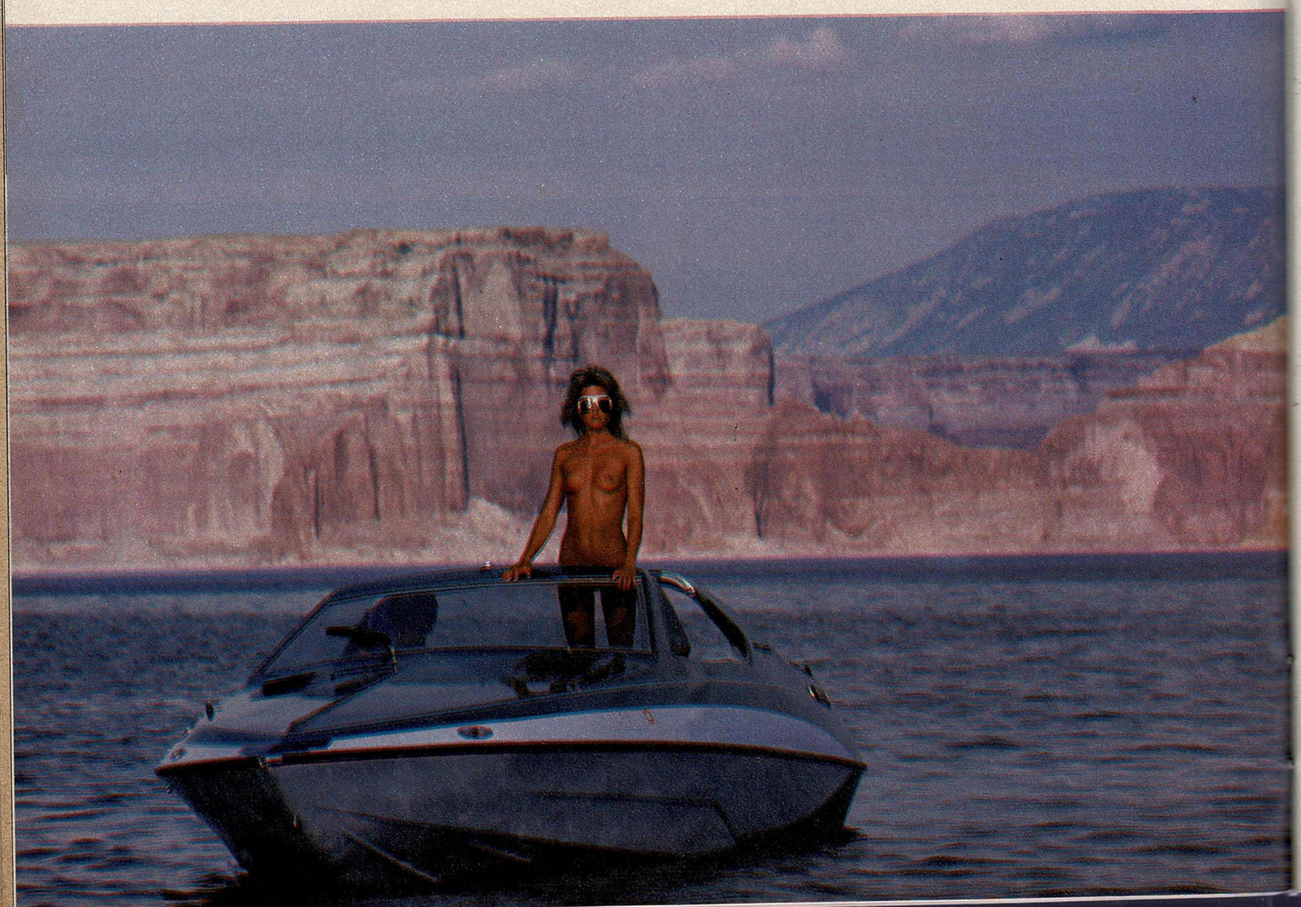
Posed against the rugged Western terrain, Monika Schebesta becomes a softly sensuous focal point of local interest. A beauty among buttes, we'd say. And Utah's great Lake Powell is no greater a scenic attraction than our Austrian visitor. A glowing twenty-four, her natural 35-22-35 long-stemmed beauty seems custom-made for America, an Alpine snowbird turned cactus flower overnight. Here to study English, which she'll teach as a second language to Austrian schoolchildren, Monika can't help but study our adult ways as well. "American men are so forward, so direct! They won't take no for an answer!" An abrupt, if not vivid, appraisal of the rampant North American hominoid in heat.

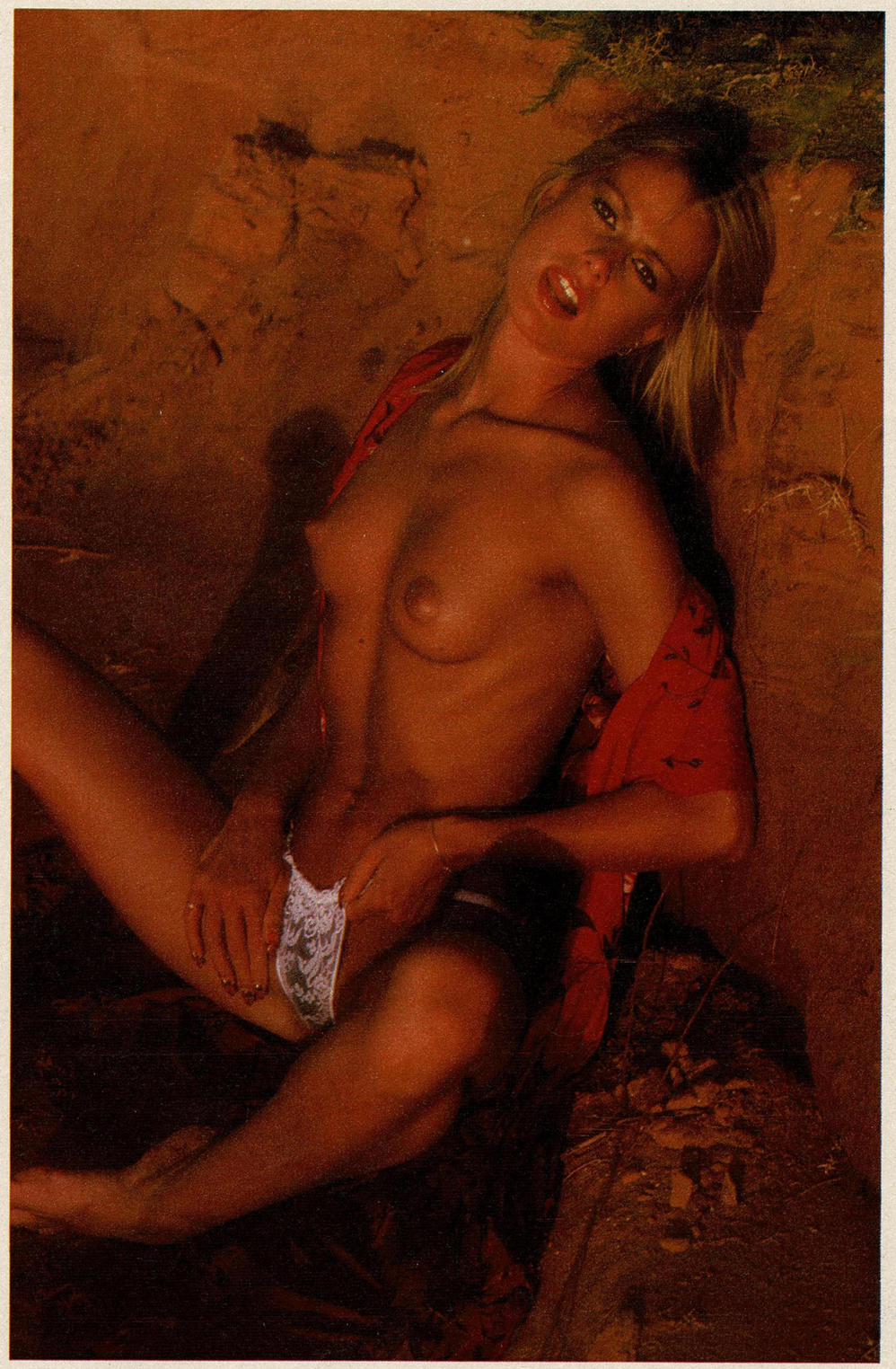
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE WAYDA

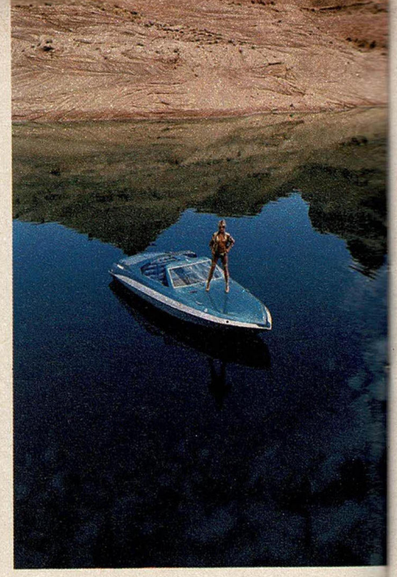




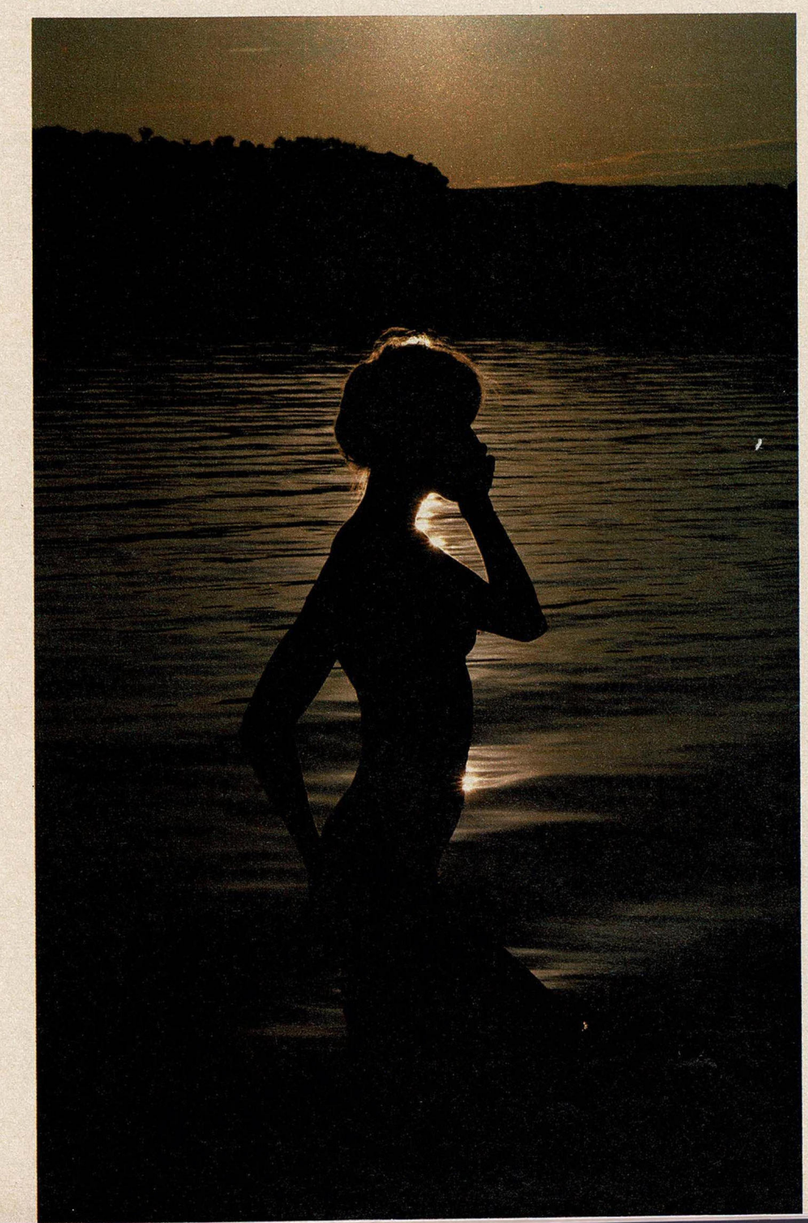




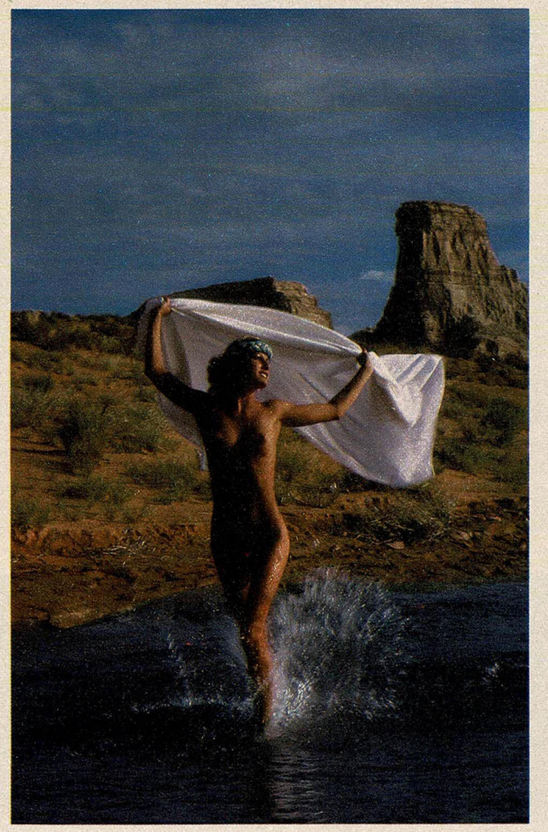


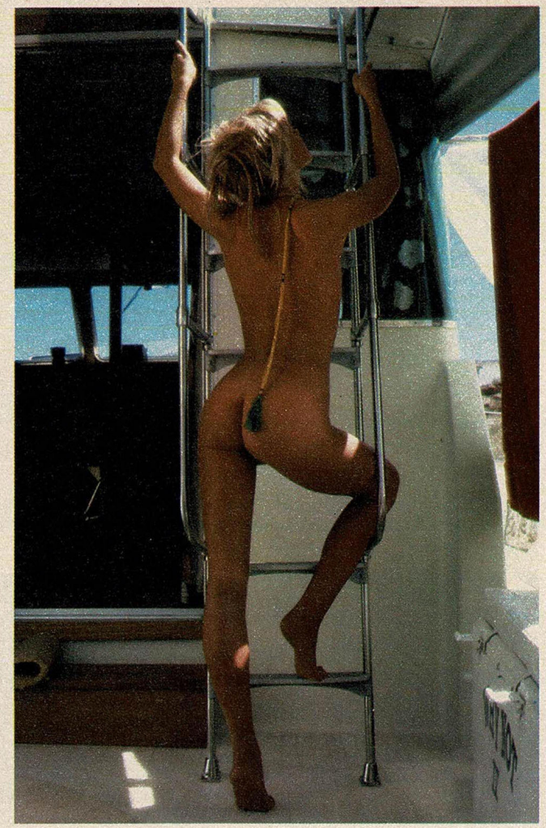


Before these shots were taken, Monika had toured the rest of the West with an unnamed friend. Her favorite natural wonders were the Grand Tetons and the Painted Desert. In Salt Lake City, she even spent an afternoon listening to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.



"If only they would let me teach them to yodel," she smiled.
Shout for joy is more like it, we'd say.
Still, she wouldn't like to be a Mormon. "I was told the
men have more than one woman.
I'd like it better if the girls could have two men . . ."





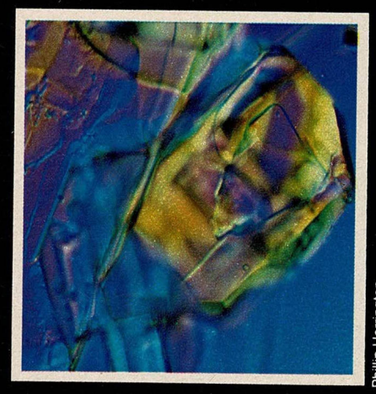
Well, we're not too heavy on sharing, but in Monika's case half a natural wonder would be better than none.

THE POLITICS OF
CANCER

PART ELEVEN

THE PROMISE OF HYDRAZINE SULFATE

BY RALPH W. MOSS



Phillip Harrington

The determined efforts of
Dr. Joseph Gold may prove that a simple,
inexpensive, off-the-shelf
chemical can be a new breakthrough
in the war against the
most painful and deadly of diseases.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY GUCCIONE

In a major turnabout, the American Cancer Society (ACS) has decided to fund a clinical trial of a drug it once put on its "unproven methods" blacklist. The drug is hydrazine sulfate, whose anti-cancer potential was first called to the public's attention in the January 1980 issue of *Penthouse*.

The ACS reversal comes in the wake of two major positive studies with this drug. In 1981, a Russian team of scientists reported in an American journal that the drug had marked and dramatic effects on the symptoms and disease progression of cancer patients. And in 1982, in a double-blind trial, University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA) scientists showed that hydrazine sulfate administered to terminal cancer patients had a dramatic effect on progressive weight loss and other factors that may influence survival.

A more definitive clinical trial with hydrazine is scheduled to begin at this time, and an answer to the key question—regarding the clinical potential of hydrazine sulfate—may be available to cancer patients soon thereafter. At the present time, numerous patients are taking hydrazine sulfate in anticipation of the completion of these further clinical tests.

The story of hydrazine's discovery as a cancer treatment is filled with ironies and improbabilities. The United States has invested billions of dollars and millions of manpower hours at large medical centers in search of a cure. But hydrazine was discovered by a lone physician in a small research institute, and was developed by him with little help from our major institutions. In fact, for fifteen years he has received almost nothing but resistance from those who direct the "war on cancer."

In the late 1960s, the whole world was buzzing with optimism about a cancer cure. Men were walking on the moon, and if that was possible, well then, why couldn't we also conquer our most dreaded scourge? With a billion dollars a year for ten years, the head of a Texas cancer hospital told Congress, we could deliver a cure. In 1971, Congress passed the National Cancer Act, instructing scientists to cure some major forms of the disease in time for the U.S. bicentennial. Richard M. Nixon, signing the act into law in late December, called it his "Christmas present to the nation."

Meanwhile, in the late sixties, Dr. Joseph Gold was a young physician in Syracuse, N.Y. He had graduated from the Upstate Medical Center, where he worked for a number of years after a stint in the U.S. Air Force. In 1965 he had founded and become director of the Syracuse Cancer Research Institute. His special interest was a part of the cancer problem that had received little attention from the medical mainstream. That problem was called *cachexia*—a Greek word roughly meaning "a bad state of affairs." If you have ever cared for a terminal cancer patient you probably know the condition well, although you may not be familiar with its scientific name. Cachexia (pronounced "ka-kex-i-a" is the frightening weight loss and debilitation that accompanies the march of the disease, especially in such common conditions as colo-rectal and lung cancer. Despite the fact that many cancer patients actually die of cachexia-related problems, the condition had received little medical attention. It was felt to be more of a problem for nutritionists or practical nurses than top-drawer researchers.

Gold thought so, too, until he had a flash of insight into how cachexia relates to the whole problem of malignancy.

Most doctors, he now says, are "hypnotized by the tumor." But cancer is not just a *thing*; it is a *process*. The cancerous cells have entered into a "sick relationship" with the rest of the body. As the tumor grows, the body wastes away—and these two facts are not coincidental, but are causally related. Interrupt that relationship, Gold realized, and you may be able to stop the tumor dead in its tracks.

> Hydrazine sulfate was developed with little help from major institutions. In fact, for fifteen years, Dr. Gold received almost nothing but resistance from those who direct the "war on cancer."

Far from being a minor "cosmetic" problem for cancer patients (a view still held by some top leaders of the cancer war), cachexia is a key part of the cancerous process—a key to understanding and treating the disease. For what cachexia really means, he reasoned, is that the energy pools of the body are being depleted, essentially in an effort to feed the tumor. There is an energy drain and the body starts to consume itself in step with the tumor's insatiable requirements. The greater the tumor's appetite, the more the energy-draining effect on the body, until the whole structure comes crashing down with the death of the patient.

How can one break the link between cancer and host? Research revealed that tumor cells often produce abnormal amounts of lactic acid—the same sour substance produced by the fermentation of bacteria in milk. They do this because cancer cells themselves often ferment. Fermentation is a primitive and wasteful way of obtaining energy, but is the predominant means by which many cancer cells derive energy for growth.

The lactic acid produced by fermentation has to be disposed of, or "detoxified." The body sends it, via the bloodstream, to the kidneys and especially the liver, where it is rebuilt into glucose, a process known as new-glucose-formation (or gluconeogenesis). Under normal conditions, new-glucose-formation performs important functions: it stabilizes blood glucose levels at times when no dietary glucose is entering the blood (such as during sleep); however, new-glucose-formation is an energy-demanding process. Under normal circumstances, however, it is of little consequence.

What happens in cancer, Gold surmised, is that the tumor, because of its peculiar metabolism, is often able to plug into this normal process and use it for its own growth and survival. The tumor fastens on to a steady supply of food—glucose, whether from the diet or from new-glucose-formation—and feeds the liver lactic acid through the bloodstream. New glucose is then formed from this lactic acid, demanding ever increasing energy supplies from the normal energy pools of the body. This cyclic process accelerates on an ever increasing scale. The body, obeying the call of the tumor, must work overtime and rapidly falls behind in its energy accounts. Thus, no matter how much the cancer patient eats, he seems unable to keep up with the tremendous calorie requirements inherent in this "recycling" process.

This whole process of cachexia is one of the things that makes cancer so horrible and mysterious: the patient wastes away, muscle and flesh melt off him, as he is seemingly *consumed by himself.* Before Gold, there was hardly even a good theory as to why this should happen.

But, Gold thought, if this is the case, it should be possible to intervene in the process and find the weak link in the chain of cachexia. You can't remove the liver and kidneys, of course, but it may be possible to deactivate a key enzyme, called PEP CK (phosphoenolpyruvate carboxykinase), which accelerates the conversion of lactic acid to new-glucose in the organs.

In 1968, Gold published his first paper on the theory of controlling cancer by controlling new-glucose-formation. The silence was deafening. Not discouraged, he continued his experiments. Between 1968 and 1970 he considered a number of possible inhibitors of PEP CK. One of these was a fairly common amino acid, L-tryptophan, but it was judged too weak in action to be of practical significance. In 1970, he finally discovered a substance that was nontoxic and could deactivate the PEP CK enzyme. That substance was hydrazine sulfate. Cancer drugs are notoriously complicated and expensive: look at million-dollar-an-ounce interferon. Hydrazine sulfate, however, was nothing but a simple, inexpensive, off-the-shelf chemical, which had even been used during World War II as rocket fuel.

The Syracuse researcher's first task was to try the drug in animals. In four dif-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 216

THE FUTURE MAKES A PERFECT HOLIDAY PRESENT

This holiday season give your special friends
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neo-sports, and jobs for the 21st Century. A new
book by the editors of *Omni*
magazine previews the world we are about to enter.

OMNI FUTURE ALMANAC

EDITED BY ROBERT WEIL

The next few decades should be a celebration of scientific and technological discovery. Scientific development comes in waves: a cascade of new discoveries and ideas breaks over the heads of researchers, who then spend years exploring the vibrations of that creative swell. The Renaissance generated vital new concepts that kept many thinkers busy for their entire lives. At the time of Newton, a universal view of the world was created that directed scientific inquiry for 200 years afterward.

We seem to be poised on the verge of such a wave today. Scientists are on the brink of breakthroughs that will expand upon Einstein's theories, unravel the genetic tangle of our bodies, and craft new forms of electronic intelligence. In hundreds of other areas, also, breakthroughs will be achieved. We have explored the concepts of industrial technology and World War II–vintage atomic science about as extensively as possible. In many cases, we have reached inconsistencies that must be explained or barriers to further development that must be overcome.

PAINTING BY ROBERT SCHULTZ

At such points in history, science bursts into activity. Research races off in new directions. Fresh ideas come to the fore. Unexpected insights emerge to spur new levels of human exploration in untouched regions of experience.

Electronics, quantum physics, genetic engineering, micro-computing, and space travel were all beyond the imagination three generations ago. Imagine what will be commonplace three generations from now.

MEDICINE AND THE BODY

Some of the developments forecast in the field of medicine sound more like fantasy than science, yet all are well on their way. Many, possibly most, are closer to realization than we think. Perhaps it will help to know that an organization as renowned as the British Royal Society of Medicine has made the following predictions:

- 1980s: New generations of antibacterials perfected
- 1983: Dental caries conquered
- 1985: Male contraceptives developed
- 1985 to 1990: Asthma controlled
  - Bacterial and viral illnesses fall to new drugs
- 1988: Anxiety and tension control achieved
- 1990: Allergy relief perfected
  - Autoimmune illnesses conquered
  - Cancer cure available
  - Depression relief reliable
  - Hypertension therapy effective
  - Mental illness successfully treatable
- 1990 to 2000: Artificial womb in use
  - Contraceptives now safe, convenient, and inexpensive
  - Permanent stimulator of intelligence found
  - Safe, short-acting intoxicant available to replace alcohol
  - Synthetic blood in use
  - Vaccine ends tooth decay
- 2000 or sooner: Aggression control achieved
  - Drugs available that safely heighten perceptions, alter emotional experience, and generate unique hallucinations
  - Extension of childhood to delay adolescence
  - Fear created by drugs
  - Guilt provoked or relived by drugs
  - Maternal behavior turned on and off at will
  - Memory increased or shortened

AN END TO AGING

Scattered around the world, particularly in the United States and Soviet Union, a hardy band of poorly funded researchers is chasing their version of the White Whale. The Moby Dick in this pursuit: aging itself. When they defeat it, they will change the world more than any scientists in history.

So far, gerontologists, specialists in aging research, have confirmed what most of us would have suspected: part of aging is simple erosion. Over decades of life, mechanical wear abrades our bones, toxins poison our cells, and light itself turns once supple skin to leather. But they have also found that we carry within us at least two built-in clocks, one working at the cellular level, the other governing the body as a whole. As these timers run out, we age and die. It is by finding ways to control this process that scientists will give us the true elixir of life.

> A whiff a day will keep the babies away if work on LHRH nasal spray is successful. Given continually in large doses, LHRH shuts down both ovulation and sperm production.

It will happen far sooner than we expect. The research areas below offer several ways to prevent or cure aging and age-related illness. All have produced significant results already. Almost surely, one or more will markedly extend the human life span before the century ends. If gerontology gets the support it deserves, today's young should keep their vigor into their eighties. People now in their fifties or sixties could soon find themselves growing younger. Who knows? Perhaps some day, even death will be defeated.

DEATH HORMONE. Yes, Virginia, there is a death hormone. From the time you were twenty or so, your own body has been trying to do you in. Sooner or later, it will succeed.

Or will it? For the last dozen years, Dr. W. Donner Denckla of the National Institute of Alcoholism and Alcohol Abuse has been single-mindedly tracking down the body's Benedict Arnold, a hormone that interferes with metabolism. He calls his discovery DECO, for "decreasing consumption of oxygen," which is its most obvious effect on cellular processes. After years of work, he has the hormone almost purified. Soon he can begin to search for an antidote.

DECO comes from the pituitary gland, a grape-sized knot of cells lodged inside the brain. It ages us by blocking the thyroid hormones, crippling a whole variety of functions. People with a defective thyroid may sleep fourteen hours a day, and they can put on ten pounds in a day almost without eating. Eventually, the muscles weaken and lose their coordination.

Most of us produce plenty of thyroid hormones well into old age. DECO prevents us from using them. The pituitary secretes a little DECO at first, raises its output slowly for several decades, then pours it out toward the end of life. DECO itself may not kill, but sooner or later it weakens us so that almost any stress can.

Nearly all the effects of aging can be traced to DECO. Denckla has proved this by removing the pituitary from rats and giving the animals thyroid, cortisone, and growth hormones, which are secreted only under its influence. With the source of DECO gone, most bodily functions quickly return to juvenile levels. Old rats' hearts and lungs become as strong as those of youthful rodents. Their immune systems regain nearly all their power to ward off infection. And more than one rat in five survives in glowing health to the age of thirty-four months, roughly equal to a human age of ninety-five! Currently, only one person in a hundred survives as long.

One obvious way to get rid of DECO is to create antibodies against it, just as the body uses antibodies to destroy bacteria and other foreign materials. Denckla doubts that this will work, however. DECO closely resembles some other pituitary products; antibodies against it might also destroy hormones we need.

Instead, he plans to search out a "releasing factor," a peptide from the hypothalamus that initiates DECO production. Then he will create an antidote to that. A blocker of the DECO production process, he says, would be chemically simple and so easy to produce that it could be cheaper than aspirin. Timetable for development: five or ten years—if his government funding holds out.

SEXUAL MEDICINE

SEX STIMULANTS. Forget oysters and "Spanish fly." Medicine is finally tracing the biochemical roots of desire. Even today, a willing physician might be able to write prescriptions for pleasure. Before 2000, success is assured.

Doctors picked up the track of this age-old fantasy when they noticed that some

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elderly patients receiving the drug L-dopa for Parkinson's disease began to make bold sexual advances toward their nurses. The drug, it turns out, heightens sexual interest in half the men who take it and in about one woman in five. L-dopa is a chemical forerunner of dopamine, which carries signals from cell to cell in parts of the nervous system.

Animal studies have shown the other half of the secret: reducing the brain's supply of serotonin, another neurotransmitter, also promotes sexual behavior. One of the best serotonin reducers is PCPA (parachlorophenylalanine), and rats given the drug show a dramatic increase in sexual activity. PCPA, however, is not ideal for human use. Its side effects include vertigo, headaches, and mental dullness—but there are many other possibilities. Clearly, the development of an ideal chemical aphrodisiac is on the way.

NEW CONTRACEPTIVES. Demand for better birth control remains high. One tribute to this interest is the sale in the United States of a hormone with the jawbreaking name of medroxyprogesterone acetate. To bar pregnancy, it is given to women as an injection every ninety days. Among the side effects are nausea, weight gain, and irregular bleeding. Despite its long use in Europe, the hormone is approved in the United States only as a treatment for uterine cancer. Yet, the manufacturer estimates that some 10,000 American women have adopted it for birth control anyway.

New contraceptive methods abound, despite tightening research budgets in the field. Among the most promising:

• Most likely to reach women in the U.S. soon is the subdermal implant, a small capsule of silicone plastic impregnated with a steroid called levonorgestrel. Inserted six at a time under the skin of the forearm, the implants prevent pregnancy for up to six years at a time, replacing the equivalent of 2,500 birth control pills.

• A whiff a day will keep the babies away if work on LHRH nasal spray is successful. LHRH is a pituitary hormone that usually promotes fertility. Given continually in large doses, however, it shuts down both ovulation and sperm production. The hormone seems to work just as well for men as for women, but for men, it has an unfortunate side effect. Falling testosterone output caused by the hormone often destroys both men's libido and their secondary sexual characteristics.

• Then again, the most useful vapor may be the woman's breath itself. James G. Kostelc, of Philadelphia's Monell Chemical Senses Center, has found that certain "volatile sulfur compounds" in feminine exhalations vary by as much as fifteen-fold during the menstrual cycle. Kostelc traces the change to oral bacteria, whose population varies as estrogen levels do. If so, women may soon predict their ovulations, and thus avoid pregnancy, by a simple litmus-style test of chemicals in the mouth.

• A cottonseed derivative known as gossypol may prove effective as a male contraceptive. The extract is highly toxic in large doses, but scientists in China say that more than 10,000 men there have used the drug without harm. Sperm counts drop well below levels usually considered infertile, and the remaining sperm are nearly immobile and unable to reach the ovum. For those who use the gossypol pill and then decide they want a child, fertility returns about three months after usage is stopped.

ICE-CUBE BABIES. A couple may soon be able to put off raising a family for a few years without worrying that the delay will increase the risk of Down's syndrome and other birth defects. Researchers are working on a conceive-now-have-it-later plan that could solve such problems. Within a few years, prospective parents will be able to store their embryo in a clinic or hospital for temporary freezing. When

Subdermal implants, inserted six at a time under the skin of the forearm, will prevent pregnancy for up to six years, replacing the equivalent of 2,500 birth control pills.

they become financially or emotionally ready to proceed with having the child, the embryo will be removed from storage for thawing, and the pregnancy will proceed at a normal pace. Admittedly, the process may not win the approval of some religious groups, but the procedure is being mastered by scientists at this time.

For years, veterinarians have been freezing animal sperm in liquid nitrogen at —196 degrees Celsius (—320 degrees Fahrenheit), then using them as many as twenty-five years later. More recently, they have frozen whole embryos and have been able to revive more than half of them. At University College, London, Dr. David Whittingham raises perfectly normal mice from embryos frozen for seven years. Several American zoos are trying the technique as a way to save endangered species, and commercial cattle breeders now fly frozen calf embryos to overseas customers instead of paying to ship half-ton cows. It is this technique that doctors are now adapting for human use.

Human embryos have already been frozen and revived. At Queen Victoria Medical Center in Sydney, Australian scientists thawed two of the dozen tiny embryos they had put on ice; both resumed normal growth. And in Dr. Ian Craft's laboratory at Royal Free Hospital in London, England, two-celled human embryos are marking time in cold storage until the researcher is sure he can safely transfer a defrosted fetus into a would-be mother. Dr. Craft already has forty-five women standing in line to receive a baby. Their wait should end no later than 1983.

SELECT-A-SEX. By then, too, it should be possible to choose your baby's gender—at least, if you want a boy. Dr. Ronald Ericsson, a Sausalito, Calif., physiologist, has already developed one simple way to skew nature's fifty-fifty odds of having a male child. Ericsson noticed that male-producing sperm swim faster than those destined to yield a girl child, so he forces them to race down a glass column full of human serum albumin. Of the sperm arriving first at the bottom, about 80 percent carry the male Y chromosome. These cells are used to fertilize the mother artificially. As a side effect, the method filters out misshapen sperm and those with eccentric swimming patterns, possible signs of a cell likely to carry a genetic defect. In early tests at Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital, the technique has given couples a 75 percent chance of having a boy. Still needed, says Dr. Ericsson, is a method for improving hopes of having a girl. It is, he reports, "all worked out in my head."

PERSONAL ELECTRONICS

Consumer advances of the last ten years have included home computers, pocket calculators, electronic games, and digital watches—items that have all revolutionized the electronics industry. Just when consumers thought that there were no new twists on old ideas, 1981 spawned a new craze: the Sony Walkman headsets, a personal, carry-along electronic music machine.

Other electronic trends are soon to follow. One may need to wait a few years for these electronic marvels, but here are some ideas with fanciful names that are likely to become reality in the decades ahead.

• A Walkman-sans-headphones, or "phoneless" headphone unit, will combine an innovation in audio technology—a miniaturized digital playback unit—with a bone-conducting sound reproducer. This bone-conducting sound unit will produce audio when attached to any head bone by creating a subtle vibratory pattern that the ear will recognize. It will enable listeners to enjoy high-quality sound while on the run.

One Japanese firm has already developed bone-conductor hearing aids built into conventional eyeglass frames. While these reproducers are not yet capable of full high-fidelity sound, future refinements in technology could make this experimental gadget a reality soon.

• Biofeedback-controlled games will become the most popular electronic game

of the twenty-first century. While player success with pinball machines was related to manual dexterity, this biofeedback machine will require the player to generate alpha and delta brainwaves on demand. As you hold this electronic pocket game in your hand, its sensors will constantly monitor your galvanic skin response (GSR) and pulse rate. As the new games become more exciting, the machines will play harder. Great self-control will be demanded.

While such a device is many years from the marketplace, improvements are rapidly being made in biofeedback detection and measuring techniques. A new generation of electrodes and sophisticated computer programs could provide the sensitivity required for such games. Will people stare at those wearing electrodes on their scalps? Outsiders may never even notice the gamesters when these sensors are disguised as a jogger's sweatband.

• A true pocket Computer will combine a small personal computer with a full-color liquid-crystal television set. The small size of this new unit—one can hold it in the palm of a hand—will necessitate an alternative to the "QWERTY" typewriter keyboard. In its place will be touch sensors positioned around the edges of the device. You might "type" on it by gripping the sides in different ways. The tiny, full-color liquid-crystal video display will improve on the standard desk computer that used cathode ray tubes. This one, quite naturally, will double as a functional TV set.

There is every reason to believe that such devices will be widely marketed in the 1990s. Their internal memories will have enormous capacity, perhaps even eliminating the need for floppy disks or tapes. As for the TV screen, liquid-crystal and flat-screen television sets are somewhere between prototype and production stages at most major electronic companies. The pocket-computer device will be a logical extension of an industry trend toward combining electronic functions, which has already inspired calculators that play music and game-playing digital watches.

An electronic "instant camera" will revolutionize the camera industry early in the twenty-first century. It will be equipped with an all-electronic imaging system, one that will enable viewers to press the shutter button and then decide whether or not they want a photographic print. The camera will retain the precise image that is to be developed. If Junior stuck out his tongue, one may want to destroy the image. Photographers will be able to test the color image in advance. If one person in the desired photograph blinked, he can be electronically removed from the shot. The camera will also be able to make enough copies for everyone at the party.

Major international camera and electronics manufacturers are working on the principles underlying this camera or on variations on it. This kind of computer imaging system requires considerable computer memory and a high-definition, solid-state sensor array, and these developments are still more than a decade away.

• Hologames will make video games obsolete within twenty-five years. Some models will be played on a three-dimensional, table-top playing field. Others will be worn like helmets and will be played in the space around your head. The holographic images created by these games could make "zapping" the alien attackers unnervingly believable—much too realistic for the squeamish. Possible dangerous psychological consequences created by the effect on children of such realistic game-playing may require investigation.

One video game manufacturer has already developed a method to mass produce holograms very cheaply. But manufacturing has been postponed, presumably to further improve image quality.

> Prospective parents will be able to store their embryo in a clinic for temporary freezing. When the couple is ready to proceed with having the child, the embryo can be thawed.

Totally realistic holograms, however, are at least a decade away. The holo-helmet game, thus, remains just a dream at present.

FUTURE SPORTS

The greatest development in sports over the next thirty years will be the combination of computer technology with increased emphasis on the selection and training of athletes as currently practiced by East Germany and other Soviet-bloc countries. Specialization of athletes within a sport will continue as it has the past three decades, leading to increased performance. Along with this growing trend toward specialization, there will also be a decline of multi-talented athletes.

The East German style of selection and training relies on the following simple but strict rules.

• Begin games to assess the skills of children at the age of five.

• Note children's aptitudes for particular sports.

• Send the child at the age of ten to a special school that trains him completely, both physically and mentally, to excel in his or her chosen sport.

• Strict supervision and control becomes the essence of these sport schools, extending to diet, type and amount of exercise, and sleeping habits.

• Train athletes to develop total self-discipline. Those athletes who fail to follow the demands of their coaches do not succeed, while those who respond obediently will win.

This total dedication to one activity—the developing of muscles and mind for one set of actions—leads to success in speed, strength, and endurance contests. Employing these methods, the East Germans and Soviets have captured most of the important prizes in recent years in men's cycling, women's swimming, women's track and field, and weight lifting.

The application of these training methods in Western nations will remain limited for the foreseeable future. The West will maintain a substantial advantage in computer technology that may offset the authoritarian programs of the Soviet-bloc countries. Sports scientists in this country already use computers to analyze athletes' techniques, and the practice will grow dramatically in the next few decades. Computer experts will hone their skills to the point where they will be able to prescribe bold new techniques to athletes who wish to improve their performances. The new technology has already made an important impact in track and field, and more sports will be dramatically affected in the future.

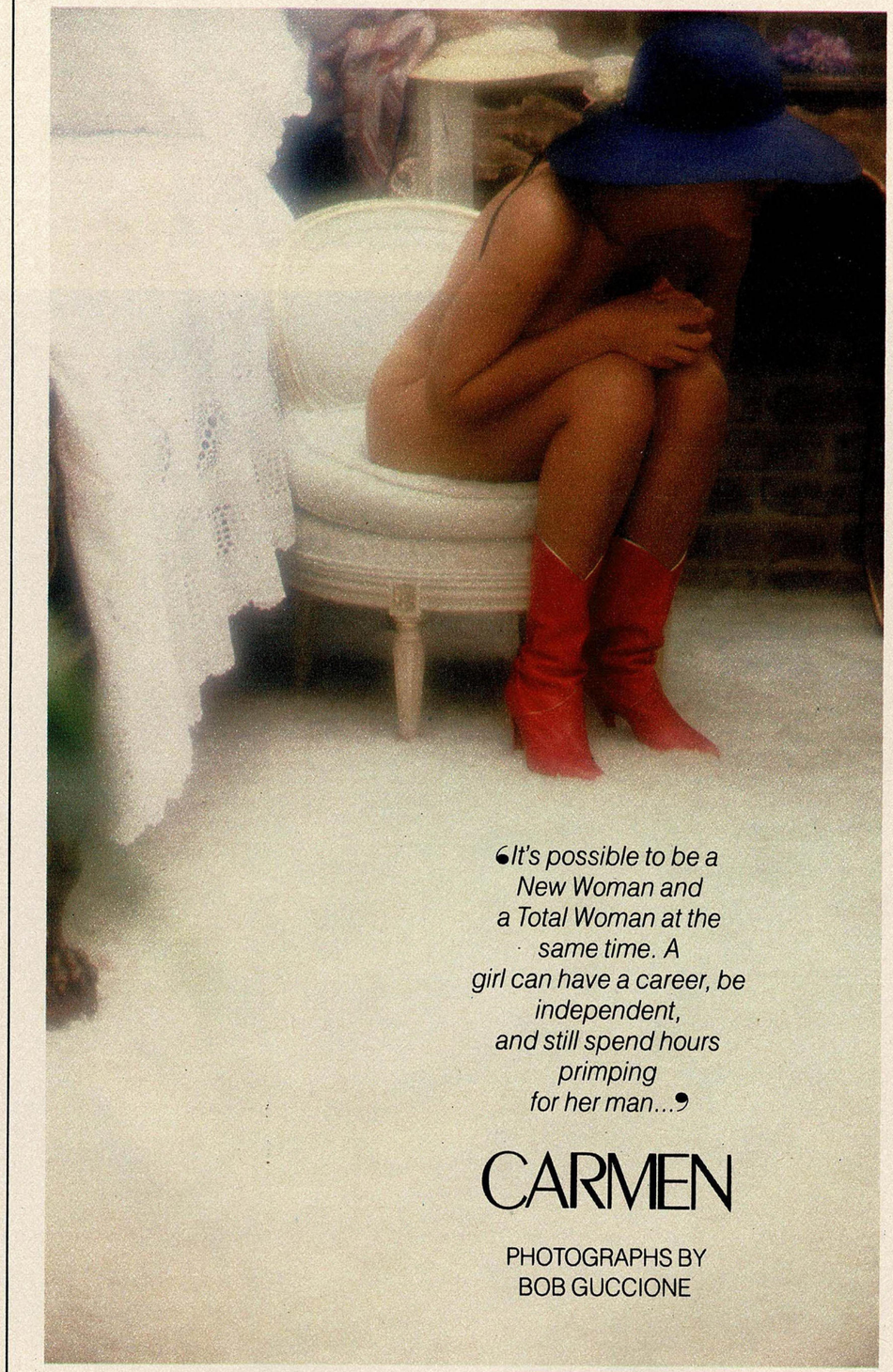
LIKELY SPORTS RECORDS TO BE ATTAINED THROUGH SPECIALIZED TRAINING OR USE OF COMPUTERS.

Baseball: 65 home runs in one season by a designated hitter
150 stolen bases in one season by a "designated runner"
175 walks in one season, 40 percent of them intentional
110-mile-per-hour fastball

Football: 1,000 yards in one season will become a commonplace, as new training methods have already made football a specialized sport
New milestone: 1,500 yards
Longest field goal: 75 yards
Highest lifetime average gain: 5.4 yards

Running: Sub-3:45 mile by 1988 (mile times have been declining since 1954 by 1 second every 2 years)
Sub-3:40 mile by 2010
3:30 mile (estimated maximum) by 2030

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164



We can't seem to forget that adorable smiling face–or the astounding body that belongs to it. Carmen Pope–unlike the rest of the world–will never be too much with us. In fact, our discriminating readers can't seem to get enough of her.

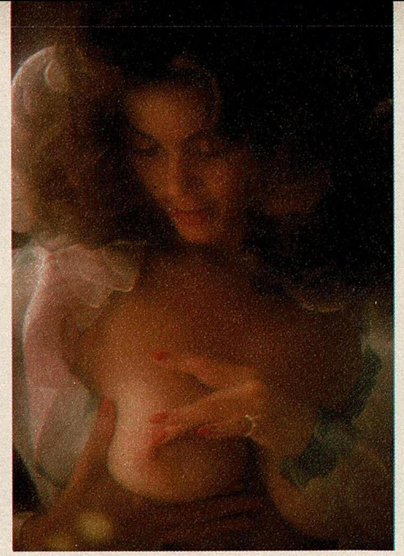
Carmen was our center-fold in March 1978 and reappeared in a special February 1982 feature. She also appeared in our 1979 Pet of the Year Play-offs.

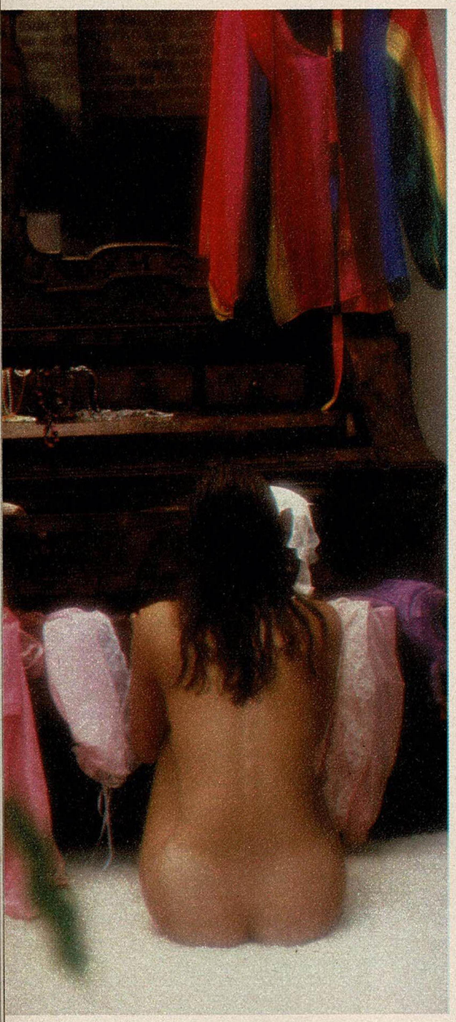
Satin dress by Jon Haggins, N.Y.C.

Now she takes center stage again—her long, loose masses of hair the only detectable difference from the nineteen-year-old child-woman we fell in love with. At twenty-four, Carmen's 38-22-36-inch figure still confounds the laws of probability...

While men traditionally turn to jelly at the sight of her, Carmen has managed to keep her head. Last March, however, something happened. "It could be the real thing," she confides. "At least I'm giving it a real chance."

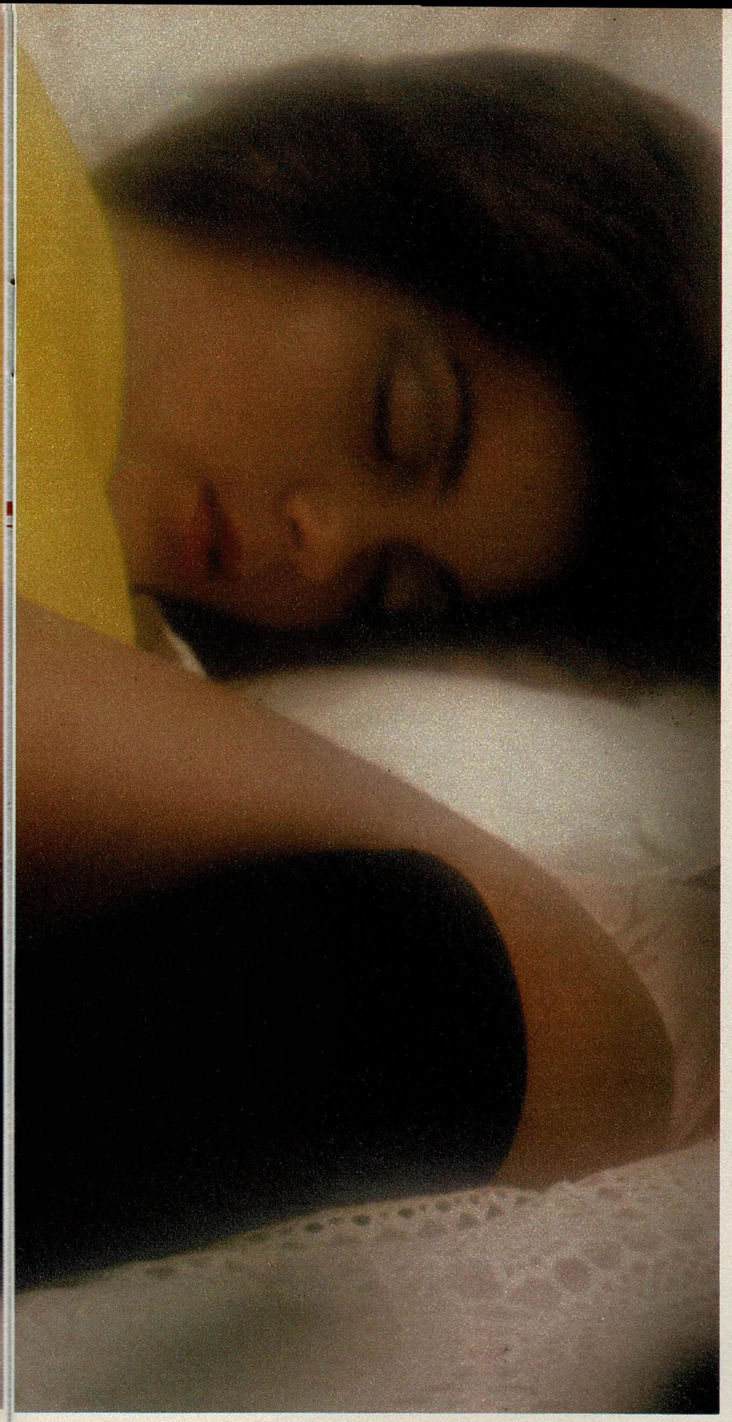
She refers to a certain Toronto Argonaut football star she met while working out in a health spa. His trick? He looked but didn't leap–commendable from a man who rushes for a living! "He understands," says she, "that a girl can be both a New Woman and a total one."

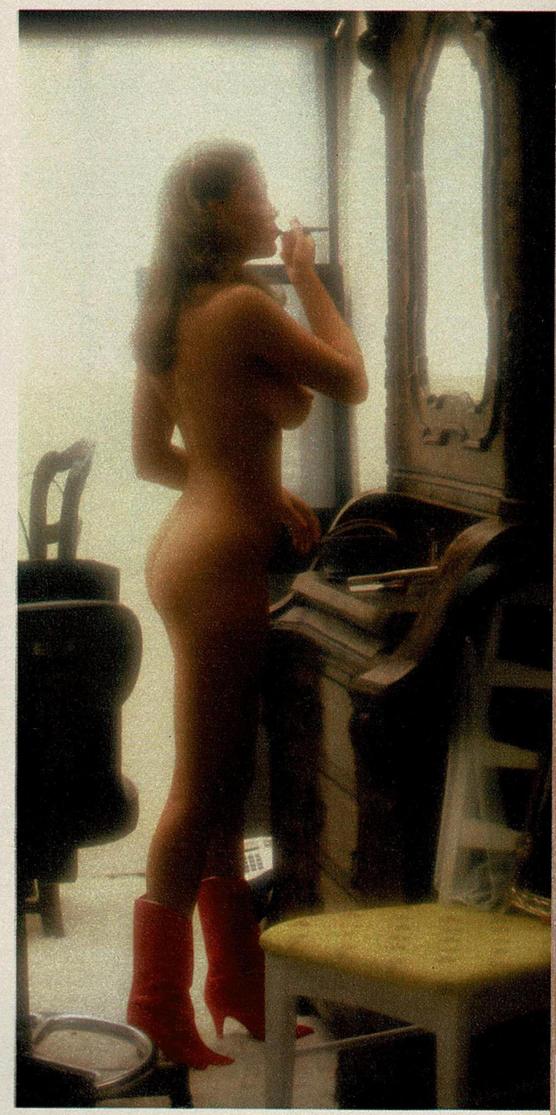




Blouse by Valerie Porr, N.Y.C.

"I can have a career and be independent but
still spend hours dressing and making up and primping for
him, only to very sexily take it all off while he watches."



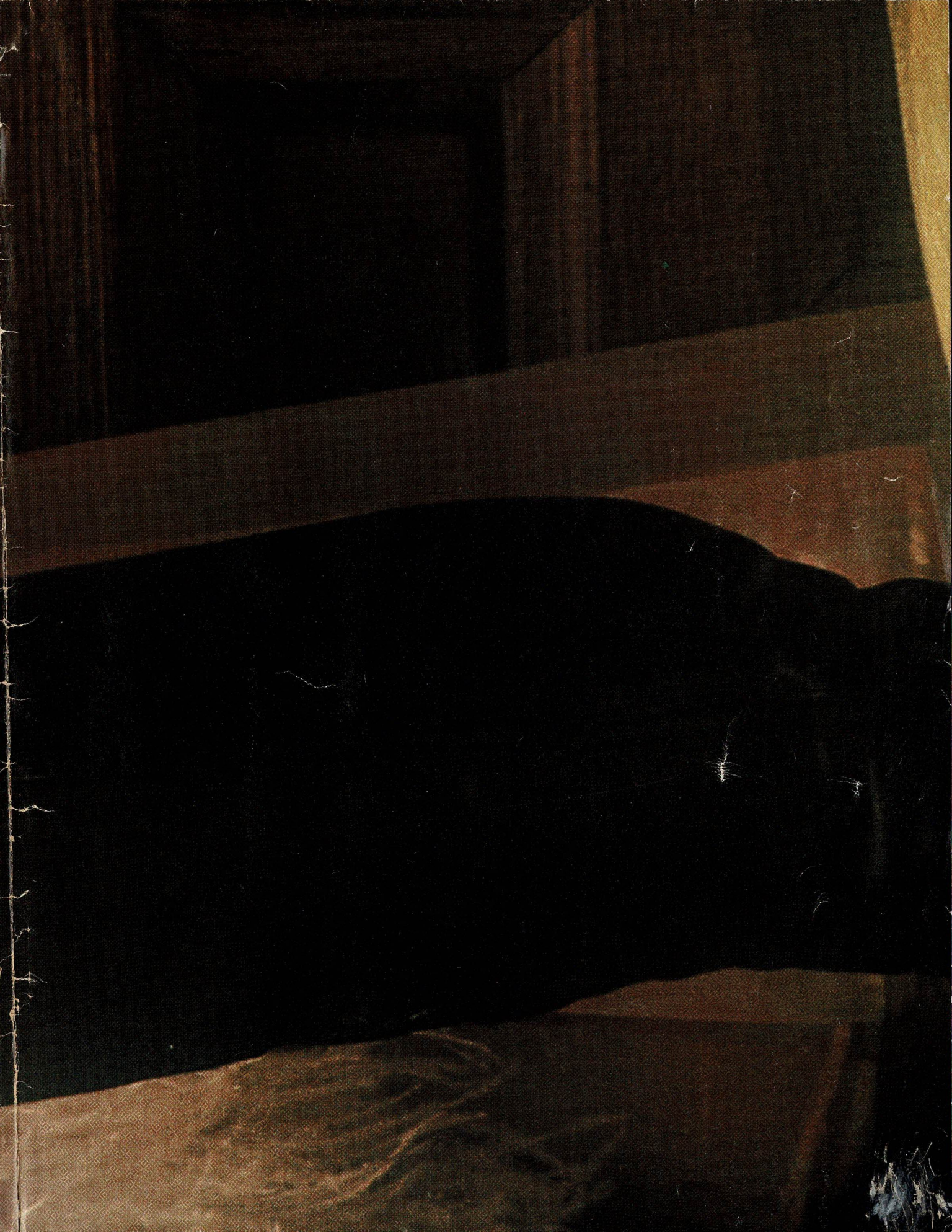


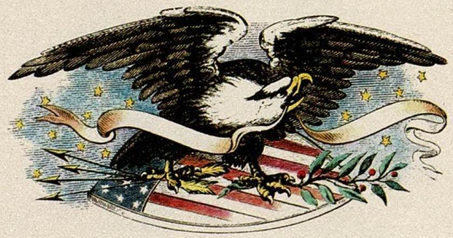
He has another quality that she finds uniquely attractive. "He's never jealous. Every other man I've ever met refuses to let me out of his sight!" That must be a sign of their own insecurity...not very attractive in a real man. Alas, dear Carmen, such are the ways and weaknesses of all flesh.

MISS CARMEN POPE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MISS CORINNE ALPHEN
PENTHOUSE
Pet of the Year
PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB GUCCIONE

MISS CORINNE ALPHEN
PENTHOUSE
Pet of the Year
PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB GUCCIONE





THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

There are over half a million Vietnam veterans drifting around the country suffering from the worst of post-traumatic stress disorder symptoms—flashbacks, nightmares, and depression. They are unable to hold jobs, maintain intimate relationships, or reenter society. Most saw combat. They live in a state of profound psychic numbing, and when the pain and darkness overwhelm, a small number finally cross the line and commit the ultimate act: they take their own lives. True to the warrior tradition, it is usually a violent, ugly death—a gun to the head, a rope around the neck, or poison.

It has been estimated that 34 percent of all heavy-combat veterans suffer from varying degrees of PTSD. Some become thrill-seekers, happy only when they are living on the edge. They pursue the same intensity they felt in the war zone, defying death with hazardous occupations like drug smuggling or hobbies such as parachute jumping. Others simply withdraw, preferring to live in remote areas where their environment is more easily controlled. There are those who, racked by the pain and guilt of what they saw or did in Vietnam, sink into dark depressions and ultimately become suicidal.

Tom Williams, a private psychologist and consultant for Disabled American Veterans, who has clinically treated hundreds of vets, says, "If a guy comes to see me and says he's never thought about suicide, I know he's lying. Vets have a background of violence and killing—that's what separates them from the regular population. They're more prone to act it out." A 1979 coroner's study in King County, Wash. (which includes Seattle), of male suicides between the ages of twenty-six and forty demonstrates that tendency. More than 40 percent of the suicides reported that year were veterans; yet veterans make up only a tiny percentage of the King County group.

Shad Meshad, who has counseled more than 11,000 Vietnam veterans in the last eleven years in his job as regional director of the VA Outreach Program for the western U.S., has lost thirteen of his clients to suicide. Most were combat veterans who had a history of being in and out of medical and psychiatric hospitals since returning home. All but one had been depressed and suicidal when he knew them. None could hold a steady job. Many were from broken homes or had families insensitive to the returning vet. "They were going in and out of depressions, feeling like the monsters of Vietnam," says Meshad. "It was like a cancer that kept growing. There was no other way for them to unload the pain."

> Suicide for the veteran isn't grandstanding or psychopathic manipulation. It's a true act of despair and grief for the veteran trapped in his own trauma. He is trying to end the pain.

Meshad is convinced that the suicide rates will not decrease with time. Research has shown that the severity of PTSD depends on how much injury and death veterans were exposed to in Vietnam, and the degree of isolation they felt after returning home. "The flow through the vet centers shows that the numbers aren't going down. PTSD isn't going away. Survivor guilt isn't decreasing," says Meshad. The only thing that is changing is that vets are getting older and more tired. "They can't carry the pain around inside anymore. They've dug themselves into a hole and can't see any light ahead."

Suicide for the chronic PTSD veteran is indeed born from desperation, says John Wilson, professor of psychology at Cleveland State University, who has worked with thousands of vets over the last eight years. He feels that their desire to die is genuine. "It's no grandstanding or psychopathic manipulation. It's a true act of despair and grief for the veteran trapped in his own trauma. He is trying to end the pain."

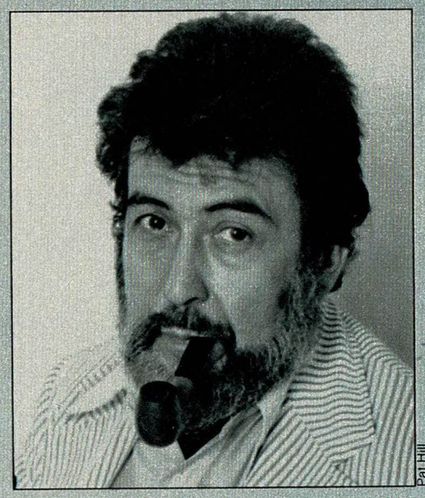
Wilson has seen two patterns of suicide emerging from the limited amount of data he has managed to cull on the subject. In the first, the veteran has usually failed to pull his life together and may experience terrible guilt for having survived when others didn't. He feels helpless and trapped. "He's depressed and feeling tremendously isolated. All of his support systems have failed—his wife, his family, his job, the community, are no longer there." There's no reason to continue living. In the second pattern, the vet, rather than taking his own life, tries to get himself killed. It is an unconscious response to a stressful life event, such as a divorce or losing a job, Wilson says. "He is so overwhelmed and depressed that he reenacts being a warrior by getting into a firefight."

Despite the alarming facts about veteran suicides, the government has no official statistics on the subject, and the VA is only beginning to gather reliable data. But since this terrible problem is not likely to disappear, the government obviously needs to adopt a more realistic attitude.

Counselors agree that more professionals are needed at VA facilities who are trained in suicide prevention. Time is short. The Outreach Program will run out of funds in two more years and has reached only 10 percent of the veterans it was intended to. "Veterans are normally very private, hidden people," says Meshad. "And the ones who are most hurt, with the most problems, are very transient. You've usually got only one shot at them before they're gone again."—*Cherri Senders*

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO. · N Y BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY 80 PROOF
Crown Royal
My sock runneth over.

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION


Pat Hill

BY NAT HENTOFF

The author is a member of the National Board of the American Civil Liberties Union. His most recent books are *The First Freedom* (Dell) and two novels. *Blues for Charlie Darwin* (William Morrow) and *The Day They Came to Arrest the Book* (Delacorte).

WALKING AROUND IS NOT A CRIME

Sunday morning in an upper-middle-class white neighborhood in a suburb of Boston. A black father, waiting in his car for his daughter, who has spent the night with a schoolmate, is suddenly surrounded by cops. Their guns pointing at his head, they demand identification. Fumbling for his papers, the father is not fast enough. The cops drag him from the car and handcuff him as his daughter rushes up—to be tossed aside.

In predominantly white Old Westbury on Long Island, a black physician pulls his Firebird into the driveway of an expensive home. From the darkness, a cop orders the doctor to put his hands on top of the car. Gun drawn, the policeman advances on the black man, demanding identification. This black man does not fumble. His driver's license proves that this driveway leads to his own home.

A black reporter for *Newsday*, in writing a story about the black doctor, adds that he himself, driving toward the newspaper's office in a white neighborhood, was stopped by nervous police who wanted to know what he was doing in that area. The cops' first question: "Do *you* own this car?"

These horror stories underscore the fact that racism transcends economic class. No black citizen, even a corporation or university official, is free of police suspicion if he's in the "wrong" neighborhood. Police throughout the nation consider it well within their power to stop anyone who looks as if he doesn't belong in a particular area and ask him to identify himself. Not only black citizens are stopped; depending on the part of the country, citizens who must prove themselves worthy of being able to move freely include Puerto Ricans, Chicanos, and assorted young people who seem to be having much too good a time to be legitimate.

This separation of Americans by police into the respectable and the automatically suspicious is now being challenged, however, by a stubborn free spirit. He has brought his case all the way to the United States Supreme Court, which will rule in 1983 on his mighty battle to restore the integrity of the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution ("The right of the people to be secure in their persons . . . against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated. . . .").

Edward Lawson, thirty-six, is a business and investment counselor. He also delights in walking. Lawson is tall and muscular, and his hair, worn just below shoulder-length, is braided in the manner of the Rastafarians—though Lawson is not of that enthusiastic faith. And he is black.

It is also worth noting that Lawson habitually carries with him a driver's license, a valid passport, and various other documents of identification. (He is a very orderly person.) Moreover, as he enjoys pointing out, "I don't smoke; I don't drink; I don't do dope. I am a vegetarian, and at any particular moment, day or night, that you run across me, I am probably much more lucid and sober than most people." Furthermore, as I can attest from several conversations with him, Lawson is so well spoken and so crisply articulate that he makes most of our public officials, including police commissioners, sound rather tacky by comparison.

> "Under the Constitution, a citizen does not have to have a license to be at liberty. . . .Cops' stopping people solely because they don't like their looks is intolerable in this country."

Nonetheless, this very model of a responsible citizen has a criminal record, for no other reason than his walking and refusing to identify himself to police officers. From 1975 to 1977 in San Diego and its environs, Lawson was stopped by cops fifteen times. On five of those occasions he was arrested. Once he was convicted, spending several weeks in jail.

Each time Lawson was detained, he was walking in a predominantly white neighborhood. As his brief to the Supreme Court says, "At no time was Lawson stopped by an officer who was investigating a crime for which Lawson had been named as a suspect or for which disclosure of Lawson's name would have provided probable cause to arrest."

Each time, Lawson was stopped only because he was the wrong color for that neighborhood. But with all his identification with him, why didn't Lawson confound the cop with his legitimacy—and go on his way?

"Because," Lawson says, "under the Constitution, a citizen does not have to have a license to be at liberty. I do not have to wear a dog tag to be free to walk the streets."

Like many battles to rescue the Bill of Rights from cops and other officials, Lawson's journey to the Supreme Court has to do with self-respect. "We live," he has said, "in the shadows of giants—big labor, big media—that seem to obscure the significance, the value, the self-respect of the individual." But in getting his case this far, Lawson adds, "I've shown what still can be accomplished in this country by the strength and resolution of a single individual."

First, Lawson had to take on the California police in the lower federal courts; and in most of the proceedings, though he is not a lawyer, Lawson characteristically handled his own case. The California statute at issue (and there are similar ones throughout the country) says that a person can be convicted of a misdemeanor "if he wanders upon the streets . . . without apparent reason or business and . . . refuses to identify himself and to account for his presence when requested by any police officer to do so."

But on what basis is the police officer supposed to decide whether to demand identification? According to the statute, the cop can stop a wanderer "if the surrounding circumstances are such as to indicate to a reasonable man that the public safety requires such identification."

So far, Lawson and the Fourth Amendment are ahead of the cops in this case. In October 1981, the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals agreed with Edward Lawson. Forcing a wanderer to show identification—without the cops' having probable cause to stop the wanderer—violates the Fourth Amendment because it is an "unreasonable search and seizure," the court decided. In addition, said the judges, the California statute is so vague in the standards it sets by which cops decide whom to stop that it actually encourages "arbitrary and discriminatory" law enforcement.

At one point in its decision, the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals became quite lyrical in its appreciation of walking as an integral element of American freedom. Although not mentioned explicitly in the Consititution or the Bill of Rights, walking and wandering, said the court, "have been in part responsible for giving our people the feeling of independence and self-confidence, the feeling of creativity."

Such amenities, the judges added, "have encouraged the right to be nonconformists and the right to defy submissiveness. They have encouraged lives of high spirits rather than hushed, suffocating silence."

Ennobling as these sentiments are, police officials throughout the land were dismayed by the decision of the Ninth Circuit and are rooting vigorously for the state of California in its appeal of that decision to the Supreme Court. Speaking for just about every cop in the country, Karl Phaler, California's deputy attorney general, told the *Los Angeles Times* that the stop-and-identify statute does not discriminate against people because of race. "It *does* prey upon people in back alleys at 2 A.M. who don't want to talk to the cops," he said. "This is not a rousting tool. It affects only the guy caught behind the garbage can who says, 'To hell with you.' It's difficult to imagine police carrying out their jobs without this kind of statute."

Edward Lawson and the American Civil Liberties Union, which has become involved in his case, answer that if you allow police this much latitude, it's impossible to avoid the string of arbitrary detentions and arrests to which Lawson was subjected—even though he had never done anything wrong. Says the indomitable Lawson: "Cops' stopping people solely because they don't like their looks is intolerable in this country."

All along, Lawson hoped to argue his own case before the Supreme Court, but it is unlikely the justices will allow this layman to appear before them. Too bad. The framers of the Constitution would have appreciated Edward Lawson's spunk, and his unbreakable self-respect and determination.

As Lawson says, "The only thing different about me—by contrast with all those people who have been harassed under these stop-and-identify statutes—is that I simply decided to pursue the matter."

Lawson is indeed an endangered species: an authentic American son of liberty. ○

America's most inveterate thrill-seeker, the publisher of *Screw* and the producer of "Midnight Blue," races over 20,000 raunchy miles in a frustrating search for the erotic sexual nirvanas of the mysterious East.

AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT GETTING LAID

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

Say the words *sex tour* and men the world over will reach for their groins like a pack of Pavlovian dogs. Visions of an Oriental sexual cornucopia begin to dance in their heads: willing Third World suck slaves, at their every beck and call. I am here to tell you it is not that simple.

I traveled more than 20,000 miles, crisscrossing the world, with stops in Tokyo, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Manila, and Singapore, and though I was near the juiciest women imaginable, I got as much sex as if I had been sealed in the Vatican with the pope—though possibly I would have gotten laid there. My fantasies were like yours—erotic women in exotic places—but all I came up with was the same old masturbator's cramp that defines my sexual life in New York City. What if they gave a sex tour and nobody came?

But I remember that it didn't start out that way. It was early spring when I disembarked at Tokyo airport. I was filled to the brim with expectations, and as the tour started it looked as if they were all going to be fulfilled.

There is nothing, nothing in this world—except, perhaps, a chocolate chocolate-chip double fudge sundae—nothing like having a woman walk all over you. And I don't mean some diesel-dyke feminist, either. I mean literally: some small-boned, delicate woman, pref-

PAINTING BY EDWARD SOREL

erably with a recent pedicure, walking over your body with practiced, loving steps. This is one case where reality surpasses metaphor. Not only does the pressure relieve reservoirs of tension, but the view from down there can be pretty good.

My first shiatsu massage in Japan took place in a bathhouse called The Teapot in Tokyo. Her name was Rose, and the silk kimono she wore was the only thing I would have eliminated from the whole experience. Even before she led me to a private room, I was pampered and prodded and powdered until my body felt like a piece of Velveeta cheese melting over a slab of raw hamburger. I was boiled to a nicely turned Day-Glo red in the incredibly hot baths that the Japanese specialize in. I was dunked in a hot bath, doused in cold water, dunked and doused, dunked and doused, then ushered into steam rooms and saunas, then back again to the baths. I expected someone with a meat thermometer to come up and declare me done.

What I got instead was Rose. She offered me a ridiculously small towel, about the size of a table napkin. I remember lamely trying to hide behind it as I minced through the halls behind her. This was, I reminded myself, what originally prompted me to embark on an Asian sex tour. *Orientals are all so small*, I had mused. And then the flip side of that would hit me like a case of the clap—*that means I'm so big*. Finally, here was the solution to the my-kingdom-for-an-inch agonies I've suffered since my first hard-on. In the country of the cocktail wiener, the kielbasa is king. Trick 'em with perspective.

As I followed Rose through the halls, I realized I was a victim of lousy logic. I kept my napkin in front of my crotch. I didn't want to disabuse any of the Japanese males present of their notions of well-hung Western men. Let them feel like they're hung like hamsters, I thought; far be it from me to fuck with delicate nationalistic dynamics. All the same, I realized I wasn't *that much* larger.

Rose's attentions soothed my doubts somewhat. I was oiled up and cooed to; what went before had been only a prelude to an exquisite shiatsu massage. Her tiny, prehensile thumbs dove into my flesh like heat-seeking Exocet missiles. Now this was what I *really* came to Asia for—not to wow 'em with my nineteen inches of dangling death. The ministrations of an accommodating Oriental geisha, the supple attention to male need so impossible for the strident, posturing "modern" woman of the boorish West. There are a half-billion women in East Asia. By rights of numbers, I reasoned, I ought to get lucky. Even as the publisher of one of America's leading sex newspapers, even as the editor of *Screw*, I had not exactly been scoring big in actual, hands-on experience. Back in the States, I was so horny I'd get a hard-on at the crack of a book.

Now, as a tiny Oriental body straddled mine, things were turning up roses, so to speak. I had heard the stories, read the reports filed by my own free-lancers, about the booming Asian sex trade. Japan was importing hookers from Manila. The Philippines was importing johns from Japan. In Bangkok alone, there were 60,000 women engaging in prostitution. How could I *not* get laid? My tour would take me to Tokyo, Bangkok, Manila, Hong Kong, and Singapore. The names sounded like battlegrounds of conquest already.

Rose lightly stood on my back, balancing herself against the wall. Each of her steps drove me deeper into an incoherent daze of relaxation. My mind wandered, I awoke several times from a doze. Desperately, I tried to fight my way back to consciousness. My tingling hard-on was still pronging the massage table, but the rest of my body was soft as a maggot.

"Wake me when it's time," I managed to mumble out, as Rose began doing something extraordinarily restful to the back of my neck. I fell into a jet-lagged sleep, dreaming little, and when I did, dreaming of endless doorways on endless streets filled endlessly with waiting, willing women.

I awoke to harsh white light and an old Japanese fellow clanging an insistent brass bell.

"All over," he said, only in his English it

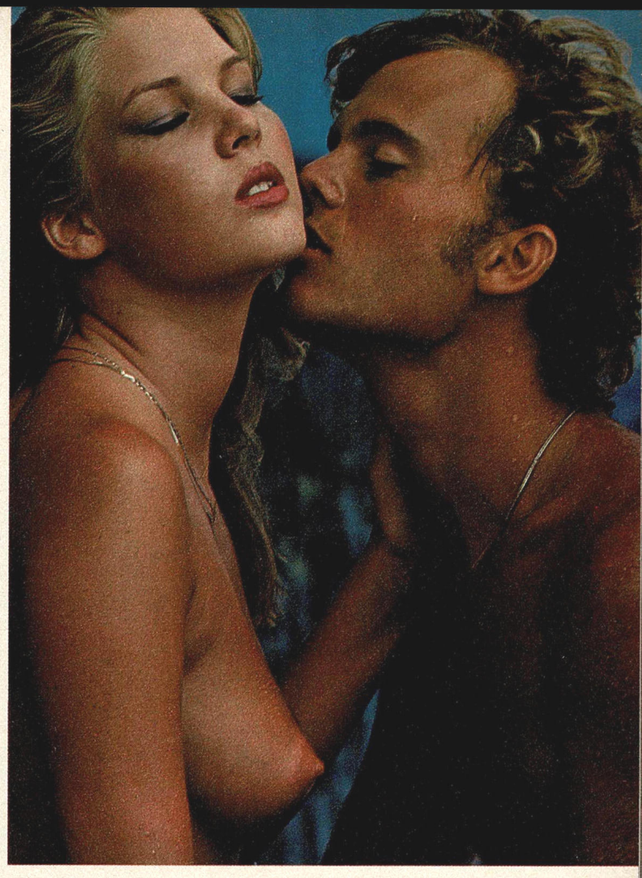
CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

"Send in the next asshole."

TEMPEST FOR TWO

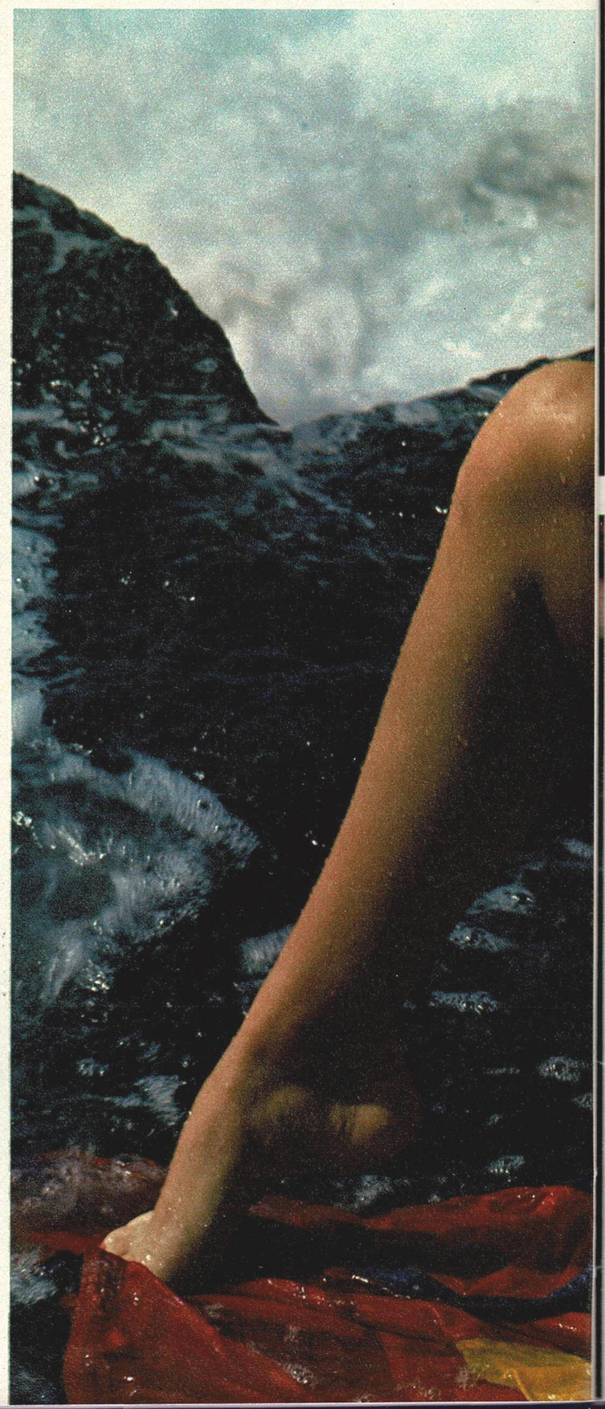
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL

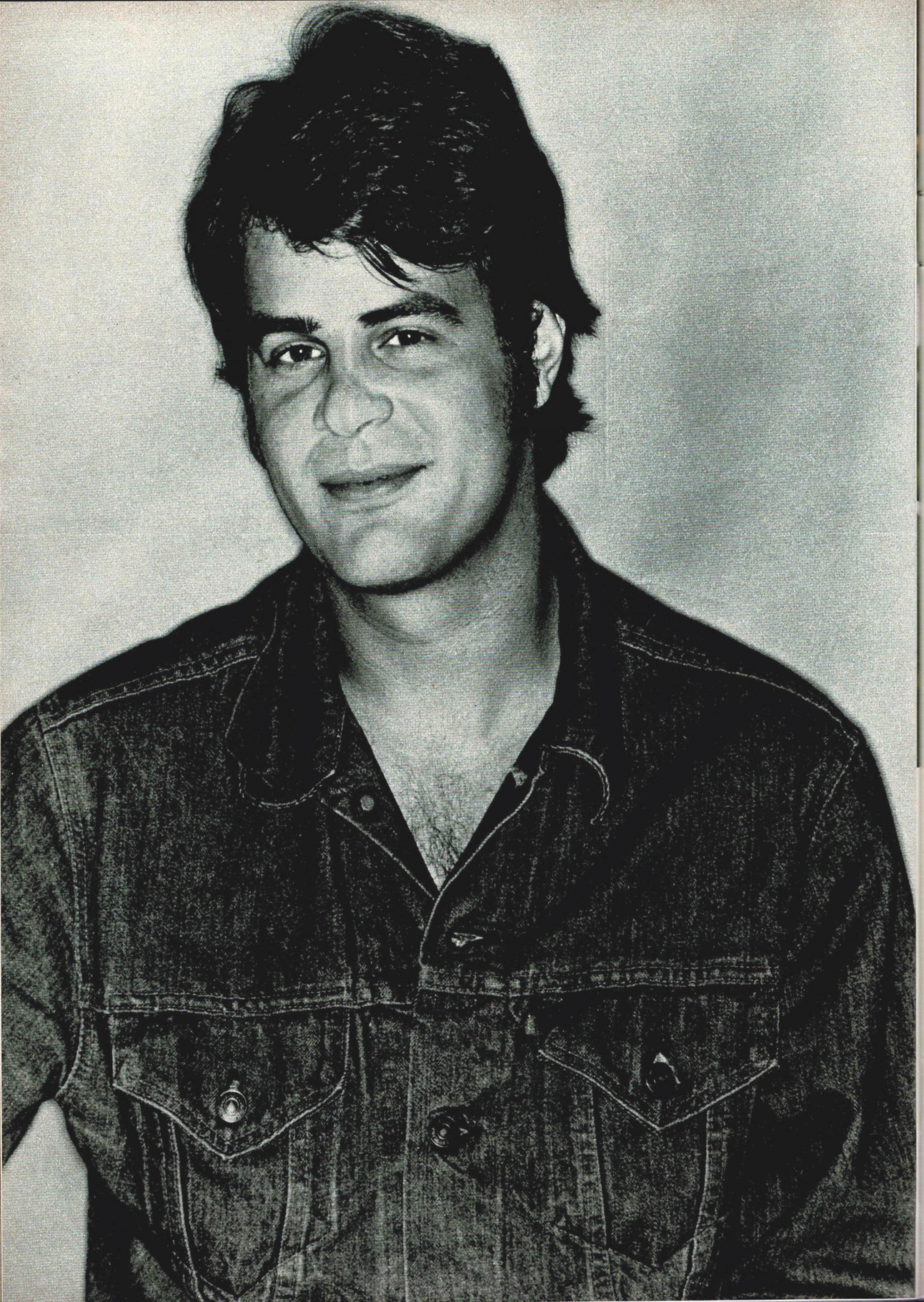
So centered are the lovers on each other that the limitless horizons, the oceans of sea and air, and the grandeur of this natural wonderland are simply a backdrop to their passion play. Yet instinctively they draw upon the power and the beauty of the elements that enfold them: the scudding of clouds across the heavens, the crashing of tide against rock, the smell of moist, rich earth. Like Love, Nature stirs up primal tempests, propels itself with overpowering forces...And yet, whether sailing wind-tossed seas or rocking in a shaded hammock, the lovers–like Nature–maintain a delicate balance...



Storm clouds threaten; the wind dies down like
the whispered hush of intimacy. In the
distance lightning flickers, dashing from cloud to
cloud. Up close, their eyes do likewise,
flashing thunderbolt signals of love and desire...

Joining in the play of the elements, the lovers feel baptized in beauty, blessed with the privilege of togetherness. Like children frolicking in sea spray, they share a foaming bubble bath for two, knowing they have nothing to hide and everything to discover...





"I have to keep going. Like Richard Pryor, when he caught on fire, he ran down the street and kept running, and that kept him alive. . . . I feel I've reached the pinnacle of success. If it all just went away tomorrow, I've done it."

DAN AYKROYD

It was the perfect partnership. John Belushi was a squat, overweight Albanian from Illinois with sinister eyebrows. Dan Aykroyd was a rangy but lumpy Canadian who was half English and half French. Together they became America's best-known soul singers. Comics turned musicians—but never quite *not* comic—they dressed up like two old hipsters in black suits and stiletto ties, spoofed some old Sam and Dave bits, and christened themselves Jake and Elwood—the Blues Brothers. The act brought albums and tours and a film, at its peak generating $1 million a day. With its success, there was a deepening friendship. Aykroyd and Belushi bought adjoining homes on Martha's Vineyard, helped each other with business deals, even created an interconnected pension plan. They also discussed, often and in detail, their funerals. In March, after Belushi died in Los Angeles, Aykroyd was there, as promised, for the send-off. He buried his friend in engineer's boots and army pants, with three cigarettes and a $100 bill in his pocket. He also, for the burial, escorted the hearse in a style he knew Belushi would appreciate—outlaw black leathers and his bike.

His getup was criticized in some quarters. And in the months following Belushi's death, and the scandal surrounding it, there were rumblings about Aykroyd as well. He had been unhinged by his friend's death, they said in some quarters; he was engaged in bizarre behavior, trying to reach John on the phone.

Aykroyd, talking here publicly after keeping a long and wary distance from the press, denies that there is anything peculiar in his actions. But he does speak of Belushi in the tones a lover might use in speaking of a very special relationship, in romantic, even grand terms. "It was one of the great friendships of the decade, if not the century, and it will go down as such," he says.

He can also joke. "What's blue and sings alone?" he asks. "The answer is . . . Dan Aykroyd."

The condition of loner is not, as it happens, unknown to him. Nor would he deny a certain independent and fun-loving outlaw streak—akin, in a way, to wearing leathers to follow a hearse.

Born in Ottawa thirty years ago, Dan Aykroyd was the eldest son of a high-ranking Canadian official who believed in both the work ethic and Mother Church. Aykroyd had trouble with both. He bounced from school to school and in his teens was expelled from seminary. ("Late-night vandalism, skipping mass, fucking off," he once explained to *Rolling Stone*. "The Fat Mouth in Primary School . . . lots of corporal punishment as a kid . . . deserved.")

He studied criminology in college. He had a happy life in Canada running an after-hours place, Club 505, which, he still claims, was "the best bootleg joint in Canada." He broke into comedy at Toronto's Second City and, at the invitation of Lorne Michaels, whom he had met at his club, joined "Saturday Night Live" in the days when it was the brightest show on television.

At "S.N.L.," in the midst of more flamboyant and easily typed actors such as Chevy Chase, Gilda Radner, and John Belushi, he was the utility player. A writer as well as a performer, he had a cast of characters, many with a trace of menace under their nearly normal looks: he was a panicky, stuttering Tom Snyder; a paranoid, duplicitous Dick Nixon. He was a Conehead. He was, with Steve Martin, a "wild and crazy guy." But it was with Belushi, even before the creation of the Blues Brothers, that a special friendship began. It may have been because the two could be so very different: Aykroyd often gentle and deferential, Belushi eager to precipitate a food fight. It may have been because, in their backgrounds, they were very much alike. Belushi, like Aykroyd, was from a strict Catholic background, where, it was said—though never confirmed—his father beat him. And in both, following the strictness, came a rebellion, a rage.

Whatever, Belushi trusted Aykroyd.

"He's Mister Careful and I'm Mister Fuck It," Belushi once said. "I can't always figure him out, but whenever I'm with him, I feel safe."

Aykroyd was interviewed on the set of his new movie, *Dr. Detroit*, by Allan Sonnenschein, who was also the co-author of last month's article "The Last Five Days of John Belushi." Aykroyd talked about his relationship with John Belushi—and his life as an actor. A film Aykroyd had been planning on doing alone before Belushi's death, *Dr. Detroit* is the sort of spoof his partner would have enjoyed: the story of a college professor, mild-mannered and virtuous, who, in order to save himself from the Mob, assumes the identity of a Chi

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDIE BASKIN © 1982

cago pimp. It's an exhausting role, a role in which Aykroyd had been working for months, but he was, on the set, ever courteous and never the star. Approached one day by an elderly extra who said he hadn't seen Aykroyd's work, Dan was gracious in his reply.

"I've done some late-night television," he said.

A man of varied interests, he spoke with us of many things: motorcycles, cars, space travel, the occult. Music was a particular passion. A carton in his dressing room included a crate filled with hundreds of cassettes, classical to country and western. And while he shrugs off his own talents as harmonica player in the Blues Brothers, calling himself "the George Plimpton of blues harp," professionals say otherwise. Dan Aykroyd, a musician on the set told us, could play harp with any band in the world.

There was also discussion of death in our talks. In the past year, in addition to Belushi, Aykroyd lost two grandparents and an old high-school friend. The pain of death, particularly Belushi's death, has stirred him, for the first time in his life, toward a role as activist. He has become a director, with his brother Peter and Belushi's widow, Judy Jacklin Belushi, of the John Belushi Memorial Foundation, which will assist social welfare agencies in the war on drugs. He also plans on devoting time to the Scott Newman Foundation, a like-minded organization named after Paul Newman's son, who lost his life because of drugs.

The interview took place over many days, in many locations, including Aykroyd's office bungalow, where a moosehead—Belushi's gift—hangs on the wall.

Aykroyd was always frank, always open, never performing for an audience. There was no subject he refused to discuss. After the interview was completed, he voiced only one concern. "Do you think I came off as a cool and flip guy?" he asked. He did not.

Penthouse: How do you think we should remember John?

Aykroyd: I think we should remember him for his work and how great it was. We should remember him as a great artist, as a great strategist and businessman, as a soulful, warm human being who loved to impart that to people. As someone who had the capacity to take care of others, and as a really warm, vulnerable guy who had a gruff, rough exterior. And someone who could be taken advantage of very easily, because he was so trusting.

I have so many personal memories of him. I slept at the foot of his and his wife's bed when I first came to New York. When he came up to my family's farm to meet my parents, he got out of the car as my father was walking down the front steps and jumped up and did a flip for him! It was like, "Here I am. I'm Dan's friend. I'll do anything you want." He made me laugh harder than anyone else. He was a guy I danced with. I remember little things about him every day, and they're all favorable. I get a smile out of him every day. And I just miss him a lot and . . . I don't know, you can't dwell on it, you've got to go on. Life and death are intertwined. There's a very, very slender thread that separates the two. John and I used to enjoy quoting a Ring Lardner line: "Live fast, die young, and leave a good-looking corpse." During the last summer we were together, we wore skull pins on our shirts or blazers or jackets or whatever. We always had a skull pin on. And we sort of knew, between us, that it wouldn't last forever, that we wouldn't be together forever. That one of us might go before the other. John knew about my love for motorcycles and knew that I was a kind of risk-taker, and I knew that he was the same. When he died and it finally sank in, it was just like . . . I doffed my hat to him, "Farewell, comrade." He was a wrangler, an adventurer.

Penthouse: Do you think John was just hanging around with the wrong people at the end?

Aykroyd: The people he really liked were worthwhile people. I'm not going to name names, but they were at the pinnacle of this industry—the best in music, rock 'n' roll, films, and television. These were John's real friends, the people who were most worthwhile to him. And he would never have gotten into this drugged condition with them. Some of these vermin he was hanging around with at the end were talentless, worthless individuals with no specific skills or contributions to make to the world. And John could really be a monster, an out-of-control monster with them. He had to be straight with the people he held in esteem. He was respectful and more lucid in conversation and much more together when he was around people he respected. The reason he was with these other people is because they allowed any behavior.

Penthouse: You had no idea that John was being injected with drugs?

Aykroyd: No idea. I was really surprised when it came out that he injected himself, because I know he was not that good a mechanic. He wasn't capable of that and didn't like needles at all. Even when he'd get a B-12 shot in a movie, he winced. He had to have a needle put in his knee once to drain some fluid, and that put him through terrific pain and agony. Blood tests, all that stuff, really bothered him. But I guess there was something about Cathy Evelyn Smith that was soothing. I guess she had a nurselike quality about her that made it easy for her and him to do this act together.

Penthouse: Did you ever meet Cathy Smith?

Aykroyd: I don't remember ever meeting her. I'm sure that John knew what would happen if I'd known what she was giving him, and so he probably kept her far away from me.

Penthouse: What would have happened if you'd known?

Aykroyd: I could have gone either way. The fact of the matter is that I loved John so much that I wanted to share every experience with him. If he'd taken me into his confidence about these drugs—if he'd said, "This is something we have to try together. This is what makes it. This is what makes junkies junkies. This is what the Blues Brothers is about—we have to experiment with this. You've got to join me"—I might have said, "Okay, let's do it." Not to have a good time, not to get high, but just, "Okay, John, if you want me in on this, fine." Or I might have said, "You're crazy. I'm going to slap this away from you. You're getting out of here right now, you're coming with me." So I don't know. I'm not sure. It would have depended upon how he approached me. He could be a real charmer. My last conversation with him went like this:

Aykroyd: John, when are you coming home?
Belushi: I'll be home Thursday or Friday, I'm not sure yet.
Aykroyd: Well, you really should come home; we should go up to the Vineyard. And then I have something else I want you to do.
Belushi: What's that?
Aykroyd: The biggest favor you'll ever do me in your entire life, the biggest favor you'll ever do yourself. A captain in the United States Navy has asked John Landis [the director of *Animal House* and *The Blues Brothers*] and you and me to join them on a cruise with the Twelfth Fleet from San Diego in two weeks. John, I want you to come with me on that cruise. I want you to come back to Massachusetts. I want to sit down and discuss and plan the next five years. And then I want you to come with me on that cruise and spend a week on board ship, change the life-style that we both know right now. Will you do that for me?
Belushi: Well, that would be very hard for me to do.
Aykroyd: Why, John? I think it's very important that we do this.
Belushi: Because I get seasick.

Then he handed the phone over to Bernie Brillstein, our agent. I said, "Bernie, don't you think that John and I could use a break to just clean up our minds and bodies and psyches?" Bernie said, "I think it's a great idea." Bernie hung up; I called him back ten minutes later. John had left the office and Bernie said, "Well, John's agreed to do it. He's going to go on the cruise with you and he's going to be home Friday." That's the last time I talked to John. That was the last conversation.

And then the last time I heard his voice was the day after. He called in and got my answering machine. When I played it back, he sounded really tired and like he hadn't been sleeping. And he said he was coming home that night. So I thought, "Thank God." And of course that night

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"If I'm the best chef, how come he gets to do all the women's lunches?"

was Thursday night, and he died Friday morning.

I was all set to jump on the plane to go get him. I had spent the night before talking with his wife, Judy, talking about getting him home. He had been completely straight for the longest time. Completely clean. But then he felt depressed about working on this last project. And going to Hollywood, with all that it offered, really made him a little outrageous. I will always feel that I was one day late. That I could have done something, you know?

All I can say is that my intentions were to get him back to the feeling he was in during the last summer we spent together, and that was just enjoying the outdoors and exercise and fresh air and good diet and each other's company. And the joy of knowing that we were away from the scene we had to live in much of the year but really didn't like that much—the high-pressure, executive world of show business. We truly took our leisure time that last summer and it was a great time, because we didn't need anything. We were clean and we lived on lobsters and beer and that's about all.

Penthouse: People were saying that after John's death, you turned into a recluse, started wearing John's clothes and calling him on the telephone. Is there any truth to this?

Aykroyd: It's half true. I do wear John's clothes. I have shirts and jackets of his that I wear. But our clothes were always interchangeable. When we did our Blues Brothers shows, I would get into his jacket and pants and he would get into mine. "Hey, these pants are too short." "Oh, we'll do the show anyhow." It didn't matter. I like having a T-shirt of his to remember him by, you know? John had some nice clothes. John had good taste in everything—music, people. Not drugs, though. I don't think he had good taste in drugs. I don't think he bought the best. Too bad he didn't go out on the best.

But about my behavior. Yes, I wear John's clothes, yes, I take long rides on my motorcycle alone, and yes, I spend long periods of time alone. No, I don't get up from the dinner table and go and call John on the phone. If I was going to communicate with John, I wouldn't use the telephone, I'd use the Ouija board. I do believe in the other world; I believe in phantasms and phantasmic gaps where ghosts might get caught between one dimension and the other. I think there's something to all that. You only need to look up the American Society of Psychical Research in New York and ask for one of their monthly journals and you can see that there's a very real science devoted to this study. So I wouldn't use the telephone; I'm not that stupid. I would use a psychic medium or a Ouija board. The Ouija board really works. I've seen evidence of it.

I don't talk to paintings or pictures. I haven't gone that crazy. But I do have a nutty streak in me. I *am* a recluse. And my father is a guy who, when you go shopping with him in a supermarket, when you walk down one aisle to get an item, will push the cart down another aisle—you'll be in the fourth aisle, he'll be in the seventh. Suddenly paper towels and toilet paper come flying across the aisles. He just wings them across. So he is a bit of a nut too.

Penthouse: What has been your personal experience with drugs?

Aykroyd: Well, I've done everything. All of it. You name it, I did it. This was in my teenage years, mind you. I think I really started to clean out when I was twenty-two. But I mean I gobbled phenobarb, I've snorted crank. And a long time ago, a couple of times, I was injected with substances. Didn't do it myself. That's why the scenario of John and Cathy Smith is so vivid to me, because I remember being hit up myself for a charge when I was a teenager. I just didn't appreciate the impairment drugs could do until I reached a certain point and realized that hey, I'd experimented, done it all, followed through with the convictions of this whole Woodstock generation—that you could do these substances, alter your mind, and it could be an enjoyable thing. I went through that like I guess a good segment of the population did in the late sixties and early seventies. It was the time of legitimized drug-taking. People who were able to shoot back a bottle of whiskey, smoke an ounce of grass, do a six-pack of beer, swallow lots of pills, and still remain walking were sort of champions in this culture. They'd say, "Hey, that guy, he's a blast to be with. He can do it all and it doesn't affect him."

> During the last summer we were together, John and I wore skull pins on our shirts. . . . And we sort of knew, between us, that it wouldn't last forever, that we wouldn't be together forever.

John was kind of sucked into this thinking. He thought that it was a measure of his stamina that he could consume what they did. And he was a big man. He ate more than many people, he drank more, he smoked more, and did other stuff too. He wanted to top everyone else and show them he was indestructible. That's not to say he was like that all the time. I saw him in that state very seldom. I know he was hanging around with people mentioned in your article, which I'll say here that everybody should read. Pick up December's *Penthouse* and read the Belushi article! I really believe that the article accurately described what happened. I also believe that the most poignant and meaningful segment of that article is where John is with the cab driver. That's Belushi right there. The vulnerability—"How am I doing?" Afraid that the cop would come over and say, "Hey, you're not parking the car right; you're not backing out right." Offering the guy what he had. Wanting to go out and just simply smoke a joint. Opening up to this guy who he doesn't know. You get the feeling, reading this, of a vulnerable, beautiful guy.

Penthouse: Why did you go off drugs?

Aykroyd: I came to the realization that we are given a pure organ here, the human body, and anything we add to it is going to be detrimental. I think it's nicer to live life at your peak efficiency and at the peak realization of all your senses and power. And drugs do take away from that. Not that I didn't have fun doing acid. Acid opened some doors for me, in a way, in the classic sense of Huxley and Leary and all the theorists who said that it was a mind-expanding drug. It opened me to a lot of perceptions that I wouldn't normally have had. I wouldn't recommend it now, because we're living in a different era.

Penthouse: Why does heroin appeal so much to young people these days?

Aykroyd: Heroin is very appealing because it gives such a warm sensation, such a feeling of security. Why are there so many junkies? Why is it such a popular item? It's obvious. But it's just so destructive and so addictive that I think the world is getting hip to it. But it's a billion-dollar industry—pot, cocaine, heroin. We know that a lot of Iranians left Iran, not with money or gold or bank drafts, but with junk. And they brought it here and their fortunes were turned over in American money through the junk they ran in.

Penthouse: How do you reconcile your negative feelings about drugs with the fact that "Saturday Night Live" had so many jokes with allusions to drugs?

Aykroyd: We did jokes about drugs because drugs are definitely a part of our culture. Many kids today know about drugs and they do them. Their parents smoke joints, drink. What are you going to do? But kids should realize that what we do on television is fantasy. I mean, when we watch *Dirty Harry*, are we supposed to look up to this guy with the hand cannon who goes around blowing away people? Kids aren't stupid enough to romanticize that kind of character; neither are they stupid enough to romanticize drugs and think that getting fucked up is a positive thing.

Penthouse: Do you think you have any responsibility to serve as a role model to your young audience?

Aykroyd: A little bit of that is important, for sure. But then again, our role is to entertain. And if drug references make people think and laugh, then the entertainment aspect of what we do is more important than the role model aspect. Come on, now, this is the United States of America. The real

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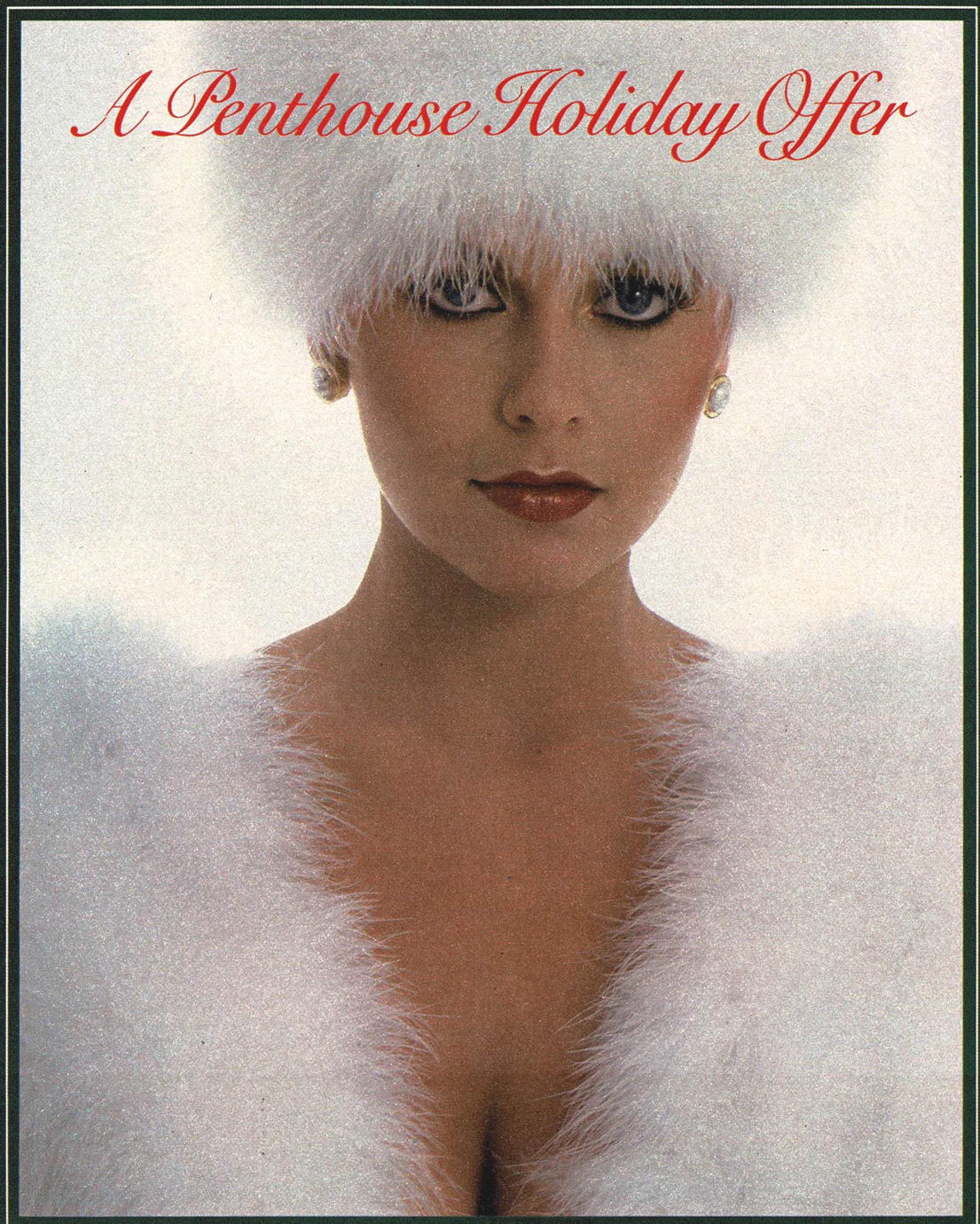
A Penthouse Holiday Offer



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PENTHOUSE

On the day of his father's funeral, Edward Armstead stood to inherit the two possessions he most desired: the newspaper empire and the long-suffering mistress.

THE ALMIGHTY

FICTION BY IRVING WALLACE

He stared down into the open coffin. What surprised him most was that his father looked so small. The old man had always been a giant to Edward. Now, stiffly cushioned in satin, he seemed small. It was because the air of life had gone out of him, Edward realized. Ezra J. Armstead, the greatest and most autocratic press lord of modern times, had always been full of life, a force of energy, overwhelming. Now he was small and still. Otherwise, everything was in order. Maybe not the cheeks. E. J.'s cheeks were unnaturally red. The undertaker had applied too much rouge, as they always did.

Turning from the coffin, another surprise. Edward Armstead felt no loss.

And yet another. He felt rather good. Almost buoyant.

He scanned the cascades of flowers that formed a colorful semicircle behind the coffin. There was one discordant note. On an easel sat a gaudy American flag made up of red, white, and blue carnations. It had come from the staff of the New York Record, Edward Armstead was sure. One of the employees had heard or read that such a floral flag had decorated William Randolph Hearst's coffin in 1951, and decided that E. J. deserved as much. Terrible taste, in keeping with his father's newspapers, Edward Armstead told himself.

He heard his wife, Hannah, just ahead, utter a muffled sob, and felt a stab of guilt. Quickly, he

PAINTING BY PAUL WUNDERLICH

stepped forward to join her, supportively linking his arm in hers. Her arm felt as thin as a matchstick. He had almost forgotten how frail and ill she was.

She turned her moist eyes up at Armstead. "Roger," she murmured. "Where's Roger?"

For a moment Armstead blinked uncomprehendingly, and then he remembered something else he had briefly forgotten. Roger was his son. He looked behind him and saw that Roger had just reached the coffin from the family room, and was standing over it, his long face set in bewildered grief. As always, Armstead was annoyed with his son. Or displeased. Perhaps as his own father had been with him. But no, his own displeasure was different. The boy—grown man actually, a thirty-six-year-old man—was too tall, too tan, too outdoors healthy and uncreative to be his son or his father's grandson. He worked for some strident environmental group in Wisconsin, was always off in the woods or on a lake or river. Armstead was sure Roger had not read a book in years. He couldn't write at all, not even a letter. He came to New York once a year, at Christmas, and kept in touch by sending pamphlets. Where in the hell had his genes come from? Probably some pioneer on Hannah's side.

Armstead summoned his son. "Roger, take care of your mother." Although Hannah was ambulatory, standing for any length of time was painful for her. Armstead added, "Help her into the wheelchair."

Armstead released Hannah to her offspring, and started for the open chapel door, outside of which the pallbearers had been gathering. He reminded himself not to walk too briskly, and to keep his handshake limp. Gravely, he shook hands with the six famous pallbearers—with the vice-president of the United States, two governors, the mayor, the army chief of staff, a senior astronaut—accepting their condolences, giving his thanks. Through his head flitted a picture of the editorial cartoon that had graced the front page of the black-bordered New York *Record* this morning: a gauzy drawing of E. J. climbing the clouds toward an Olympus where the filmy images of Dwight D. Eisenhower, Winston Churchill, Charles de Gaulle, Anwar Sadat, Francisco Franco, and John Wayne waited to welcome him. It gave Armstead a start to recall that his father had known those dim and distant figures, had lived to eighty-one and known all the greats of his time, had indeed been considered one of them.

Armstead abandoned the pantheon of immortals and took in the crowd of personages and faithful nearby. He moved heavily toward them, hoping his Roman visage bore some semblance of contained bereavement. He nodded at his own loyal aides, Harry Dietz and Bruce Harmston, clasped the hands of his father's managing editor, Ollie McAllister. He was briefly surprised to find himself confronted by his father's arch-rival, Paul Eldridge, publisher of the *New York Times*. But then not surprised, because Eldridge was Ivy League and Eastern Establishment and this was the gentlemanly thing to do (although, Armstead suspected, Eldridge probably held some admiration for the less couth E. J., for his father's self-made success, brashness, drive). Eldridge squeezed his hand comfortingly, and Armstead squeezed back, reminding himself that they were brothers in the publishing fraternity.

Armstead wandered toward a cluster of conservatively dressed, mostly tailored, women, recognizing some as belonging to the newspaper, some as other men's wives. He nodded, and nodded, and found himself searching for Kim Nesbit. He tried to find her, the willowy youngish woman with corn-silk hair and limpid green eyes. But then he knew that she would not be there. He knew also that she had always been one of the reasons he had resented his father. He tried to believe the resentment grew out of the fact that his father kept this woman for so many years when his mother had been alive and the fact that Kim had been so young, much younger than he himself was. But the resentment had come from none of these reasons. It had come from the fact that he had envied and been jealous of his father. He was glad Kim had not come to the funeral. It showed she had class. And perhaps it showed that she had not cared for his father very much, after all.

His fruitless search for Kim Nesbit ended, Armstead became aware that Horace Liddington was approaching him. Liddington was over six feet tall, with a grayish crewcut, trim, and impeccably attired in a dark mourning suit with a vest.

"I'm sorry, Edward," he said crisply, taking Armstead's hand with one hand and gripping his shoulder with the other.

"Well, he lived a good life," said Armstead. "He had a good time."

"Yes, he did."

"I guess we'd all settle for that," Armstead added.

"We certainly would," Liddington agreed. He cleared his throat, as if uncomfortable with the small talk and eager to get on to something else. "Uh, Edward, whenever you have the time—when this is over—I'd like to see you. I'm not rushing you. It can be a day or two. There is some business to clear up."

"Business? What business?"

"Your father's will. It shouldn't take too much of your time. It's a short document. Much of it concerns you. He was a very wealthy man, as you know. It is important to maintain a continuity in his affairs. Anyway, as soon as you are up to it, let's get together. Possibly tomorrow, if you can."

"What about today?"

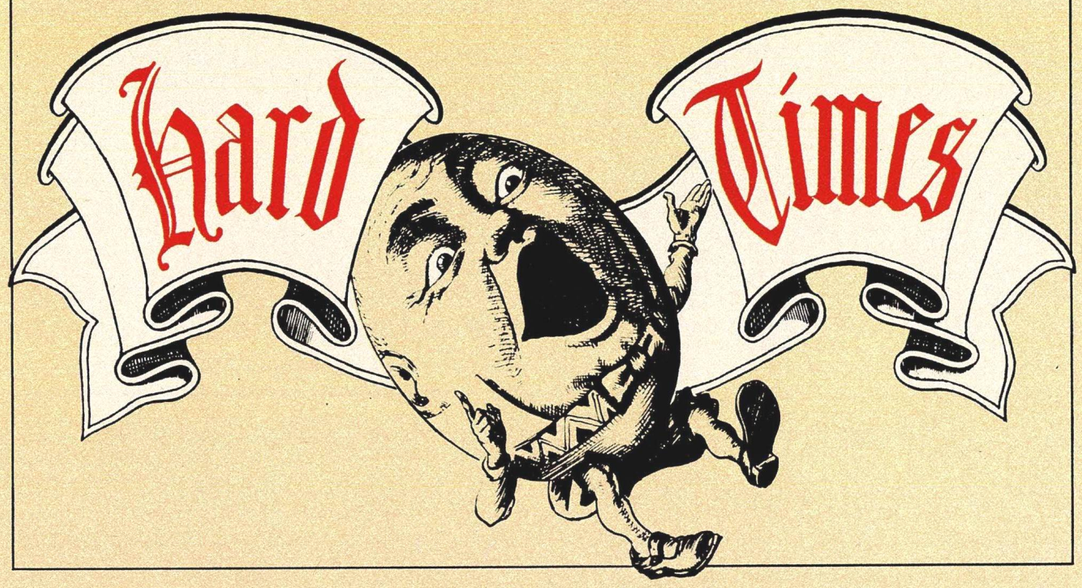
CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

"Careful, honey, the other team has the ball."

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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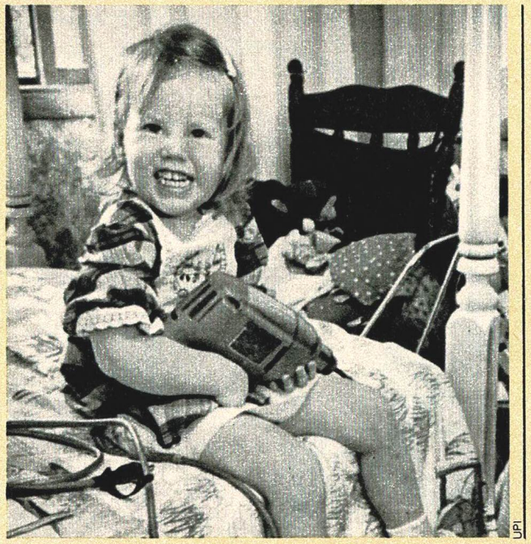
WATT'S UP DOC??

Jim Pozarik/Picture Group

Interior Secretary James G. Watt after losing a shooting contest in Lander, Wyo. Watt participated in the annual Lander One-Shot Antelope Hunt, in which Shoshoni Indian tribal tradition honors those who successfully down an antelope with one bullet by having them dance with braves at a victory banquet. Watt, a Wyoming native, required two shots, which didn't even qualify him for a "nice try." As a consequence, he had to wear the garb of a traditional squaw while dancing with Indian women. (*Newsday*)

Sometimes being a public official is a real drag.–Editor

The Truly Terrible Twos


UPI

Two-year-old Robin Hawkins of Grand Rapids, Mich., holds the drill with which she made 50 holes in the walls of a rental property owned by her parents. It may be hard to believe, but in the last two months Robin has chalked up $2,296.37 in damages, including a wrecked car, television, dishwasher and refrigerator. Robin's trail of terror began with the toilet. Alice the cat got dunked, drowned and flushed. Then there was the refrigerator. Robin stuck some magnetic letters in the vents just before the family left for the weekend, causing the motor to burn out. The next day Mrs. Hawkins went to pick up her husband from his job. Robin was left asleep in her safety seat, the keys in her mother's purse inside the car. "We heard the car start up and ran outside, just in time to watch the car start down the street," Hawkins said. Robin ran into a tree. Cost: $1,029.52. Robin also lifted $620 out of the cash register at a supermarket, painted walls with nail polish and slipped a tractor out of gear so it rolled down the driveway, narrowly missing a neighbor. "Some day when she comes and asks me why she isn't getting any allowance, I'll show her this," Hawkins said, waving a yellow pad containing his daughter's damages. (New York *Daily News*–submitted by Stephen E. Lipken)

PETS LEAD SUITE LIFE

They run a class menagerie at the American Pet Motel.

The reigning cats and dogs and other creatures at the north suburban Prairie View facility can, if they're in an Imperial suite, sleep in brass beds on Sesame Street sheets and special poochie (not Pucci) mattresses.

They get brushed through and played with every day, they drink from fountains that refill automatically, and they get two cookie breaks a day.

The air is negatively charged with ions to keep down loose hair and dust, and filled with FM stereo music 24 hours a day. Every dog has a fire hydrant at the end of its indoor-outdoor run.

And when it comes to just standing around, there is anti-fatigue carpeting, the kind used in hospitals.

"I haven't heard a dog complain yet," said the motel's vice-president, Marc Leeds.

For really puttin' on the dog, there are four Regency suites whose occupants are given on-leash exercise. The pets can take calls from their owners on in-room telephones, and they hear from owners by postcard.

Most of the guests are dogs and cats, but the place also has stables, an aviary, a "bunny club" and an area for small animals such as gerbils. It will board any animal that's not poisonous or otherwise dangerous to fellow creatures.

The motel has housed iguanas, spider monkeys, goats, snakes, ocelots and, on one occasion, a coatimundi, a variety of anteater.

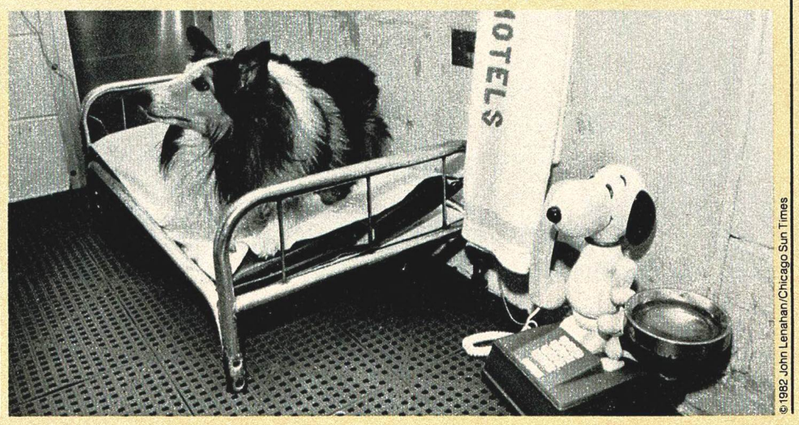
Some of the guests require special food.

We've got a cat who drinks chocolate milk, and a chihuahua who gets a bowl of Pepsi with four ice cubes, and has ham and eggs for breakfast and steak for lunch," Leeds said. "We have a squirrel monkey who eats pierogis and Jell-O, and a dog who chews Juicy Fruit." When the gum loses its flavor, he spits it out just like anyone else.

One woman boards seven rats there. "They're typical alley rats," Leeds said. Where did they come from? "I didn't ask. But they're very friendly."

Reservations for Regency and Imperial accommodations for dogs are booked up a year in advance, although openings remain in the next lower class, De Luxe. Prices are $11 a day for Regency suites; $7 to $9 for Imperial, depending on size of animal, and $5.50 to $7 for De Luxe.

Rates for cats are $4 for an apartment, $5.25 for a roomette and $6.50 for an Imperial suite. Monkeys and racoons are $6, rabbits $3.35, and reptiles and birds $1.50 per cage. (*Chicago Sun-Times*–submitted by Tim Rader)



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Wide World

ELVIS LIVES!

Elvis Presley faked his own death. He is alive and in hiding until the day he is ready to face his adoring fans once again. These are the startling conclusions reached by Al Jeffries, a 42-year-old researcher from Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. Jeffries believes that Elvis had several reasons for wanting to fake his own death. Among them were: the pressures of his career, the death of his beloved mother, Gladys, and his divorce from Priscilla had taken their toll. He was overweight, nervous, and frequently depressed. He desperately needed a fresh start in life. "Elvis always loved his fans and he went to great lengths to let those fans who cared enough to find out and understand the clues know that he wasn't really dead," says Jeffries. One example: Elvis chose the 16th day of the eighth month of the year 1977 to "die." These numbers added together come to 2001, Elvis's theme song. Longtime Presley intimates think the suggestion that he faked his own death is "absurd." Yet Jeffries believes that Elvis himself may reappear one day to set the record straight. (*Globe*)

SLAVE-TRADE HORROR

Greedy flesh peddlers are buying babies for as little as $15 in poverty-stricken Sri Lanka–then selling them for huge profits to Europeans who callously use them as servants or for sick sexual practices.

Often the abused children wind up abandoned and homeless thousands of miles from their native land, a tiny island nation off the coast of India.

The merchants running the racket rake in up to $8,000 per child, an *Enquirer* investigation reveals.

Many children wind up in the hands of perverts, who use them to satisfy their depraved sexual needs, sources reveal.

"The racket is widespread and lucrative," declared J. S. Sirisena, Sri Lanka's Deputy Minister of Social Services.

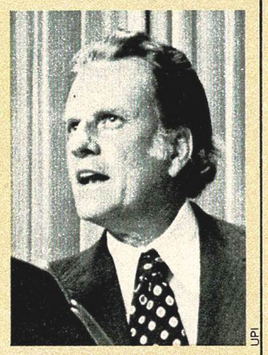
"Between July 1979 and November 1980 nearly 1,000 Sri Lankan children were adopted abroad–and only 80 went through proper channels.

"Many of these infants undoubtedly go to bona fide homes, where they get both love and financial security.

"But quite a few are being adopted to be used as domestic servants, for sexual purposes, or as mere curiosities to be treated as pets by the foster parents' natural children.

"Some are abandoned after the initial novelty wears off, and wind up unwanted in orphan homes far from their native land." (*National Enquirer*)

Holy Herpes


UPI

Evangelist Billy Graham says the venereal disease herpes has a positive side to it–it may make people fear God. "Is it the judgment of God because of our sex sins?" he asked a crowd in Boise, Idaho, adding that sex is not a sin as long as it's within marriage. (Vancouver, B.C., *Province*–submitted by Doug Leighton)

"WHAT'S SO FUNNY?"

Wide World

You'd better not stare too long at Robert Rocci. He's under the dryer finishing up his summer permanent. The hairdo helps the 45-year-old printer avoid fuss during hot months–but he's in no mood to discuss his shampoo. Folks in Campbell, Calif., take the cue and let Robert dry in peace. (*Weekly World News*)

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Please include the name of the newspaper and the date the clipping was published.

VENI, VIDI, VIDEO

Soon, *all* television will be divided into three (and more) parts. And on the horizon . . .

BY HANS FANTEL

The pace quickens. Speeding up into a headlong tumble, technical progress has set the whole field of video stirring with portents of the future.

Broadcasting networks and cable systems are challenged by satellites beaming programs direct to the home. Two-way cable permits shopping via video. TV links up the family living room with far-flung data banks.

Even the home hardware is changing. The trusty TV set is giving way to component video with high-definition pictures and stereo sound. Before long, wideband video will deliver pictures as clear as a fine photo-

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC MEOLA

graphic print from a still camera.

As usual, the future is already here—at least, some of it. For instance, right now you can get:

COMPONENT VIDEO

With video cassettes firmly established as a mainstay of home entertainment and videodiscs slowly carving their special niche, component video now arrives as the next step in the electronic perfectibility of our pleasures. Component video is to ordinary TV what component stereo is to ordinary radios. Instead of all the works being crammed into a single box, component video is made up of interconnected functional units. One advantage is that you no longer have to contend with the bulky box dominating your living room, because the separate video components are relatively compact and can be discretely disposed on shelves. But their chief merit lies in the superior quality of both picture and sound, with each component optimized for its particular task and thus able to achieve performance levels formerly found only in professional studio equipment.

Nearly a dozen such systems are now available, with Pioneer, Panasonic, Sony, Sanyo, RCA, Zenith, Jensen, Magnavox, Mitsubishi, Teknika, and Proton all offering these modular video rigs. Although these systems vary in particulars, their similarities are greater than their differences. A standout design, Sony's Profeel Series, typifies the best features found among these models.

The system centers on a separate monitor screen (available in either 19- or 25-inch size) whose image resolution matches that of professional broadcast monitors. It contains advanced circuitry that automatically adjusts contrast levels between bright and dark areas of the picture, controls color balance, prevents color-spill sharp outlines, and suppresses the visual noise that normally shows up as "snow" and "confetti." And while the number of lines per frame remains fixed at 525 by federal law, these monitors manage to "read" a lot more detail from each of those lines. The net result of all these electronic refinements is just about the sharpest, clearest, and most natural-looking picture yet available on video.

Linked to this monitor screen is a separate 105-channel, cable-ready tuner with wideband circuitry. This works like wideband frequency response in audio: the greater band width lets more information pass through the circuit. In the case of audio, this means greater tonal fidelity. In video, it means more and sharper image detail. In short, this approach yields a kind of high-fidelity video even within the constraints of present broadcasting standards.

The tuner also has separate inputs for videotape recorders (VCRs), videodisc players and home computers and games as well as for converters that bring in coded broadcasts like pay-cable programs. Thanks to these input connections, the external signal sources no longer have to be attached to the antenna terminals. This enables these nonbroadcast programs (tape, disc, cable, etc.) to bypass the TV tuning stage altogether, yielding a less distorted picture. For added convenience, the component-type tuner has a scanner for sampling all on-the-air programs as well as cable presentations. When you see something you like, a single touch stops the scanning and holds the desired program.

The audio section of this component video system is equally remarkable. It's completely rigged for stereo and (with the aid of a small outboard adapter) will be ready to receive TV with stereo sound as soon as stereo broadcasting is authorized by the Federal Communications Commission (FCC). Such telecasts are already on the air in Germany and Japan. Meanwhile, the system plays stereo from videodiscs and cassettes as well as from the more

> But the best, as they say, is yet to come. It involves nothing less than the radical revamping of technical video standards.

venturesome cable systems, which are already offering the stereo signal from Warner's MTV cable programs.

In keeping with the component concept, audio amplifier and speakers are also separate. This will save you considerable cash if you already own a stereo sound system. If such is the case, you don't have to buy the audio section at all: just feed the audio signal from the tuner directly to your stereo amplifier and speakers.

Component video thus marks the consummation of an overdue marriage between video and audio. In the past, the two seemed like different species, with no connection—physical or metaphorical—between the stereo system and the TV set. But thanks to the nuptial function of audio and video components, the two can now be interlinked into unified home-entertainment centers.

All this technical wizardry doesn't come cheap. Sony's Profeel components carry a stiff price: $1,500 for the 25-inch monitor ($850 for the 19-inch model) and $520 for the tuner, with an optional remote control for $65. At the lower end of the price range, you can get Sanyo's 19-inch monitor for $600 and the matching tuner for $400. With a lively competition unleashed in this brand-new field, prices are likely to soften, and hopeful predictions foresee complete video component systems discounted well below the $1,000 level.

THE BIG—AND TINY—PICTURE

The clearer signals now obtainable from videodiscs and tapes as well as from the better cable systems have sparked renewed interest in projection TV. Larger-than-life pictures, measuring four to six feet diagonally, produce a dramatic impact, a degree of emotional involvement in the action quite unattainable with ordinary TV sets. The big screen, in effect, creates a home theater.

The persistent faults of early projection TV—dim and fuzzy pictures—have been at least partly remedied by brighter tubes and better optics. What's more, the latest models are far less bulky than their predecessors, fitting more easily into dens and living rooms. A case in point is the new Novabeam II by Kloss Video Corporation. The high luminosity of its image tubes makes the screen unnecessary. Any white wall will do, provided you pull the curtains to darken the room slightly. And while conventional curved screens concentrate the light for viewers sitting directly in front, the Kloss Novabeam image can be viewed from any angle, the wall being flat. What's more, the welterweight (60 pounds) projector can be trundled out of the way when not in use. Handy grips are recessed into the compact cabinet for just this purpose.

The Novabeam functions as a monitor, projecting signals from a separate tuner (not included), and sells for $2,000. That's about the cheapest ticket to the remarkable experience of electronic home theater. If the big picture catches on and eventually supplants the conventional TV peephole, the consequences will be artistic as well as technical. It may inspire a whole new style of video presentation, just as wide-screen motion pictures spawned a new esthetic for films.

While projection video goes for the big picture, other developments aim in the opposite direction. Sony, for example, has come up with the first "flat-display" pocket TV, about the size of a paperback book. The black-and-white picture measures only two inches (diagonally), but the whole set is only 1¼ inches thick. The trick is done with a new type of flat picture tube that shoots its beam parallel to the screen rather than perpendicular to it. Sony thinks of it as the video version of the popular Walkman, so it's called the Watchman, and the tag is $280.

NEW SOURCES AND SERVICES

Many of the latest video receivers can be tuned to more than a hundred channels, including the new superband cable spectrum, without the need of any outboard converters. Surprisingly, all this extra channel capacity is filling up fast. More and more special programs—anything from grand opera to foreign movies to revival meetings or cooking lessons—are relayed by satellite for distribution via local cable. In addition, several major corporations, such as Zenith and Cox, are pushing for the adoption of Teletext as a cable service in the United States.

Already established in Europe and tested in Japan, Teletext gives viewers access on demand to information from computer data banks. Instant stock quotations, airline timetables, weather updates, racing tips, supermarket sales, historical data of all sorts, and just about anything you'd normally look up in a newspaper, catalog, or reference book can be made to pop up on your TV screen. By punching the proper call-up code into a small keyboard attached to the receiver, you'll be able to "leaf" through a reference library far more comprehensive than any family living room could hold.

Teletext will be especially useful and versatile in a two-way cable version called Videotex, which lets you "talk back" to the broadcasters through the keyboard. That way a housewife scanning a retail catalog or looking over a bin of groceries on the screen could do her shopping by simply punching in her order—and be billed automatically.

Such a cable service already operates in Columbus, Ohio, as part of a pilot study by Warner Cable Corporation, and more than half a million homes in Houston and suburban Cincinnati are slated for similar hookups. In the past few months, Teletext and Videotex have also had successful test-runs in California and New Jersey. It is only a matter of time until this type of service spreads to other areas.

While cable proliferates—with roughly 25 percent of all American TV households already hooked up—an even more bountiful system of program distribution looms over the horizon. In fact, Direct Broadcasting Satellite (DBS for short) may ultimately eliminate all traditional modes of transmission. Signals will be beamed directly into the home from satellites hovering in the sky, with each "bird's" signal range spanning the entire continent (thus eliminating "fringe" areas). Even in the most remote location, the picture will be vibrant in color and clear in detail—better, in fact, than most signals now coming in on cable or broadcast over the air. And since the signal arrives from above—rather than sideways, as it were—it is unaffected by reflections from surrounding terrain or tall buildings. It is inherently ghost-free.

Pipe dream? Not at all. Just recently, the FCC authorized Comsat—the government-supported Satellite Communications Corporation—to launch two satellites of this kind, which will cover the eastern third of the country by 1986. Nationwide service should follow soon after.

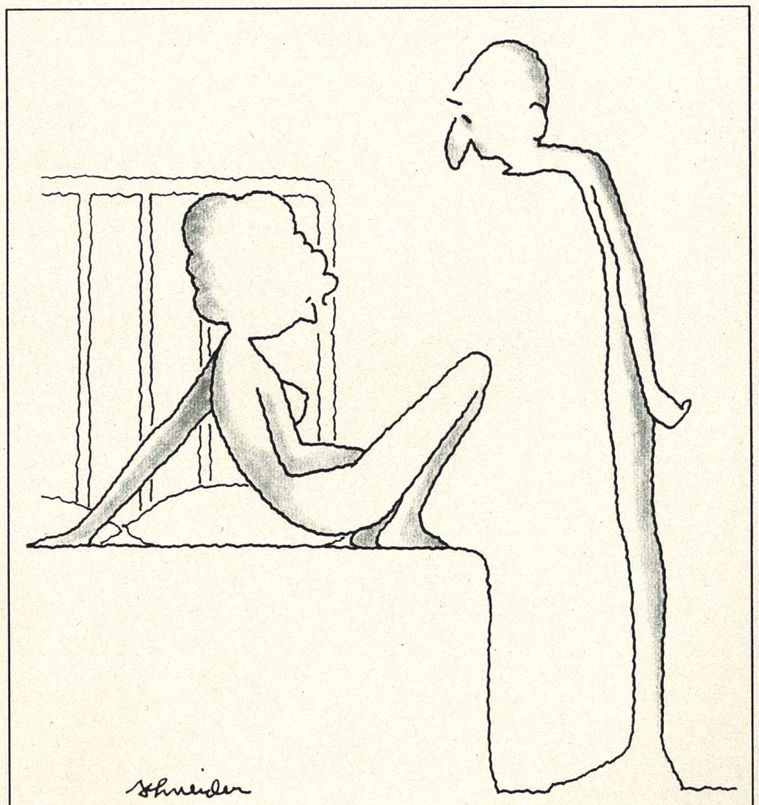
But there's no need to wait until then. Already you can buy your own "earth station" and eavesdrop on any of the fourteen satellites now floating above this country. More than 30,000 viewers have already done so, putting big dish antennas into their backyards. Most of these dish-owners count among the 1.4 million Americans living in isolated places, beyond the reach of either TV transmitters or cable services. But increasingly, such dishes are also cropping up in suburbia, where apartment projects and condos use them as their master antennas. The big attraction of these dishes is that they pull in an enormous variety of programming—about sixty channels in all—not available on the networks and intended only for selective cable distribution. This includes—for free—many pay channels, such as Bravo, Arts, and Movie Channel. To prevent being pirated in this way, some pay channels, notably Home Box Office, are now scrambling their signal. But most pay services find the scrambling process too costly, and thus their programming remains gratis to anyone with the right hardware. So far, the Federal Communications Commission has raised no objection. In fact, it ruled specifically that no special license is required to own and run a private earth station. By implication, the Federal Communications Commission seems to be saying that the air is public and any signal in the sky is up for grabs. Of course, the various cable companies and program syndicators are crying out in protest; and if you're taping or distributing satellite broadcasts for commercial profit, there's the risk of copyright infringement. But that remains true, of course, for any type of broadcast.

VIDEO FUTURES

All of this is already available. But the best, as they say, is yet to come: the radical revamping of technical video standards. The present 525-line format was set by the FCC back in the late 1940s and is geared to the technology of that era. Now Sony and Matsushita, with CBS and the Japanese Broadcasting Company, have built a prototype High Resolution Video System using 1,125 lines per frame. When recently demonstrated in Chicago and New York, the image was so sharp that you could see every hair and every blade of grass defined as clearly as in a fine photograph. The higher information density within the picture area also yields a vividness and subtlety of color never before seen on video screens.

Assuming FCC assent, special satellite channels may be set aside for a high-quality video service of this kind—naturally, with stereo sound. Signals could be received by DBS or distributed through local cable systems, but in either case you'll need a special 1,125-line receiver.

The initial cost of such a service would be high, since broadcast equipment also would have to be converted to the more stringent standard. The whole project may be put on hold until the economic picture brightens and makes cash more available to investors and consumers alike. But so far as this viewer is concerned, the effort will be worth every penny. O+



"I don't believe it! A designer diaphragm?"

ALMANAC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

8.5-second 100-yard dash by 2030

Swimming: (men's) 100-meter freestyle in 45 seconds
400-meter freestyle in 3:47
1,500-meter freestyle in 14.50 minutes

TRENDS IN SPORTS MEDICINE. *Corrective Surgery*. Athletes will submit to operations intended not to repair human anatomy but to improve on it. In the next century, doctors will routinely move tendons, tailor cartilage, and redesign joints on healthy athletes. These techniques will be particularly beneficial to baseball pitchers, tennis players, football running backs, and others prone to career-shortening injuries directly related to the stresses of normal athletic activity.

Electronic Implants. Selected athletes will be fitted surgically with solid-state chips that will provide electrical stimulation to the nerves controlling important muscles. The chips will enable the athletes to exercise all of their muscle fibers with a minimum of exertion and in a fraction of the time now required. The technique is already being used by weight lifters and will soon spread into other areas. Long-distance runners may use the technique to strengthen seldom-tested fibers and thus enhance endurance.

Bionics. Early in the twenty-first century, sports scientists will begin their first serious experiments with bionics. The research will begin as the logical extension of surgical techniques developed over the previous decades, and it will be first applied in the treatment of injured athletes. Eventually, other athletes will be fitted with more sophisticated devices intended primarily to improve performance beyond human range. A great ethical debate may arise over the propriety of tinkering with the human body, but new developments will proceed in spite of it.

NEW INDUSTRIES

Fifty years ago, most of the companies at the top of today's "Fortune 500" did not exist while others were mere fledgling firms. The time had not yet come for companies like IBM and RCA to achieve prominence. In the same way, tomorrow's leading industries are not known today. Here is a sampling of some industries that may lead the economy of the future.

ENZYMATICS. Enzyme processing will revolutionize the field of chemistry. Enzymes will be able to duplicate the reactions of petroleum refining, plastics synthesis, and high-temperature reagent processes. Combining with genetic engineering, a field that creates novel and potent strains of enzymes for various jobs, enzymatics will command the lion's share of the multi-billion-dollar fuel, plastics, and specialty chemical markets by mid-twenty-first century. Little-known companies now exploring these fields (for example, Engenics of Palo Alto, Calif.) may be industrial giants by 2050.

HOLOGRAPHIC VIEWING. The perfection of the holographic cassette will open up this long-awaited market. The cassette will contain a loop of high-density laser tape that contains an interference pattern of bursts of laser light that correspond to the frame resolution time of new fast-acting video screens. The three-dimensional visual images will flash into view as the cards of a shuffled deck do, creating the illusion of three-dimensional motion.

When first introduced, the cassette will be one-color with sound on a second tape that must be played separately. By the turn of the century, sound will be included on the video tape, and by 2010, full-color, stereo sound cassettes will hit the market.

> Some hologames will be played on a three-dimensional, tabletop playing field. Others will be worn like helmets and will be played in the space around your head.

Home-television viewing, art-object storage, and home movies will be revolutionized by this laser system.

SPACE PHARMACEUTICALS. In the germ-free, gravity-free, vibration-free atmosphere of space, drug companies will be able to manufacture drugs currently unknown to man. Within a decade or two of the opening of the first space pharmaceutical plant, link-ups between computers and space pharmaceutical factories will allow for the manufacture of individualized drugs.

The computer will research the patient's body chemistry and design the perfect drug for his or her case. The space platform will draw from an on-hand supply of organic molecules, synthesize the needed chemicals from these molecules, and then blend them according to medical instructions. Daily transports will carry the medications to earth.

NATURAL-PROCESS ENGINEERING. Specialty engineering firms centered in the American West and along the coasts will use natural processes to create temporary buildings or to change the face of any given environment. Using high-tech cloud control, these companies will be able to create a literal wall of water to cool workers in a desert. By using matrices of plastic wires that attract materials that cling together by electrical force, they will be able to create living reefs in the form of buildings. Using wind engineering, they could shape artificial dunes for temporary sand shelters. People will resort to permanent artificial structures only when they want a dwelling to last for a lifetime. Short-term shelters, therefore, will be created through nature. By 2000, small professional firms will handle as much as $1 billion in natural design work and will create such projects throughout the world.

BIO-IMPLANTATION. Using computer modeling, genetic engineering, and complex body scanning, bio-implantation firms will fashion biological analogues for lost body parts or nonfunctioning organs. Instead of using a metal or plastic prosthesis device, the individual will receive a biological implant that corresponds in every respect to his body chemistry. If a man loses a foot, he will get a new "flesh and blood" foot. Even if his liver, the toughest organ to replace, fails, he will receive an artificial liver that might exceed the performance of the original. These replacement parts will still need to be surgically implanted or mechanically attached, but they will look and act exactly like the real organ. Many will even work under control of the recipient's brain. By the early twenty-first century, spin-off companies from the University of Utah's bioengineering lab and from UCLA and MIT programs will build $2.5 billion of new human pieces.

HUMAN-POWERED VEHICLES. Invention of vehicles that enormously magnify the power of human muscles will slowly supplant the car in the inner city and will ultimately revolutionize city travel. Cam-driven, superlubricated wheels, located beneath membrane frames that weigh just a few pounds, will allow human drivers to maintain speeds of thirty miles per hour for more than an hour without getting out of breath. Whereas a bicycle requires the driver to pedal with the whole leg, these vehicles will work from a simple back-and-forth movement of the feet, requiring as little exertion of energy as the pressing of a clutch.

The industry may be hampered at first by liability problems, for such newfangled vehicles will share the road with larger automobiles. Some cities could conceivably ban cars in the late 1990s. With the cost of traditional automobiles rising even faster than the rate of inflation, many people will not be able to afford them by 1990. The consumer response to human-powered vehicles will become steadily more positive. By the middle of the next century, human-powered vehicle unit sales will exceed those of autos.

By the first decade of the next century, major auto manufacturers will seriously

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enter the human-powered vehicle market. Eventually the manufacturing of private autos may be abandoned entirely as economic conditions favor the manufacture and operation of human-powered vehicles.

EMERGING JOB MARKETS

TELECOMMUNICATIONS CONSULTANTS. The "gold rush" growth of the telecommunications industry will create thousands of jobs in which experts will have to process and analyze inordinate amounts of information. Selecting and evaluating transmission and receiver systems in telecommunications will fall at first to outside business consultants, who will in time be replaced by corporate officers and telecommunications departments.

ALTERNATE TELEPHONE TECHNOLOGIES CONSULTANTS. During the 1980s and 1990s, telephone technology experts will be increasingly called upon to help companies and individuals choose from a multitude of alternate phone systems. The breakup of A.T.&T. will create increased competition among regional telephone companies and will lead to many alternate telephone systems.

OFFICE-NETWORKING TECHNOLOGISTS. As interactive computer systems take hold in the office, there will be a vital need for technicians, engineers, designers, and ergonomics experts. When such advanced systems are in place, they will require supervision, operator training programs, maintenance, and repair.

ROBOT MARKETING. The sales of robots to firms and individuals could soar into the millions within two decades. This business phenomenon will create the need for expert marketing personnel as well as a highly-informed robot sales force. Since there will be more than a thousand different kinds of robots, their proper distribution and use will be key to industrial growth within a company. Whether IBM or another international conglomerate can dominate the marketing of this robotics field remains a question only time can answer.

URBAN SECURITY FORCE. The prospect of increased crime, fluctuating unemployment, and renewed inner city growth will call for increased use of private, corporate, and governmental security forces. Many of these security positions will be highly technical in nature. Security personnel will use computer scanning, complex listening devices, and other forms of electronic surveillance and control. Highly specialized security officers will actively try to prevent computer crime, which could become a well-developed criminal art.

COMPUTER GRAPHICS DESIGNERS AND ENGINEERS. The need to design products, machines, packages, buildings, and even cities using computers will open up a new work discipline with many specialized branches. The combination of computer-aided design and computer-aided manufacturing (CAD/CAM) will offer tens of thousands of job opportunities for persons trained in engineering, design, and computer programming. Individuals expert in all three of these skills will be in an enviable employment position.

DATA BANK MANAGERS. As libraries and filed are combined into data files and banks, the need for data managers will increase dramatically. As information specialists, they will oversee the structuring of information storage and retrieval. They will need combined training in computer memory and storage systems and in the programming of the particular business or discipline within which they work.

BIONICS. Medicine's increasing ability to replace limbs, organs, and other human

> Bio-implantation firms will fashion biological analogues for lost body parts. Individuals will receive biological implants that correspond in every respect to their body chemicals.

parts will effectively create jobs for many bionic inventors, engineers, designers, market experts, etc. Bionics as a discipline will require a background in biology, electronics, physics, mechanical engineering, and ergonomics.

COMING TECHNICAL FLOPS

Into every era of development, a few technological flops must fall. Remember quadraphonic sound? The years ahead will have their share of vanishing technologies, too. Here is a selection.

BUBBLE MEMORY. When this variation on magnetic computer memories was first announced in the 1970s, it was presumed to revolutionize the turbulent computer business. The bubbles in the memory, because they could compress more magnetic surface area into a given space, allowed more information to be stored. Since density and capacity were major buzzwords in the computer field, it seemed likely that bubble memories would take off.

They haven't yet and probably never will. Though millions of dollars have been funneled into development of the system by dozens of computer firms, small technical problems, cost drawbacks, and a surprisingly conservative attitude in the industry cooled off the bubble memory boom. In a sense, the system has suffered from too much progressive expectation. Few computer users want to commit to bubble memory when they are certain something even better will turn up soon in the fast-paced computer business.

NUCLEAR POWER PLANTS. By the turn of the century, most of the problem-plagued nuclear power plants already built will be shut down. Most will grind to a stop on their own because of broken pipes, leaks, or assorted fuel problems. The rest will be closed by economic necessity. They will be expensive white elephants, unable to generate enough power to outweigh related mechanical difficulties.

The poorly conceived and designed nuclear power plant that was once touted as the answer to our energy woes by virtually every major utility is almost certainly the biggest technological boondoggle ever perpetrated on the public. Nuclear power, in itself, is not a bad energy form, but the manner in which it was developed was clumsy and poorly planned. Plants took years longer and millions of dollars more to build than estimated, worked less efficiently, and cost far more to operate. Safety, as illustrated by the leakage at Three Mile Island in Pennsylvania, was also suspect. One can only hope that this string of disappointments will be instructive to future planners and designers.

Breeder power-plant reactors, which make their own fuel, may very well be regarded more favorably in the near future. The world needs fuel almost as much as it needs energy. Closed systems—those processes that feed off themselves or that link smoothly with other needs—will be the desired energy form for the future. Breeder reactors are such closed systems.

MX MISSILE. The MX is the Pentagon's answer to Russia's growing nuclear might. The huge missiles will be mobile, constantly ferried around on trucks in vast underground labyrinths. The hostile nations will never know where the missiles are, so they won't be able to knock them out. The system's deployment is scheduled for the 1990s. However, there are so many details still to be worked out, it is difficult to predict a successful completion date. At some point during its initial development, the MX's many and various inconsistencies and drawbacks—buying the vast land tracts, building the highways, maintaining safety, testing—should cause the project to be scrapped. If for some reason this does not happen and the missiles are deployed, we may suffer even more severe consequences. The explosion of several MX missiles in certain populated areas could conceivably be the most devastating technological flop of the years to come.

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GETTING LAID

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

came out something like "are oval."

"Next custom. Are oval." He clapped his hands.

"Where's Rose?" I asked, groggy but filled with an amazing afterglow of physical well-being. Could she have jerked me off in my sleep? A raging hard-on told me no.

"Next custom. Clap-clap." Just to get out of his inscrutable presence, I grabbed my napkin, hung it on my prong, and padded off to find Rose. Endless doors, just like in my dream. Women smiling and saying, "This way, prease." And no Rose.

Tokyo, I reasoned as I boarded a plane for Bangkok later than day, was not a real sex capital anyway, not the place to actually get laid. I had simply been softened up, conditioned for my entry into the ecstatic world of Oriental sex. Tokyo was too Westernized, too tradition-bound, too rich. The real stuff was in the next four cities. I promised myself an extra day or two in whatever city I scored first.

I landed at Bangkok's Don Muang Airport early in the evening, The air was sweltering, but there was a tingle of sexual excitement in it, even during the limo ride into town. By my request, the driver drove through the red-light district, the famous Patpong. Instantly after turning into the crowded, electric street, I knew I had come to the right place.

Patpong Avenue bristled with sticky-sweet sexual decadence, laced with an entrepreneurial adventurism. Street vendors were hawking everything from Valiums to cigarettes. A group of Buddhist bronzes were solemnly blessing what was evidently a newly opened bar. Foreigners cruised the street in astonishing numbers—I noticed Arabs, Japanese, and Western Europeans, and only a very few who looked like Americans.

But the real attraction in Patpong was the girls. They were everywhere, advertised on signs, lolling seductively in doorways, seen dimly through the fenestrations of open-air cabarets. It was a surreal, hallucinatory frenzy of some heterosexual god, a raunchy "Babes in Thailand" come to life.

I told myself to be patient, rest, *then* go out on the town. Suddenly, as if a giant hand were steering me, I leapt out of the limo, garbled a message to the driver about my hotel, and literally ran into the nearest go-go club. It was named The Bunny House, and sure enough, a crowd of girls dressed in predictably weird outfits ran up to me as soon as I entered. They fondled my cock and waved their snatches in my face for me to sniff. I realized I didn't have to die to go to heaven after all.

The prettiest bar girl, a dark-haired lovely named—and I'm not getting philosophical—Kant, wrestled me away from the others and settled me into a booth. I was breathing heavily, either from the heat or from the fact that Kant had thrown herself against my chest like some diminutive Asian linebacker.

"We go now, okay?" she asked, expectantly, insistently. Her accent was the same Asian B-girl patois burlesqued the world over.

"You pay now. One hundred fifty baht." She slapped the table and immediately a manageress angled over, cutting through the crowd with an outstretched palm. Wherever I went in Bangkok, people led with this open palm, as if their muscles had mortified into that position.

What I found myself paying, I later learned, was about $25 as a bar fine—a fee for taking a girl away from her work. I told Kant I wanted to see one of the city's famous live sex shows, and she whisked me into one of those bastardized heaps that pass as taxis in Bangkok. This "limo" was $25 per hour, and I swear, that driver had mastered the art of driving with his palm outstretched.

The crowd of girls fondled my cock and waved their snatches in my face for me to sniff. I realized I didn't have to die to go to heaven after all.

What followed was a terrifying, careening tour of Bangkok's watery nighttime streets. We lurched to a halt in front of a pitch-black, rank-smelling courtyard, the gate guarded by four men. I stepped through the garbage, following Kant into a small, anonymous bar.

The girls onstage were all very beautiful, but nevertheless were dancing fully clothed. Even though "fully clothed" in Thailand is "revealing" anywhere else, I was disappointed.

"Be patient," Kant said. For the first time I noticed a gnarled stiffness to her right hand. I asked her about it, but got an incomprehensible reply. All the better, I thought, since she can't beg off with just a handjob. Even so, realizing I was in a strange, dingy bar watching a listless, stripless sex show with a crippled hooker lent the whole affair somewhat of a depressing cast.

The manager must have given the all clear, because the girls onstage suddenly shucked off their Danskins. Billy Joel's "Breaking Glass" boomed over the house speakers. The dancers began an erotic novelty show, their movements matching the sensual appeal of their tremendous bodies. The Thais are the most breasty of all Asian women, and their mixing-bowl hooters and door-buzzer nipples made me want to lunge onstage.

There ensued a most entertaining revue of sexual weirdness, the kind for which Bangkok is justly famous. A girl took all sorts of fruit into her pussy and shot it back out, lofting a banana at least two feet. Another dancer manipulated chopsticks with her cunt and picked up sushi and rice. She also opened beer bottles—not the twist-off kind, either. There was the usual vaginal cigarette smoker. (Low-tar or regular? I idly wondered.) As an encore, a woman took a string of sharpened—I felt them—razor blades up her cunt, afterwards slowly and agonizingly pulling them out.

By that time I had had enough. All of the food flying around the stage was making me hungry. Kant took me back to Patpong and dragged me into a short-stay hotel. The manager, a pock-marked Korean, solemnly checked us in as man and wife. I could hear the sounds of the street, hustling even this late. The beers, the jet lag, the outrageous sex show—all contributed to my sense of unreality, as if I had been lifted off the planet. I looked at Kant as she repeated a question for the third time, palm outstretched as usual. I resisted a knee-jerk reaction to put money into it.

"Where you got rubber, Joe?" Kant repeated. As in a dream I realized we were already in the room.

"Rubber? No rubber. *You* got rubber," I told her, slipping into her sub-English.

"No rubber? No rubber? We get no rubber here. Ronald Reagan give us no more rubbers."

I looked at her, dazed. Ronald Reagan? Was I hearing right? What the hell had he to do with the condom situation halfway around the globe?

"Please, honey." I was desperate. "Come on and open up. I'm clean." Kant was adamant, refusing to take any of her clothes off until I produced the magic packet. I normally carry a safe in my wallet, but as I searched frantically I realized I had used it to guard one of my cigars against the monsoon. "Look, I got this sock, it's small, size nine. What do you say?" She was having none of it. I tried everything: the shrink-wrapping from some porno mag I had brought with me, adhesive tape, a candy bar wrapper. I started shouting.

Pock Mark, the manager, came to the door, inquiring in broken English if I was having trouble with my "wife." I grabbed him by the lapels and demanded he get me a prophylactic, pronto. He breathed garlic in my face and said it was impossible. "No rubbers in town. Ronald Reagan—" I cut him off with a scream. What the fuck did a B-grade movie actor have to do with why I couldn't get my rocks off?

Kant went to the window, opened it, and bellowed out mournfully, "Fuck Ronald Reagan!" From somewhere in the wheeling mesh of humanity down the street, an answering cry came, also female: "Fuck Ronald Reagan!" I became totally disoriented and shrank against the wall, my erection vanishing. I imagined the headlines: ANTI-AMERICAN RIOT PRECIPITATED BY SEX TOURIST. I gathered up my clothes and headed quietly to the door. Kant was too busy wailing to notice.

The whole bizarre scene was not explained to me until I boarded the flight to Manila. I slouched onto the plane, blueballed and depressed, swearing I'd fill every cock-holster in the Philippines. I found myself seated next to a Chinese fellow with a very good command of English, and I poured out my troubles to him. He also had "happened" to visit Patpong during his stay in Bangkok, and had a ready explanation for Kant's behavior. It seems the U.S. government, in its infinite wisdom, had been supplying Thailand with condoms since World War II. It was all part of a family-planning grant, but of course each year the consignment of American-made rubbers would go straight to the hookers of Patpong. Ronald Reagan's budget cuts ended all that. No more family-planning grant, no more condoms.

"Most travelers," my Chinese friend said politely, "are warned in advance and thus know to bring their own."

I made my way back to the airplane's john, reflecting that even if I had stayed with Kant, her crippled hand would have prevented me from getting even a simple handjob. The monstrous quality of my luck began to sink in. I was appalled.

The claustrophobic airplane john didn't lighten my mood. Idly, and as I always cannot resist doing, I peeked into the sanitary-napkin disposal slot next to the bathroom sink. These waste units can usually give you a glimpse of stained whiteness and a whiff of a fetid rankness that is vaguely appealing. This time, however, I saw what I took to be an actual set of menses-ridden panties, discarded at the prime of their usefulness. What luck! If I could only snag those, I thought, there's a possibility I could jerk myself off here and now and get some of this load off my balls.

I angled in my hand, twisting it so my arm could reach down. I could just about clutch the thin, bloodied snatch of dainty white cotton. Perhaps, I thought, my dick tingling, there would be a few stray short-and-curlies embedded in the lace. But when I tried to pull my hand out, it was wedged. I felt like the proverbial monkey grasping the orange in the jar. If I didn't let go of the panties, I wouldn't be able to get my hand out. In a burst of rage, I wedged my arm in the slot even harder.

Stunned by the enormity of my evil luck, I felt paroxysms of existentialist despair coursing through my body. The close quarters and the plane's toilet prevented me from changing my position. I silently began to curse the designer of the bathroom, beginning with "syph-infected wimp" and working down to calling him the kind of jellybaby shit that dribbles from an old faggot's ass hole after a night on the town. My arm was impossibly wedged in. My eyes fixed on the button marked TO SUMMON HELP . . .

The laughter of the crew and passengers still rang in my ears as I disembarked into the sweltering heat of Manila. I felt spiritless and almost disemboweled by the ordeal of being extricated from the Kotex disposal. But the Philippines is fabled as one of the world's most squack-infested paradises, and I was grimly determined to upset the lousy course the trip had taken so far and *get lucky*. Perhaps, I thought, I was being too picky. I decided to forgo the usual limo and take a more plebeian transport into the Ermita, Manila's red-light district.

The driver of the jeepney I hopped aboard immediately began to lay down a fast stream of patter that sounded promising enough. A jeepney is a sort of elongated jeep. Mine was made completely of stainless steel, to combat the vicious humidity that even now was cramming its

Realizing I was in a strange, dingy bar watching a listless, stripless sex show with a crippled hooker lent the whole affair somewhat of a depressing cast.

derby down around my ears.

"Philippine girls are the prettiest in the world," the driver was saying, fluffing his short-sleeve shirt in the heat. I didn't bother to tell him that I was so horny right then I would have gotten a hard-on driving past the Humane Society. He made his pitch and I took him up on it just as we turned on M. H. del Pilar Avenue. A strange sense of déjà vu came upon me: I was in Bangkok again, knee-deep in hookers, but their eyes had straightened and their skins had gone burnished brown. This was the Ermita, the bar district centered at the confluence of Pilar, A. Mabini, and Las Roxas avenues. My prick was harder than Ronald Reagan's arteries.

The driver dumped me off at a bar called The Firehouse, setting me up there with a woman named Dolly—probably one of his numerous sisters he had sold into slavery. I would learn to curse this whoremaster later. Now, however, I found Dolly cute and cheerleady, except for a strange clucking noise she habitually made with her mouth. Probably her cluck of disapproval at me, at the low state to which she had fallen, at her brother the pimp, or all of the above.

At any rate, she communicated to me, with signs and Swahili-like gutturals, that she had an agreement with The Rajah, a massage parlor around the corner on Mabini. Now *Screw*, my own paper, had in its review of Asian sex labeled The Rajah "the absolute pits," but at that point my frontal lobes had abdicated to my pecker and I was being led around by the glans. I followed Dolly's clacks and clatters to a dingy hole fetid enough to make a Times Square peepshow look so clean you could eat a chocolate chocolate-chip double fudge sundae off the floor. It was lucky that I was blind with lust, or I would have vomited and introduced the clientele to the latest kink: the Rainbow Shower.

Dolly led me to a dimly lit packing crate that looked like it had been rejected by some popular neighborhood bitch cur of indeterminate breed. She laid me down on a graying, greasy mattress and promised what she seductively called the "Mojo Rajah." I closed my eyes and soon I felt a delicate, feathery, tingling sensation on my balls. My unit began to surge and tremble, until I opened my eyes and noticed that Dolly was actually on the other side of the room, disrobing, douching, and clacking away merrily. If she's there, who is that down on my balls? I looked down and came eyeball to eyeball with the biggest cockroach I have ever seen. It was one of those tropical mutants with wings, and it took off and flapped slowly away into the darkness. Needless to say, I lost my hard-on so fast that all the blood rushed to my head and made me dizzy.

Dolly materialized at my side, faking that solicitous understanding females use to dissemble their hilarity at the sight of a limp dick. "You like I suck-ck?" she clacked.

"Yes! Yes!" I begged her, determined, even in my disorientated state, to shoot off my load somewhere, anywhere. Smiling like a mischievous child, she crouched over me and suddenly, incredibly, reached into her mouth and fished out her teeth! My own mouth formed into a Yossarian-like moan and my whole body convulsed with revulsion. With her oral cavity gaping and empty, Dolly had assumed the terrible, sunken aspect of Death itself.

I fled the hallucination like a madman. Perhaps her dog-spittle brother had knocked out all her teeth to improve her fellatio technique, perhaps her teeth had just rotted away like everything else in that rank tropical climate. It didn't matter. Her dentures were of the variety available in every street-corner shop of the district, and they were going green with some sort of horrible mung.

As my dread of this creature mounted, I began to do a fast back-pedal of excuses, promising her I was only just stepping out "to get you a new set of teeth. Looks like about time." *Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Zwack!* A huge, condor-like roach dove in raptorial splendor into the opposite wall. "I shall return," I told her—that always works with these people—stuffing some money into her

hand. I fled, tearing through the streets of Ermita, heading toward a clean bed in a clean hotel.

The rest of my stay in Manila had a nightmarish, surreal quality to it that makes it difficult to remember details. I may have been ill. My dreams were dominated by febrile visions of giant cockroaches with sunken cheeks. I recall running into the Chinese gent I had met on the plane, with two beautiful Filipino girls on his arm, all three of them laughing—at me? I remember gobbling handfuls of antibiotics, which are sold quite openly without prescription on the streets. I marveled at the number of sex tourists, at the buses setting out from the hotel each evening filled with Japanese, each with an empty seat next to him so there would be room for his "companion" on the trip back later that night.

It was with no small degree of relief that I arrived in Hong Kong. Manila seemed like a bad dream disappearing into memory. I had, I reminded myself, a few more days and two more cities to go. I might be able to salvage this trip yet. I *knew* I would at least be able to get laid in Hong Kong; I had done it before, when I visited the island attempting to get papers to cross into China. It seemed ages ago, but even now the pretty Chinese lady of my vision made my weasel stiffen.

Filled with a new level of resolve, I checked into the Hong Kong Peninsular Hotel. I tried to recall the complicated set of curfew regulations my travel agent had given me on the last trip. No females in the room after midnight, or else you pay double. Or was that Singapore? In one case, I knew, there was a rule against females in the room altogether. I decided to introduce my hooker as "my fiancée" and avoid the whole issue.

First things first, however. Hong Kong is crawling with hookers—if you know where to look. Unlike Bangkok and Manila, the scene is very discreet. Part of the fading colony's English manners, I suppose, still potent halfway around the world. But the scum never sets on the British Empire, and there are hooker havens squirreled away all over the island. The biggest one I knew of was a place called—honest—the Wankatorium, in Kowloon, across Hong Kong harbor from the Peninsular.

The Wankatorium is a huge and classy sexual emporium, totally invisible from the street. It is reached by a tunnel, making you feel somewhat like a character in "Get Smart" or *Les Misérables*. Once inside, you find an elaborate menu of erotic delicacies to choose from. I chose Suzi, a dusky, throttle-voiced whore who sounded like she had scummed-on vocal cords. She played at seduction with a youthful joyousness, and as I told my horrible experiences in Asia thus far, she promised me a glorious lay. Just pay the money up front, she said, and take me home to your hotel.

Which I did. Riding across the harbor I finally felt as if my fornication jones was going to get satisfied. Suzi kept flicking her tongue in and out of my ear, fondling my cock, whispering unintelligible Chinese nothings to me.

I escorted Suzi through the lobby at the Peninsular and steered her determinedly past the front desk. The air went out of me, however, when I heard "Mr. Goldstein" ring out from the head clerk. I sat "my fiancée" down on a deluxe, silk-covered couch, as near to an elevator as I could get. I went back to deal with the clerk.

The matter turned out to be some business mishap back in the States. I wired one of my very capable editors to take care of it, a little annoyed at the interruption. As I turned from the desk, the clerk mysteriously said, "Remember midnight," as if he were warning Cinderella.

Suzi flushed with embarrassment when she rose to meet me. The silk fabric where she had sat was stained with a generous blossom of red. On the rag! I couldn't believe it. I looked at the damage and quickly

> "No rubber? Ronald Reagan give us no more rubbers." I looked at her, dazed. Ronald Reagan? What the hell had he to do with the condom situation halfway around the globe?

pushed her into the elevator. Again, as the attendant stopped the car and we stepped off, there was the mysterious admonition "Remember midnight." At that point I was more concerned with Suzi's blood spoor staining the carpet.

The girl bled so much that night I looked through the phone book for blood banks. She was stupendously, totally, violently OTR. She could have been used on the set of a Sam Peckinpah movie. I kept moving her around the room, swabbing the furniture after her, getting progressively more nauseated. While I'm not exactly Hasidic in such matters, enough is enough. I decided I would have to settle for a blowjob.

Just as I got her sufficiently diapered with the whole towel rack from the bathroom, and just as she was finally settling down to yuck on the Big Boy, there came an insistent knock on the door. Feverishly, I stalled.

"That's okay, doll. Please, please, go ahead and suck on it." I felt like Lenny Bruce.

Suzi was having none of it. "If I stay after midnight I get blacklisted. Never work here again. Not worth it." She briskly gathered up her clothes and breezed out, ignoring my pleas and nodding to the head clerk and the two security guards at my door. I slammed it back in their faces, crestfallen.

They wouldn't leave me alone. When I again answered their mewling knocks, the head clerk, a certain insect-filled scumbag named Shin, presented me with a bill that was to make Suzi the most expensive whore ever not to lay me. They would try to clean the couch in the lobby the "lady" had bloodied, Shin said, inverting the commas around the word viciously. In the meantime, would I please leave a deposit of $1,200—American dollars, of course—in the lamentable eventuality that the damage may not be repaired. Shin kept looking at me as if I were a worm and his hotel a cadaver I had happened to gain entry to. To escape his verminesque stare, I signed the bill.

The rest of the trip passed in an apocalyptic daze. The financial blow I suffered in Hong Kong exacerbated the effects of my sexual frustration until I was careening in violent mood swings, alternating between rage and depression.

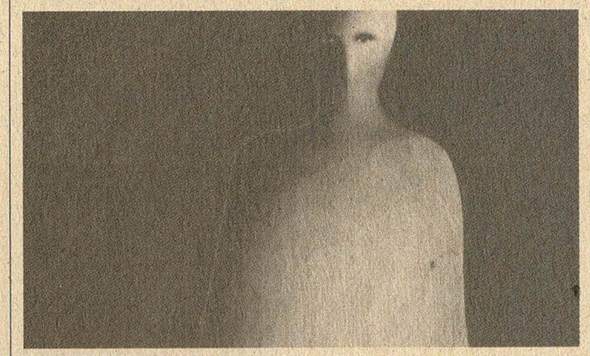
The gloom did not relent in Singapore. Of all the cities I visited, it is the furthest from what one would call a "sex capital"—unless your kink is watching other people eat dogs. The city of Singapore doesn't even have an established hooker district for tourists. I didn't care. I had the kind of desperation that forces impotent old men to hang themselves, hoping to cut the rope at the last minute and enjoy one last hard-on. With my luck I would cut myself down and my hand would have fallen asleep.

I decided to go native. A taxi driver recommended a $6-a-squirt massage parlor, calling it over and over "the blowjob place." I had no choice but to settle. The place was a hovellike dive with a line of peasants and coolies in front of it, making me think, from its run-down ambience and poverty-stricken aura, that I was in Haiti. The reason the place specialized in blowjobs, I realized as I groped for a groin in the dark, was that it was infested with transvestites. Handling an oily little dink just big enough not to be mistaken for a clit was the final insult of the trip. Stunned, demoralized, and exhausted, I abandoned my bargain excursion fare and boarded a first-class flight for home. I was so burnt out that for the whole first half of the flight, I couldn't get up enough enthusiasm to take a peek into the sanitary-napkin disposal.

Back in New York City, I am waiting for the exquisite pleasure of being turned down by one of my own country's Queen Bitches. Waiting, that is, until my dick stops seeping some disgusting, gelatinous-green discharge. How someone could pick up a dose without actually sticking it in is a case for Ann Landers. All I can do is dig into a chocolate chocolate-chip double fudge sundae and savor the melancholy delight of settling for second best. OH

An analysis of your subconscious fantasies—what they say about you and how they can affect your life

Dream Watch



ANALYSIS BY DR. ALBERT ELLIS

Louie, age twenty-nine

I work in Seattle, on the ferry boat that goes between there and Vancouver. Because I'm in both places a lot, I have a relationship with a good-looking lady in each town. Sandy, the girl in Seattle, is younger than I, with reddish blond hair, big boobs, and a great face. Alice, my lady in Vancouver, is older and taller than Sandy. She's divorced and has a kid, but she still has a terrific shape. Both keep me happy in whichever town I'm in. But lately I've been having a dream about them both—and it's a dream that's anything but happy.

In the dream, we're in an empty house, high in the mountains. Downstairs is Sandy. Alice is upstairs. I'm running up and down the steps between the two of them. I can never really get involved with one before I have to leave and go to the other, which, needless to say, is very frustrating. I want to fuck, but every time I get down to it, I'm up and running again.

I come naked into the upstairs room, but Sandy has followed me.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT BILLINGS

Alice screams when she sees Sandy. Then they both turn on me! Next I'm tied up on the bed, and the two women start talking about what they're going to do to me. They don't threaten my cock or anything like that, but I'm afraid that I'll get hurt somehow.

They leave me there, tied on the bed, and they go off together, still whispering about what they're going to do to me. I lie there, listening for their voices. I can hear them faintly giggling. I can smell food cooking. But they don't return. I begin to worry that they'll never return. I'm thirsty and try to get my hands loose. The rope won't give, and my wrists hurt. Then, suddenly, I'm free and I start to get up.

Sandy and Alice are there again. They frighten me without speaking or touching, and I lie back down. They come to the bed. Alice says, "You want both of us, baby? Now you'll have us, forever and ever."

Sandy begins to suck my cock and Alice sits astride my face. My cock is getting hard and I'm getting excited. Alice's cunt is sweet, like melon. I feel as if I could stay hard forever. The girls change places, without my knowing it; then again, back and forth, over and over. My tongue keeps licking the cunt above my face, but she—whichever one she is—doesn't come. I want to put my cock inside one of them, but they don't put it in. They just keep sucking and having me suck them.

"I want to put my cock inside one of them. . . . They just keep sucking and having me suck them."

The desire keeps building, and I begin to feel pain. They start taunting me, flopping down on the bed. They caress each other, leaving me alone. Then it's like I'm not there; like they can't see me anymore. I try to rub my cock to make myself come, but now I can't even get a hard-on, although I'm still crazy to fuck. I talk to them, but they don't hear. I want to come all over them, but I feel myself fading and fading until I can't even hear myself, can't see myself. At that scary moment, I wake.

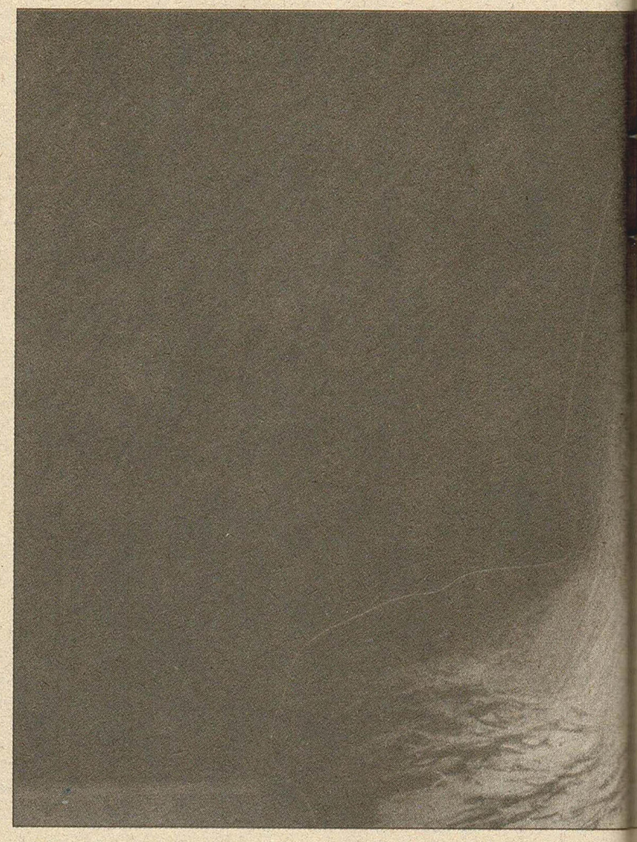
Although I'm usually in a cold sweat and want like hell to fuck whenever I waken from this dream, if I'm with one of the girls, I want to fuck the other.

This dream is driving me crazy. Should I get Sandy and Alice together and tell them the truth about what's going on? Or do I even know what's going on? Sometimes I wonder.

Dr. Ellis comments:

Looks like you think you've got it too good! You are apparently lying to both women and are afraid that, somehow, they'll find out about each other and punish and leave you. So, in your dream you torture yourself by seeing yourself as being thoroughly aroused, unsatisfied, and deserted by Sandy and Alice.

You'd better work on your guilt, permit yourself the luxury of the Captain's Paradise that you, quite fortunately, have arranged, and then decide how wise it would be to tell the whole truth to both your partners. If they can take it, fine! But can they? If not, maybe you'd better keep your big mouth shut and let them know that you are not strictly monogamous, without necessarily giving them all the gory details.



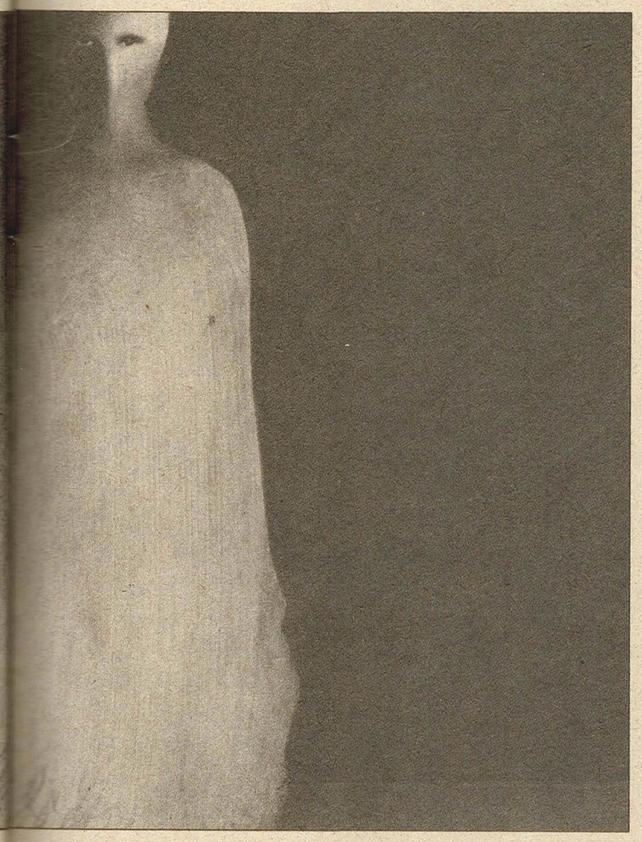
If you can unguiltily continue doing what you are, you will soon be able to decide just how honest you had better be. Open sex-love affairs are often ideal. But in our still jealousy-prone society, will either Sandy or Alice accept such an arrangement? Think before you leap!

Marinda, age thirty-one

My name is Marinda. I am thirty-one years old and have been a college professor for six years. I teach at an all-female institution. My sex life has always been the best, or at least I thought so until recently. I have always been able to get any man I've gone after and I've always loved the sex.

One evening I was expecting a man I had been seeing for a while. I went and took a shower, and afterward I thought I deserved a good rubdown. I reached to the nightstand for the baby oil and started to rub it all over myself. The more I rubbed, the more of myself I wanted to touch. I found myself giving my body the greatest orgasm I've ever had. I quickly fell into a deep sleep and had a dream—I've had this dream several times since then, and I'm honestly beginning to wonder about myself.

My dream starts as I'm sitting at my desk in my classroom. There are nineteen of the most beautiful girls in the college seated in front of me. Seems all right, but these women have only very sheer panties on. There's one girl who has a question about the assignment and approaches my desk. She bends over the desk to point out the question, and her huge breast falls in my face. Her nipple brushes across my hungry lips. As I gently reach up to fondle it, she pulls away and thanks me for the answer to her question.



She smiles slyly as she turns to walk away. I rise to follow her and feel the passion growing inside of me. I want to make love to her! I can't move, though; there seems to be this wall between us.

When this voluptuous girl sits back down in her place, wiggling her round ass against the wooden seat and spreading her legs so I can see the dark patch between them, the girl next to her (a slim, dark-haired beauty with pretty, small tits) reaches over and grabs the large breasts. The slim girl's slender fingers slide over the other girl's stomach, down to her panties. I watch as the graceful hand plays with the girl's panties, moves through the dark, curly hair, and finds the red, swollen clit. The big-breasted girl smiles, leans back in her chair, and spreads her legs wider for the dark-haired girl, who rubs the spot. I can see a finger disappear inside, then move in and out; the big-breasted girl only watches me and moans when two fingers are pushed deep inside her.

Suddenly the whole class is one big orgy. Girls are stepping out of their little underwear, touching each other's breasts with fingertips and tongues, licking each other's bodies, rubbing and tasting wet, red clits. I want these women so bad. I want to feel their soft legs and round asses and taste them, too. But I just can't seem to move to where they are fooling around. It's like there is a wall holding me away from them.

That's where my dream always ends. I'm so afraid that I'm turned on by women. I'd like to know whether this dream is telling me to try and have sex with a woman or not. Maybe deep down inside I honestly want a woman. I find myself actually picturing this dream happening in my classes. Please hurry and explain this dream to me. I'm at loose ends.

Dr. Ellis comments:

This dream does not necessarily show that you are a lesbian, but that you probably greatly fear that you may become one. You therefore dream of other *women enjoying orgiastic sex with one another, but you put up a wall between you and them and refrain from engaging in any homosexual acts yourself.*

Being constantly around beautiful and sexy young women, you naturally cannot help thinking of them sexually at times and cannot help wondering what it would be like to make love to them. You also know *that you can enjoy touching a woman's body, since you can so easily have an orgasm when you make love to yourself.*

So you dream about orgiastic female sex and then you seem to horrify yourself about having such a dream. As long as you view it with horror—instead of with curiosity and interest—lesbian sex will tend to persist in your dreams. Once you realize that virtually all kinds of sex—autosexual, heterosexual, and homosexual—can be good and "pure," your compulsive dreams will probably desist and you will return to your usual forms of heterosexual enjoyment.

"The two men laugh at me. My boyfriend holds me down, and the salesman begins to fuck me."

Felicity, age thirty-two

Where I work there's a very successful, good-looking salesman who reminds me very much of my first boyfriend. This salesman is married, and his wife is a cute girl whom I have no trouble getting along with. We're all about the same age, early thirties. He's often asked me out for drinks, but I always tell him that he'll have to bring his wife along.

For about two months now, I've been having a dream about the salesman and his wife—and my first boyfriend and *his* wife. (First I should tell you that, after my boyfriend and I broke up, we remained friends and continued to live in the same town. We both married, but my marriage ended very quickly in divorce. I still loved my ex-boyfriend, I thought; and I hung around his house, partying with him and his wife a lot. Everyone was doing drugs in those days, and we all took LSD.) Anyway, here's the dream:

My boyfriend, his wife, and I are stoned, and we all end up in their bed together. He's making love to her while I watch. He takes my head and pushes it down to kiss her breast while he begins to finger my cunt. Her nipple tastes strange, like my own breast might taste.

The people in the dream start to change. The couple from my office take the place of my old boyfriend and his wife. The two men are together for a moment, both making love to me. One holds me in his arms while the other slowly thrusts himself inside me. Then my boyfriend is the only one making love to me. He leaves me without coming and rolls over, moving the salesman's wife onto her stomach. He begins to fuck her from behind, and his wife urges him on.

I lie by myself, rubbing my pussy, watching them. Then

"One girl bends over and her huge breast falls in my face. Her nipple brushes my lips. As I reach up to fondle them, she pulls away."

the guy from the office is there again, asking me in an odd, faraway voice, "Do you want to come?" The others encourage me to make love to him, but I don't want to.

I start to get worried that we're all there together, and I feel anxious that someone else will come in on us. The two men laugh at me. My boyfriend holds me down, and the salesman begins to fuck me. The women seem to be watching, but I can't really see them. I feel as if I'm about to come, and everyone disappears. I'm all alone in my boyfriend's bedroom. I can hear a party going on outside the closed door. I lie there naked, trying to find covers to pull over me, but there's only a fitted sheet. I'm ashamed to go out to the party, and I begin to cry.

That's when the dream ends and I wake up. When I awaken, I'm usually wet and horny and want to masturbate, but I have great feelings of guilt. I never tell my present boyfriend about the dream. I think that he might get angry, or even leave me for being too kinky.

I've never had a bisexual experience in real life. I get embarrassed now when I see the salesman and his wife. I once actually blushed, feeling that they could somehow see what I was thinking, recalling my dream.

I guess what I'm really asking is whether this dream means I have a subconscious desire for group sex, or for sex with another woman. I almost feel like confronting the salesman and telling him how much I like him, so maybe the desire—and the dream—will go away.

Dr. Ellis comments:
You certainly are creating and bearing a load of guilt! You seem to be downing yourself for several reasons: because you lust after married men, because you have some lesbian thoughts, because you fantasize about having sex orgies, because you are too kinky, because others will discover how sexy you are, and because the salesman and his wife will know how much you like him and will therefore, presumably, despise you.

Are you unconsciously panting for sex orgies or lesbianism? I doubt it. But so long as you are so terribly overconcerned about what others *think of you, and not what you* yourself *really want, how can you ever find out?*

By all means, tell the salesman how much you like him and see what happens. This may not eradicate your desire for him or eliminate your dream, but it will help turn off your guilt and give you the chance to figure out what you *truly desire. If adultery is your thing, so be it. But you now have guilt without sex instead of sex without guilt. And who needs* that?

Ryan, age twenty-two
I am a college student who is single and male. I am religious and feel guilty about my sexual deviation: I am a transvestite. I fall in love with women all the time, but I've never dated a woman I really cared for. On the day of my dream my younger brother came home from college. Also, on the bus that day I saw a girl about my age whom I've admired for over a year for her animal sexuality.

In the dream I am in my living room at night, talking to my brother. A table lamp is on behind us. Suddenly I see a duplicate of my brother walk past the living room into the kitchen where my parents are. I can hear them talking. I tell my brother on the couch next to me what is happening, but he won't believe me. I'm afraid a duplicate of me will come walking through the front door. Then my brother's duplicate comes into the living room and confronts him.

The next thing I know, I am the sexy girl sitting near the back of an almost empty Greyhound bus that is going through a residential street lined with trees. I am delighted to be a woman. I feel as though I could just jump in bed with any man. Then I am woken up by the telephone.

In real life, the thought of me as a man having sex with another man really does repulse me. I like heterosexual love but think I'd like to be the woman, not the man. What's this all about?

Dr. Ellis comments:
Because you are a transvestite and like to dress in women's clothing, I think you see yourself as both a man and a woman—hence the idea of a duplicate or a double person in your dream. Actually, male transvestites are usually quite heterosexual; but they enjoy some feminine ways and may pride themselves on being able to pass as women when fully clothed.

In your case, your desires are heterosexual but the sex role that you would like to take is sometimes feminine. Millions of males feel this way but many are ashamed to act out their desires by cross-dressing. If you will accept yourself with your feminine tastes and not put yourself down for leading a "double" life, you can be quite successful in your heterosexual life—and find women who like men who are not too macho and who sensitively cultivate the more feminine side of their personality.

"Dreamwatch" is a regular column that will try to interpret your dreams, to see what their "real" or underlying meanings are, and to determine what you can possibly do to fulfill these meanings—or to change them when they are encouraging you to engage in self-defeating behavior. Dreams, of course, may have many interpretations, none of which may be perfectly accurate or "true." To make the interpretations in this column more correct and useful, it is best that when you submit a dream for consideration, you include the following information: (1) Describe the dream itself, with its main details. Be as specific and graphic as possible. (2) Give your age, sex, marital status, and vocation. (3) Tell something about your present life condition, especially things you are worried or bothered about in your love life. (4) Note any significant or unusual event that occurred during the day or night preceding your dreams. (5) Give your own personal interpretation of what you think your dream may mean. Readers who wish to have their dreams analyzed and printed in the magazine should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Dreamwatch," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

TYPE CASTING

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Forty-five questions to help you find if your body matches your mind.

PSYCHOGRAPH

Are you walking around in the wrong body? Do you have a fat man's mind lurking within the body of an aesthete, or a poet's brain imprisoned in a body that really belongs to the Incredible Hulk?

Answer the forty-five questions in this psychograph and you'll find out.

During the past few decades psychologists have discovered that many popular clichés pertaining to physique and personality seem to have a substantial basis in fact. Skinny, birdlike guys really are more likely to be nervous and jumpy, while chubby types do indeed tend to be jolly bon vivants.

If you've ever sat through a course in basic psychology, you've probably heard about endomorphs, mesomorphs, and ectomorphs. And if you haven't, that's okay, because you're going to hear about them now. These terms apply to the three basic types of people. Endomorphs are your roly-poly, good-natured fat slobs; mesomorphs are well muscled, dependable go-getters; ectomorphs are thin and intense, with a marked tendency to be brainy and weird.

Obviously, not everybody falls precisely into one of these three categories. Most people, in fact, are a blend of all of them. Nevertheless, while you may exhibit traits from all three categories, one type is likely to predominate. This quiz can give you an idea of which temperamental category you fall into and of whether or not your temperament matches the physique generally associated with it.

The pioneer in this field of psychological research was William Sheldon, whose principal findings were published during the 1940s and early 1950s. Sheldon, a medical doctor as well as a Ph.D. psychologist, spent his life studying the personality traits and anatomy of 45,000 men. He poked and probed these guys, barraging them with mental tests and measuring everything from the size of their genitals to the shape of their feet. By carefully comparing, categorizing, and correlating his data, Sheldon discovered that there seem to be three basic body types and that each of them tends to go hand in hand with a distinct set of personality traits.

No one is quite sure why the shape of one's body seems to be so profoundly linked with the temperament of one's mind. There may be some deeply buried genetic influence, but it's also possible that simple parental behavior could be the determining factor. (After all, if you were a parent, wouldn't you probably treat a pudgy, happy-go-lucky baby differently from a scrawny, high-strung one?)

Recent studies also hint that we aren't completely at the mercy of the body type we're born with or its associated temperament. We can—through exercise and/or diet—alter our physique to a considerable degree. Interestingly, when this happens, our temperament is likely to change as well, reflecting traits associated with the newly acquired body type. One study, for instance, found that men who jogged regularly for six months became more assertive and self-confident. In short, as their physiques became more muscled and athletic (mesomorphic), their minds also took on the typical characteristics of the mesomorph.

It's extremely important on this psychograph to answer the questions with rigorous honesty. On all the items in the three sections below, give yourself (in the margin) *five points* if the statement applies *very strongly* to you; *four points* if it applies *quite a bit*; *three points* if it applies *somewhat* or *moderately*; *two points* if it applies *only a little*; and *one point* if it *never (or almost never)* applies to you.

PART ONE

1. When I sit down, I usually assume a relaxed posture; I'll sprawl all over a chair rather than sit up straight.
2. I like a soft life; whenever possible I surround myself with things that give me the maximum physical comfort.
3. I'm relatively slow to react both physically and mentally. You won't, for example, find me bursting into anger over some little thing. Nor will you find me excelling in sports that require quick reactions.
4. Eating is one of my favorite pastimes.
5. I especially value dining out and eating with friends.
6. After a good meal, I like to just sit back and relax. The idea of eating and then doing something else—like going to the movies or the theater—doesn't appeal to me.
7. I like tradition, manners, and ceremony. Given the choice, I'll always select white tie and tails over blue jeans.
8. I love having lots of people around.
9. I have a strong need to be loved. I get very uncomfortable when I feel people don't approve of me.
10. I have a relatively placid, even personality. I don't experience violent swings of emotion.
11. I have very few sleep problems. I sleep deeply and easily.
12. When I drink, I usually become even more relaxed than I normally am.
13. When I feel depressed or anxious, I like to talk about it with other people; that's when you need them the most.
14. I have quite strong ties with my family, and I remember my childhood as an enjoyable time.
15. I believe you should live and let live. There's no need to get upset about other people's lives or to try and change them.

PART TWO

1. If you saw me walking down the street, you could tell I'm someone with drive and purpose.
2. I love taking chances. I'll do anything that smacks of risk and adventure.
3. If I don't get regular, strenuous exercise, I begin feeling frustrated and out of sorts.
4. I'm a tough-minded person. Other people's problems don't really interest me.
5. I don't like feeling hemmed in. Cramped, closed-in spaces or situations tend to make me feel uncomfortably claustrophobic.
6. I'm extremely competitive.
7. I'm able to endure pain quite well. I don't think I feel pain as much as some people do.
8. I wouldn't mind doing "cruel" jobs that others didn't want to do. I would, for example, be a good hatchet man for a large corporation whose job was to fire people. Somebody has to do it, and I like the feeling of control and power.
9. I talk loudly and forcefully.
10. I've always looked old for my age.
11. When I get up in the morning, I feel strong and ready to meet the day's challenges.
12. When I drink, I tend to get loud and aggressive.
13. When I feel depressed or anxious, I go out and *do* something. Any activity is preferable to sitting around moping.
14. I believe you should come out and say what you mean. Too many people beat around the bush and are afraid to say what they really think.
15. I've always tried to live up to the goals and objectives I set for myself when I was young.

PART THREE

1. Privacy is extremely important to me.
2. My movements and posture are generally constrained. When I sit in a chair, I sit up straight.
3. I don't like schedules and routines. To other people, my life probably looks disorganized.
4. I'd often prefer staying home to going out to any other place I can think of.
5. I worry a lot.
6. My moods are totally unpredictable. One minute I can be happy, and then the next minute I'm sad.
7. I don't often raise my voice and I like a quiet environment.
8. I'm not good at meeting people. I get extremely nervous and withdrawn in social situations.
9. I'm not good about pain. I'm very sensitive to it.
10. I often don't sleep well and feel tired when I'm awake. My sleeping schedule often varies wildly from night to night.
11. I've always looked young for my age.
12. I don't like sharing my feelings with other people. I'd prefer to be alone when I'm depressed or anxious.
13. I don't think childhood is something to get nostalgic about. I think I'll enjoy my older years more than my younger ones.
14. I'd hate living in a place that was sunny all the time. I actually enjoy wet, gray weather.
15. I don't particularly like to drink. Drugs of all types don't interest me much.

SCORING AND INTERPRETATION

Your overall score isn't important. What you want to find out is *which of the three parts you scored highest on*.

• If you scored highest on Part One, you have a temperament normally associated with endomorphs. You are likely to be a lover of life: someone who values freedom and who takes things one day at a time. You're probably a strong believer in the maxim "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." (In fact, the extraordinary pleasure you take in living may imbue you with a stronger-than-average fear of death.)

Sexually, you may be less active than other men. This doesn't mean you're impotent, sterile, or a closet queen. It just means you tend to value other comforts and pleasures more.

Men in this category are likely to have rounded bodies and a tendency toward fat. Even when they're not overweight, they give the impression of being good-natured pudgies.

• If you scored highest on Part Two, you are likely to be a mesomorph. The theoretical "average man" comes from this category. Physiques tend to be hard, strong, and powerful. When these guys get fat, they look chunky, not chubby.

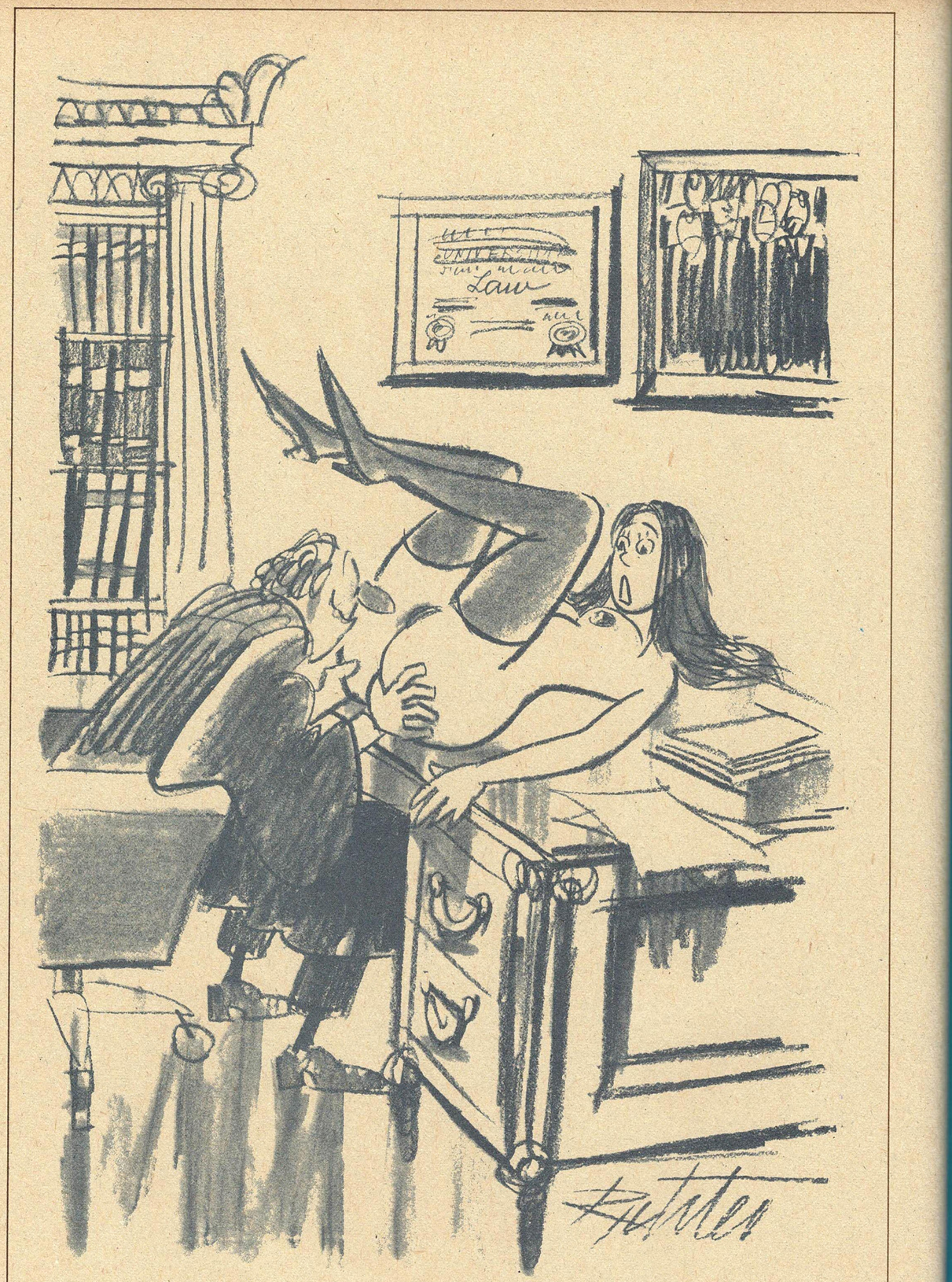
Mesomorphs believe in pushing relentlessly toward their goals; they rarely take much time for soul-searching. They are the managers and achievers in our society. In politics and religion, these men sometimes experience sudden (and, to others, alarming) conversions. They can be dyed-in-the-wool atheists one day and born-again Christians the next. And they'll believe their new faith as fervently as the one they've just discarded.

• If you scored highest on Part Three, you are likely to be an ectomorph. This is the category from which many of mankind's saints and geniuses come. They are dreamers and idealists who are usually harder on themselves than on others. They often have very high sex drives, but can easily become sexually frustrated because they also tend to be very inhibited. They are nervous and often compulsive in the attention they pay to details.

Physically, such men tend to be thin. In peak condition, they may resemble pro basketball players: lanky and lean. But when they are out of condition, these guys look as if they swallowed a basketball. They develop slouches and potbellies, while retaining their sunken chests and skinny arms and legs.

• If your scores were relatively close in two, or in all three, categories, you are probably a blend of body-type characteristics. (An alternative explanation may be that you haven't really examined yourself honestly and carefully, in which case you're likely to be a mesomorph—a Part Two type—no matter what your scores were.)

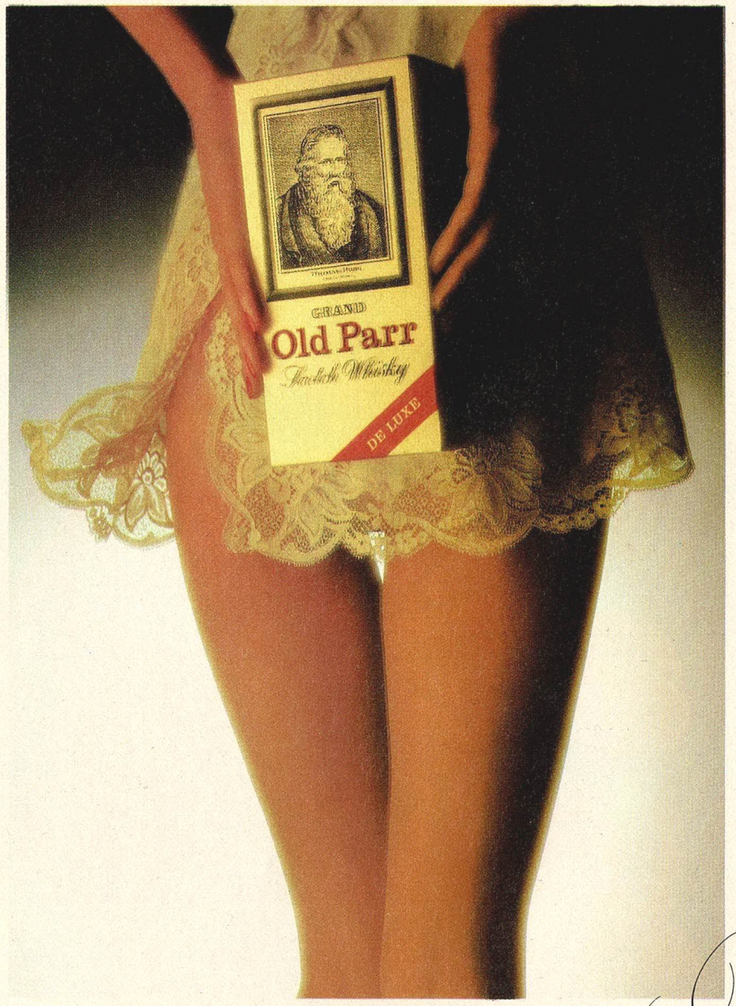
When you're a blend of categories, the possible combinations are incalculable. You may be a grouchy fat man or a convivial thin man. You may have heavy thighs and a narrow torso. You may have a powerful build and a dreamer's mind. Items on which you gave yourself four or five points will give you a clue to characteristics that are strongest in you.



"Hold it a second. Are you sure it's legal in this state?"

Rothmans
SPECIAL MILD
Rothmans
KING SIZE
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
SPECIAL MILD
ROTHMANS OF PALL MALL LONDON EST 1890
Mildness
and flavour–
perfectly balanced.

"All I can give a man who has everything is more of the same".



Old Parr De Luxe Scotch Whisky

Old Parr

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

who is a free bird in every sense of the word. Let her go and do as she wishes. The future will tell whether or not her feelings are genuine.

TOYING AROUND

I learned at an early age, fourteen, to be exact, that showing a little extra leg or unbuttoning an extra button could make life a little easier. Even in my present job as a legal secretary, I know my boss enjoys peeking and is very lenient on me if I am late or make a small bungle in the office. The clients (men only, of course) also enjoy the days I don't wear a bra under my slightly tight sweaters, which allows my nippies to poke against the fabric. Clients are never impatient while waiting as long as they can see a little extra skin. Some clients return to my desk several times to ask dumb questions and to have another look down my blouse or at my legs. While I type, the clients have a good view of me, as I usually pull up my skirt or dress a little or arrange for the slit in my skirt to be at the right place for them to see well. I love to wear dresses with buttons on the front. This allows me to really operate. I unbutton down from the neckline and up from the hemline. I rarely wear a slip, so as not to hide my legs, but occasionally I must wear one, so I wear something sheer.

My favorite outfit of all, though, is my green, opaque wraparound dress. I usually wear a sexy, lacy, and skimpy bra, as my 34B breasts are quite firm and don't need any support. That little bit of lace dresses them up to the liking of the clients. I wear panties to match the bra and sheer-top pantyhose. When I sit down, I just let the dress open around my legs, which, I have been told several times, are great. When typing in this dress, I can give quite a leg shot from the side. I even flash a little of those sexy panties too! Needless to say, few magazines get read in my office, but plenty of peeking around them is greatly enjoyed by me. Once I even noticed a man "reading" a magazine upside down!—R.H.

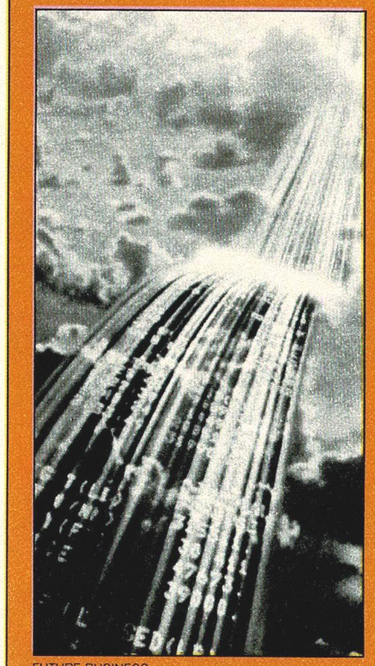
Another cockteasing lady. Well, you sure do keep your men hot and jumpy!

I wonder if you, once in bed with a man, stop his penis from entering your probably oh-so-attractive honey pot. Is he only getting a glancing shot of that as well? Cockteasing can be funny and exciting, but you may cause those men a lot of discomfort when they go home with blue balls.

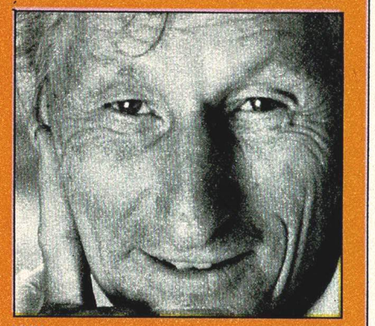
I wonder what the women's movement thinks of your attitude. To liberated females, the woman is definitely more than the sum of her private parts. To you, it seems all there is to you is a pretty sexy body. Have you ever tried to talk to some of the clients, tried to boggle their minds? It can be much more fun than just exhibiting your best physical attributes. OH

THIS MONTH IN OMNI

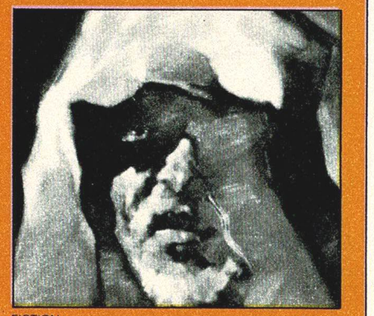
ON SALE DECEMBER 16



FUTURE BUSINESS



LILLY



FICTION

THE BLACK BOX—Addicted to cocaine, barbiturates, heroin? Scottish surgeon Dr. Margaret Patterson has developed a Walkman-like device that she claims will free individuals from drug dependence in only ten days. It introduces a weak electrical current to the addict's brain to eliminate withdrawal symptoms and inhibit craving. At least it's worked for a string of rock stars, including ex-heroin addicts Pete Townshend, Keith Richard, and Eric Clapton. For the full story of the black box, read the January *Omni*.

JOHN LILLY—"On vitamin K, I have contacted the creators of the universe. I've asked them, 'What's your major program?' They answered, 'To make you guys evolve to the next levels, to teach you, to kick you in the pants when necessary.' " So says one of the most exotic scientists to have his body inhabit the twentieth century. Although Lilly has conducted rigorous research in neurophysiology, his name is synonymous with drug-induced voyages, sensory-deprivation tanks, and talking dolphins. Is he crazy, too brilliant for his peers, or both? Read the John Lilly interview in *Omni* this month. It may alter your states.

BUSINESS AT THE MILLENNIUM—What is going to be the hot investment of 2001? What careers will all the bright young fast-trackers be pursuing in the twenty-first century? What job skills must we learn for the job market of the 1990s and beyond? Which five national economies will boom in the future? Find out the answers to these questions in this month's *Omni*.

OMNI LAURELS (AND HARDYS)—An annual review of the worst science stories of the year once again includes a roster of redoubtable researchers who carved their names into the sands of time. Readers will encounter a clever theory about how we can reap natural gas by breaking down diamonds, the joys of coaching cockroaches, fears that the sun is only slightly farther away than the moon, the world's first biochemical songbook, and the world's last days, according to seers who were embarrassed to survive their own predictions. *Omni* presents a whole year seen through a glass, darkly, of prune juice.

FICTION—In Kate Wilhelm's "The Mind of Medea," two biologists try to unravel a mystery. How can the native animals on the planet Medea, called fuxes, seem to be so intelligent but so short-lived? Joe Haldeman has written a tale of a mercenary soldier's life, called "Saul's Death."

Stepping out on the town?
Make it a formal occasion—with the sassy star of
Duke Ellington's *Sophisticated Ladies*

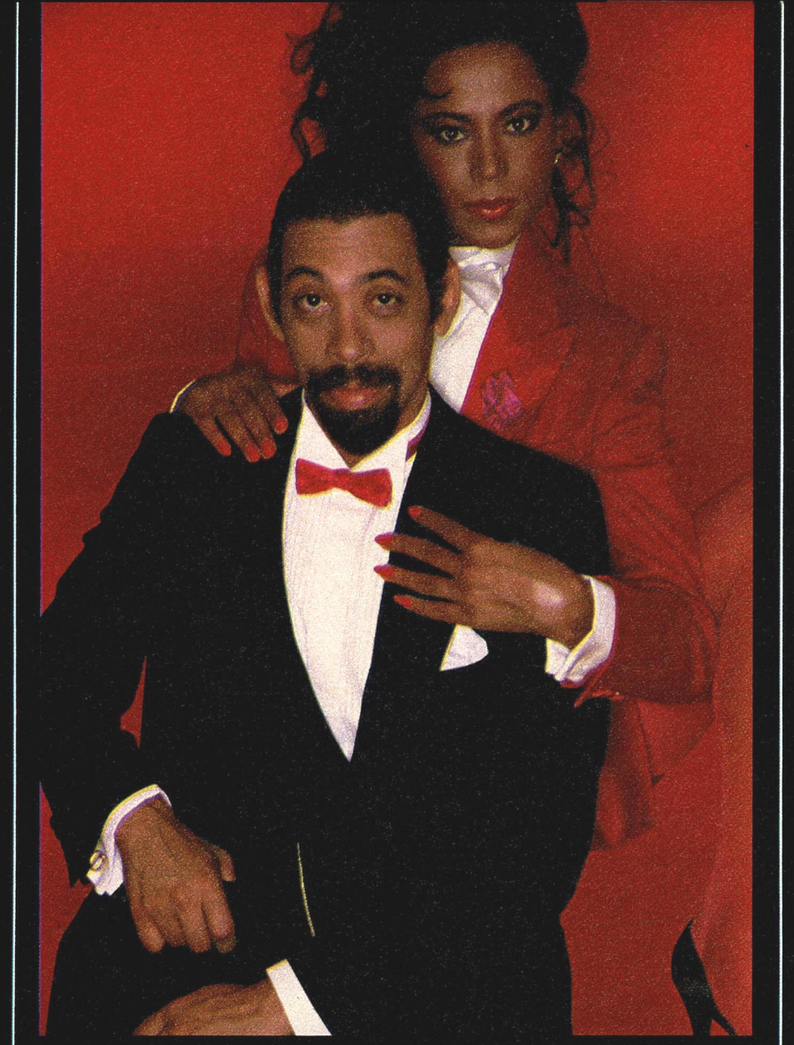
LADIES' MAN

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

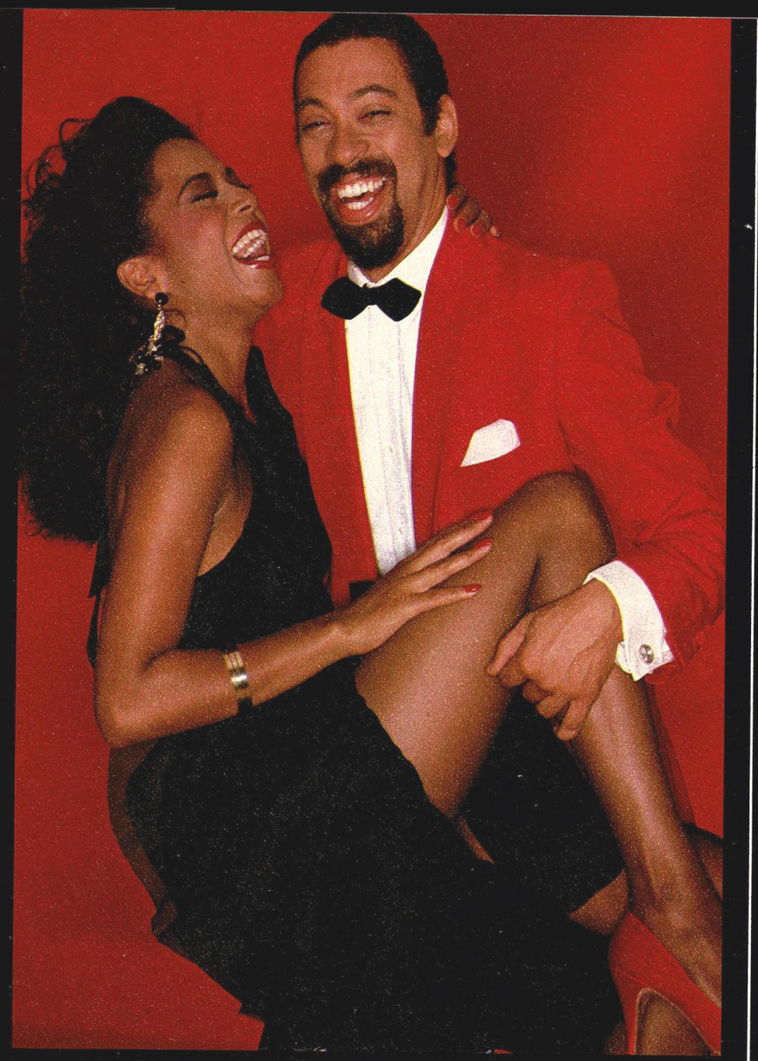
Classic elegance with glamour and flourish. That's the music of Duke Ellington and that's the message in this winter's men's formalwear. And naturally few men look more naturally stylish than Maurice Hines, the high-stepping star of Ellington's smash Broadway musical *Sophisticated Ladies*. A top song-and-dance performer, Maurice twice had the privilege of meeting Duke Ellington. "He was always glamorously dressed. Sharp, immaculate. Everything around him was an extension of himself. Especially his clothes. He was the Duke." For the ultimate in ducal pedigree, nothing so flatters the man as a full-dress tuxedo—*the* glamorous dress for this season's black-tie holiday parties. Traveling to warmer climes for vacation? Be tropically daring in a red or multicolored formal jacket. In these days of fast women and fast-shifting trends in fashion, classic formalwear guarantees a dazzling impression no matter where you take your sophisticated lady.

Ultimate elegance in a full-dress formal suit ($265), with wing-collar shirt ($60), white piqué vest ($50), bow tie ($12), and white gloves ($6); entire ensemble by After Six. Her sequined dress ($600) by Jon Haggins; 14K gold necklace, diamond earrings, and brass bangles by M & J Savitt. White fox boa ($395) by Bernard Teitelbaum, Inc.; cigarette holder by Alfred Dunhill of London. Stockings from Michael Salem.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT SCHULZ

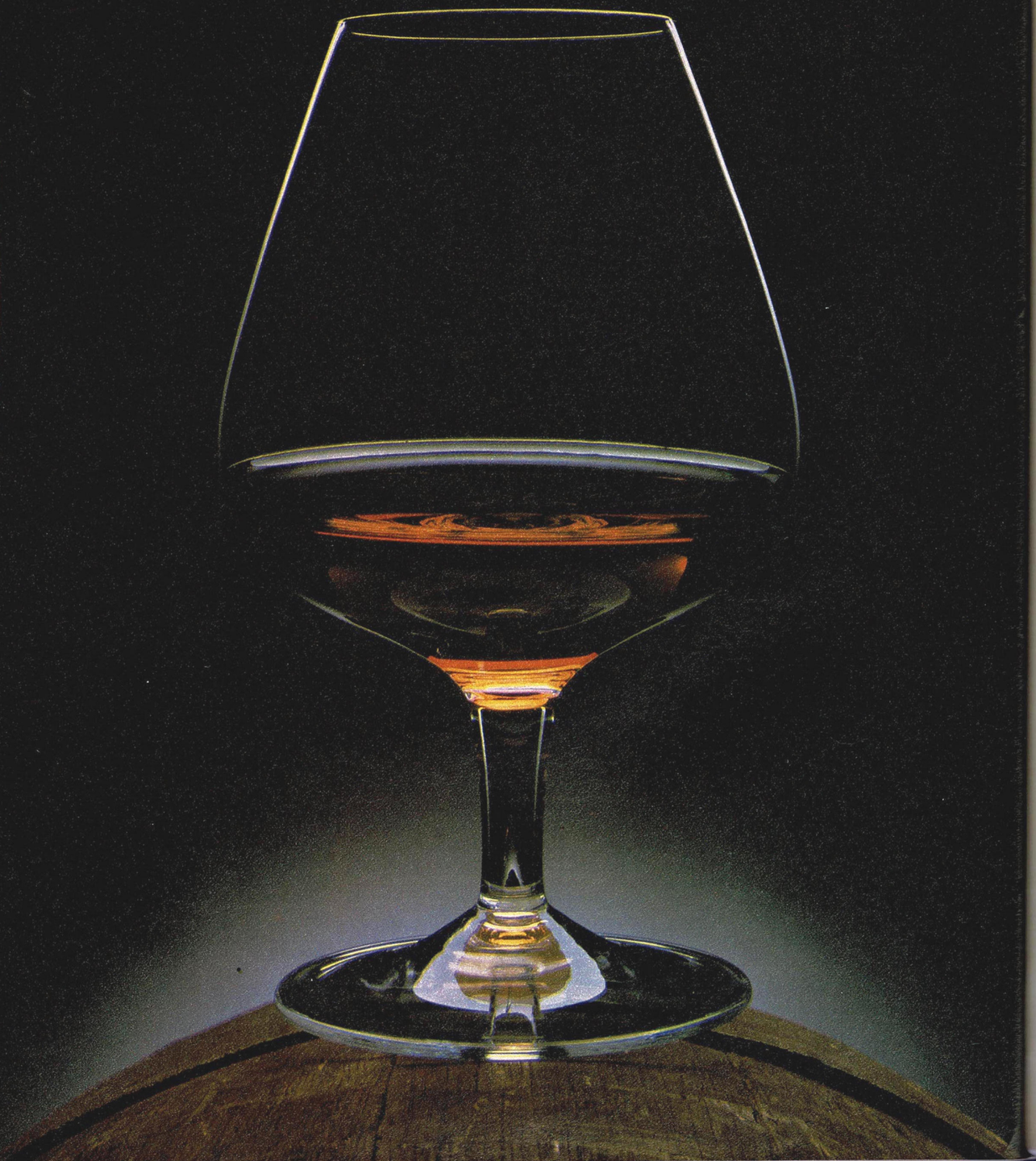


Blue three-piece all-wool faille formal suit (above) features double-breasted vest (about $550): Tiger of Sweden by Gil Truedsson. Shirt ($110) by Pierre Cardin Maxim's de Paris; red bow tie by Vicky Davis; pocket watch ($600) by Omega; gold cuff links ($155) by Dunhill. Her tuxedo jacket ($270) and silk blouse ($116) by Pierre Cardin Sportif. Satin boutonniere by Vicky Davis for Rob Davis. (Opposite) Striped tuxedo jacket ($400) by Pierre Cardin Maxim's de Paris. Formal shirt by After Six. Her dress ($500) by Jon Haggins. Earrings and necklace by M & J Savitt. Watch ($500) by Longines.



Red silk moiré tuxedo jacket (above) by Pierre Cardin Maxim's de Paris ($400). Black bow tie by Vicky Davis; shirt by Bill Blass for After Six; silver cuff links ($145) by Dunhill of London. Her silk ruffled dress ($955) and earrings both by Yves St. Laurent; satin pumps by Stuart Weitzman for Mr. Seymour. (Left) white silk blazer ($210) by Yves St. Laurent Men's Clothing. Tuxedo shirt by After Six; bow tie and satin boutonniere by Vicky Davis for Rob Davis; 14K gold quartz watch ($2,990) by Concord. Her dress ($500) by Jon Haggins; earrings by M & J Savitt; 18K gold quartz bracelet watch ($7,500) by Omega.

For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 212.



Spirited encounters with
those most unforgettable spirits:
brandy and cognac.

FOREVER AMBER

BY ANITA SUMMER

Brandy. The very name conjures up longing looks by firelight, powerful men of state smoking fat cigars and savoring, ever so respectfully, that lush and majestic drink. Brandy *is* a very special spirit—distilled from wine, it's the only spirit made from grapes—and has been around, arguably, since the twelfth century. Virtually all brandy produced domestically comes from California. The most famous imported brandy comes from the small French region of Cognac where 250 acres of vineyards produce a drink so distinctive, so imbued with the powers of romance, medicinal magic, and mystery, that few ever forget its spell. Of late, both brandy and cognac have been enjoying a tremendous resurgence. Sales are up; more and more people are discovering brandy's special joys. And, of course, all brandy-lovers love to relive the memories—as evidenced by the folks below, who share a few of their unforgettable encounters with the king of spirits.

DOLLY PARTON, *recording star-actress*
We grew up in the Smoky Mountains, where very few people lived. Our closest neighbors were a dog's age away. Doctors making house calls were unheard of in those parts, unless you were real bad sick—and I do mean real bad! So when we got sick, Momma would always read to us from the Bible, and that would be followed by a visit from Dr. Brandy. We used him for *everything*—common colds, the flu, cramps. He didn't always work, but the cure sure was a hoot.

DAVID BRENNER, *comedian*
My father was in vaudeville, and when it seemed as though I was destined to follow his example, he told me what he always did before going out onstage, to keep himself in good mental and physical shape. He played with a button on his suit (early worry bead), told himself "You're the best in the world," and took a shot of brandy.

RONA JAFFE, *best-selling novelist*
My most memorable glass of brandy was the one I sipped during one of Queen Elizabeth's summer garden parties. That was quite a feat, since liquor is not served at the queen's tea parties. Did I smuggle it in, slurp it down when no one was looking? No. Actually, I was not rubbing elbows with the *beau monde*. I was not even there. I was rubbing elbows with the windowsill of my Hilton Hotel room, which overlooked the palace gardens. My Peeping Tom position was such a great one, I felt I was part of the crowd. I wanted to join in, but drinking tea alone is no fun, so I opted for brandy. I had a terrific time downing it, peering out the window, watching all those bluebloods daintily sipping tea, munching on finger sandwiches.

MARVIN MITCHELSON, *attorney*
Humphrey Bogart was the one who got me hooked on cognac. The first time I watched the great classic *Casablanca*, I heard him order "French 75" (a mixed drink, which blends pink champagne with cognac and an ice cube). At the first commercial, I made one the way Bogie had it, loved it, and have been drinking it ever since.

JOAN RIVERS, *comedienne-TV personality*
Even though my Edgar is British and terribly proper, he could never intimidate a New York waiter. I remember one dismal date we had early on. We had ordered cognacs. Mine tasted peculiar, and when I tried to complain, I was at a complete loss for words, so I ended up mumbling, "This cognac has not aged well." The waiter stared me straight in the eye and said, frostily: "Neither have you."

And there was the terrible experience with cognac on my honeymoon night. I rubbed a shot on my thighs, and Edgar ran out of the room screaming, "Bad year!"

RICK CERONE, *New York Yankees*
I'm not a big drinker—it's not part of my territory—so this is why an incident that happened when I was five made an indelible impression on me. I was in the throes of the most awful toothache. Mom tried all the usual home remedies, none of which helped. Then Dad took over. He rubbed some brandy over and into my aching gums. It worked, it really did. What's more, I re-

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW UNANGST

member liking the taste of the "medicine."

LYNN REDGRAVE, *Screen-TV actress*
I really do think that a glass of brandy, my first, was responsible for launching my career. At eighteen, just starting out—in *Billy Liar*, in Manchester, England—I was insecure, wondering whether I had what it takes to be an actress. On that particular night, a bitterly cold one, in the aftermath of a winter storm, we walked home from the theater. Not a long distance, but in that temperature it felt like miles. We decided to break our journey by warming up at a little pub, the New Theater Inn, a popular hangout for actors. I couldn't decide what to have, didn't fancy anything cold, was dying for hot soup, but they don't serve that in pubs. I was told to "have a glass of brandy; it will warm you up." I obeyed. As I drank, I began thawing out. As I thawed, a strange change came over me. The gray blanket hanging over me was slowly replaced by a rosy glow. My pessimism was replaced by optimism. I became confident about the future, instead of dreading it. And the next day, on the stage, I felt I belonged there.

DR. JOYCE BROTHERS, *psychologist*
My first trip out of the country, at age eight, was to Cuba. At the Havana airport, while my parents were busy collecting the luggage, my four-year-old sister and I wandered off to the hospitality suite, where a variety of drinks was spread out for the new arrivals. My sister and I tried them all, never going back for seconds, until we got to the cognac taster. That we liked. We went back for more. Needless to say, when our folks found us, we were looped. They didn't cotton on right away; all they knew was that we were drowsy. I can still hear Mom complaining, "We spend all this money to bring you here, and all you want to do is go to bed and sleep." (That's truly the only time I can remember parental disapproval.) Eventually they found out why our beds seemed much more attractive than the beach. They were incensed and complained to the authorities, who were horrified and immediately placed a guard on duty at the Happy Table.

BURT BACHARACH, *Academy Award–winning composer*
Soon after Carole [Carole Bayer Sager] and I were married, we gave a cocktail party at home. I was setting up bar, which had an area rug in front. I toyed with the idea of taking it away, in case someone tripped over the carpet or spilled a drink, then decided not to, feeling sure none of our guests would be so clumsy or silly. Carole came in, gave the bar and room the once-over, and told me I'd forgotten the brandy. I went for a bottle and, as I went to put it down on the bar, guess what. Right. I dropped the bottle, with a crash, on the rug. All I could think of saying to Carole—who had amazing control and didn't lose her cool—was "Well, I didn't like that rug anyway."

MARIE OSMOND, *actress-recording star*
When I think of cognac, I don't think of the three D's—drinking, dancing, doings—but the three C's—cooking, Christmas puddings, candy. Cognac and brandy conjure up visions of great things being created in the kitchen.

BARBARA MANDRELL, *TV-recording star*
I was eighteen, a newlywed. My husband, a navy pilot, was based on Whidbey Island, Washington State. We were invited to a senior officer's home for dinner. For a junior officer, that was a real honor. And with the honor was the realization: be on your toes. I tried desperately to be grown up in a group where the four other couples were in their mid-thirties. I did my darnedest to be mature—say adult things, ask mature questions, eat the way the other "old" fogies did. Then came dessert, a luscious ice-cream concoction, which hit the spot. The hostess, flattered at the speed with which my helping vanished, offered me seconds. It was yummy, gave me such a cozy feeling, and I began to feel relaxed. All the tension left me. I joined in the conversation, not caring or remembering what I was saying. I can only recall wondering if the others were laughing at me or with me. I was having a great time, and didn't want to go home. What caused the change in my attitude—the ice cream: it was *full* of brandy.

> "My most memorable glass of brandy was the one I sipped during one of Queen Elizabeth's summer garden parties."

NELL CARTER, *star of TV's "Gimme a Break"*
Brandy? It's powerful stuff, all right. I'll never forget the time a good friend tried to cure my sore throat before one of my auditions. After I slugged down a couple of doses of what I thought was cough syrup, she told me it was brandy. At the audition, I was fuzzy, smiling at what were serious, dramatic lines. Needless to say, I didn't get the part. That was three years ago, before I was lucky enough to land that role in *Ain't Misbehavin'!* I was so furious at my carelessness and stupidity that I didn't know whether to drown my problems in a new bottle of brandy or use it to hit my friend on the head. I chose the former—I knew she meant me well, not harm.

DAVID LEE ROTH, *lead singer with Van Halen Band:*
We were having a business meeting at a Los Angeles motel, a real important meeting. I think we were discussing what kind of tour jackets to order. Anyway, we started giving room service some business, and also the bar. Pretty soon, there was no business going on, and no cognac left. The next thing I knew I was waking up in the lobby, much more bruised than usual. So I phoned Al (Alex Van Halen, the group's drummer), asking, "What happened?" He replied: "Don't you remember? It was 4:30 in the morning, and you bet everybody you could do a swan dive off the second-floor balcony." It all came back to me then. I said, "Why didn't you stop me?" He said, "Stop you! Why should I? I bet everybody a hundred dollars that you could do it!"

MELBA MOORE, *recording star*
At Christmas, a few years back, I was giving my girl friend a hand in making the Christmas pudding. She poured the brandy over the top; I lit it with a flourish, leaning forward to make sure the match didn't fizzle out. The result was singed eyebrows. Fortunately, I wear my hair back, so it was kinda funny. If I had kept it long, as was the fashion then, the outcome would not have been so funny.

GRAPE OF ORIGIN

Virtually every country with grape vineyards produces brandy. In France, the most famous brandy comes from the small region of Cognac—and is called cognac. Virtually all brandy produced domestically comes from California. Greece, Spain, Mexico, and Germany also create fine brandies.

Cognac (France)
Hennessy
Remy Martin
Courvoisier
Martell
Mumm's
Salignac
Bisquit
Hine

Brandy (United States)
Christian Brothers
Korbel
Almaden
Mr. Boston
E & J
Arrow 5 Star
Paul Masson
Hiram Walker

Others
Armagnac (France)
Metaxa (Greece)
Asbach Uralt (Germany)
Presidente (Mexico)
Fundador (Spain)

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ALMIGHTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

Liddington was startled. "Today? Of course. Why not, if you think you can get away."

"I can get away. I think I should know what's in my father's will."

"Absolutely. You should. Well, I'll be driving directly to my office after the interment." He plucked a gold watch from his vest pocket. "I should be there by two o'clock."

"I'll be there right after," said Armstead.

As Liddington turned from him to greet family friends, the full impact of his new situation hit Armstead. The lawyer's remark had made it clear: *Much of it concerns you*. Positive reassurance that his father's will concerned principally him, himself. He was not merely a grieving son. He was an heir, an heir to an empire. The king was dead. He was the king, the new monarch of all E. J.'s possessions. The millions and millions of dollars, the newspapers and television stations, the power. This had to be. There was really no one else that counted. His mother had died senile three years ago. There was Roger, the grandson, and a few secondary relatives, but the old man had given very little time to any of them. He was E. J.'s only child, only heir.

The thought of such power gave him a momentary feeling of headiness.

Before he could enjoy it, he heard his name being called. "Edward." He heard the cackle a second time and knew it had to be his wife. He looked off and saw Hannah in the portable wheelchair, being steered toward him by Roger. God, he thought, as he waited, how awful she looks. She was hunched in the wheelchair, shriveled and withered as an Egyptian mummy, her overpainted face prematurely wrinkled. How had she let it happen to her? She was only fifty-eight, his own age, and yet she looked twice as old. Giving in to all those ailments, spending all that time in bed, that had done it.

She was beside him. "Edward," she said, "they're driving the casket to the burial site right now. We should be there."

"We'll be there. Let me get the driver over here." He nodded at his muscular son. "Roger, get your mother over to the curb."

He started to leave, but Hannah's voice caught him. "Edward, as soon as the service is over, we had better return home. You heard the announcement. There may be a hundred guests dropping by to pay their respects. We should both be there to receive them."

"We'll be there," he said with impatience. "After the burial, you and Roger go on ahead. I'll be there a little later. I have to attend to some urgent business first."

"Business? On a day like this?"

He wanted to tell the old woman: The king is dead. On a day like this, a new king must be crowned.

Instead, he told her, "It's important, very important. I'll catch up with you—" His voice drifted off. "—sooner or later."

Hannah and Roger had left in the Cadillac limousine, and shortly after, Edward Armstead's standby Silver Cloud Rolls-Royce and chauffeur had taken him from the cemetery into Manhattan and dropped him off at the aluminum-encased Citicorp Building. He had ridden the express elevator to the twenty-sixth floor and headed for the office suite whose entry door bore the gold lettering: LIDDINGTON AND KRAUS, COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

Ushered into Horace Liddington's familiar office, he enjoyed a quick high of anticipation at the prospects of coronation. The business of the dead was done for the day. The business of the living was all that mattered.

At the far end of the room, Horace Liddington was engrossed in some kind of document—probably *the* document—and with Armstead's entrance he raised his head and removed his spectacles.

"Ah, Edward, glad you could come right over," Liddington said, getting to his feet.

"Wouldn't miss it."

As he settled into the armchair, he saw Liddington watching him with concern.

"If you're worrying about me, Horace—don't," said Armstead. "I'm all right."

Liddington bobbed his head jerkily and lowered himself into his walnut desk chair. "It would be understandable if you don't feel all right. Losing a father—it doesn't happen every day." He shrugged. "But as it must to all men, his time had come."

"I thought it would never come," said Armstead.

Liddington seemed taken aback.

Armstead smiled. "Have I shocked you? I've been in the wings a long time, Horace. I'm fifty-eight. I never thought I'd get a chance to go on. But now it is my turn. At least, I think it is." He took another sip of cognac, and placed his glass on the table. "Is it my turn, Horace?"

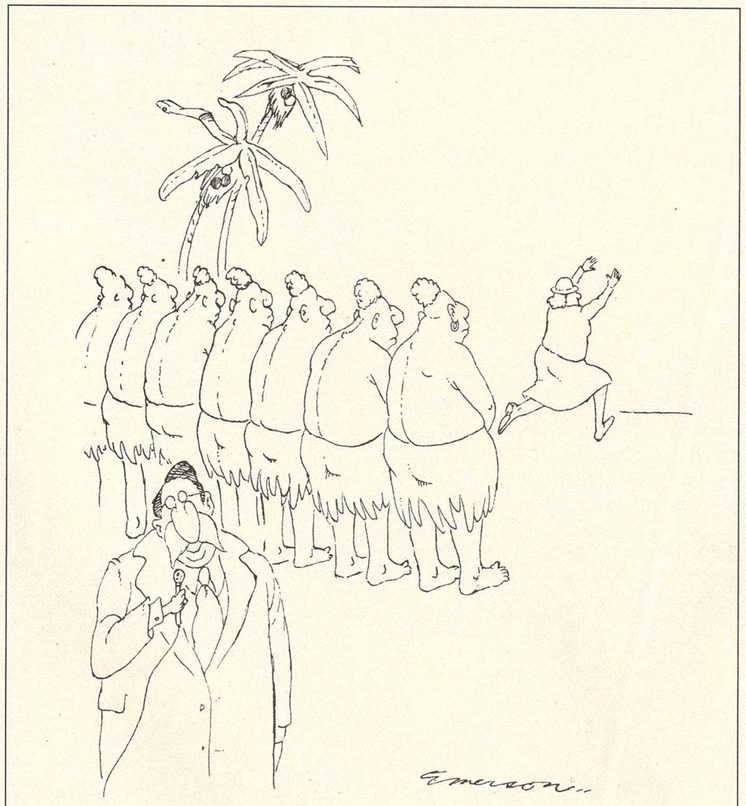
"Oh, yes—yes, of course. You were his only real heir. He had no meaningful charities."

"Well, let's get on with it. Make it official, Horace."

"Well—" said Liddington lamely.

Armstead sat up. "Just give me the essence. I'll read the whole will when I have more time. You can send a copy over. Right now the essence. Did I get all of it? Or most of it?"

"He left you the bulk of his estate. He provided a trust for his grandson—your son, Roger—and he gave the title to one of his seven homes, the château near St.-Paul-de-Vence, to Hannah—to Mrs. Armstead. Of your father's public holdings, he owned half the stock, which he has now passed on to you. Hannah, of course, al-



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IN THE JANUARY FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A WOMAN

Are love and romance really more important to women than sexual satisfaction? Our interview with Michael Morgenstern, author of the best-selling *How to Make Love to a Woman,* answers this question once and for all. By Philip Nobile.

MAKING LOVE THE HARD WAY

Nick Tosches supplies a wildly funny running commentary on the most loathed and feared intercourse positions ever attempted in the line of lust. Discover just what it takes to perform Jungle Fowl and Hounds of the Ninth Day.

THE ART OF ANAL SEX

Although many people avoid anal sex at all cost, more than half the population is sure to find anal stimulation pleasurable. Paul C. McWilliams details why this once taboo source of eroticism has become positively venerated in some circles.

WANDERLUST

Just what goes through the minds of women during orgasm? Lois Draegin's survey reveals that their thoughts range from the dirtiest fantasies to what they ate for dinner.

O LUCKY MAN

The adventures of a man who had the good fortune to make love with three different women in a twenty-four-hour period. If he had the chance, would he do it all over again? Absolutely.

ways owned the other half—"

Armstead dismissed her with a gesture. "Hannah's no problem."

"Very well. The other six homes went to you. There are some token bequests—mainly minor shares in the magazines and syndicate—to some of the old-timers who have been in his employ for years. Perhaps a dozen bequests to various distant relatives."

"But the rest to me? The ranches—"

"Just about everything will be yours, Edward. The mines in Utah and Nevada. Oil wells in Oklahoma and Texas. The chain of markets. The New York real estate. The merchant ships. The art works, except for a few he left to the Metropolitan Museum."

A sudden curiosity prickled Armstead. "What about Kim?" he inquired. "Kim Nesbit."

Liddington appeared hesitant. "What about her?"

"Is she in the will?"

The attorney was still hesitant. "No—not exactly."

"What does that mean?"

"Well, the will is a public document, you know. It can be read by anyone after probate. I—I don't think Ezra wanted to invite speculation about his relationship with Miss Nesbit."

"Did he let her keep her condo?"

"He gave it to her years ago. And he made her a cash settlement. A generous arrangement. She will always live in comfort."

"I see." Armstead put a lighter to his cigar, and puffed. "Now back to me, Horace. How much of the estate did he leave me?"

"As I said, the bulk of it. About three quarters of it."

"I only understand numbers, Horace. How much?"

"I should estimate—a worth of over a billion dollars."

Armstead sat down. After a brief silence, he spoke. "Horace, where's the zinger?" he inquired placidly.

"The zinger?"

"The needle, the shiv. You can't tell me the old man went to the grave and just left me everything without trying to needle me some way, exert some influence on me after he was gone, make something difficult?"

"Well—" Liddington hesitated momentarily. "I repeat, he left you the bulk of his estate."

"Clean?" persisted Armstead. "No ifs, ands, or buts?" He had a sudden intuition.

"The newspaper," he said. "Does the estate include the newspaper?"

"The newspapers," Liddington corrected him. "He had liquidated most of them, as you know. But there are still five left."

"I'm interested in only one," said Armstead sharply. "The New York *Record,* his flagship paper. The others are rags. But the *Record,* that could be important." He held on the attorney's face, and detected a certain evasiveness. "He left me the *Record,* didn't he?"

"Ah, yes," said Liddington. He fumbled with the pages of the document. "Yes, I was about to get to that."

"What's there to get to?" said Armstead impatiently. "It's his one possession that matters to me. That paper made him famous, until he became inattentive. I grew up on that paper. I know what to do with it. It is mine now, isn't it?"

Liddington was turning the pages of the will. "Well, yes and no," he said. He found what he wanted and reread it to himself. "Concerning the New York *Record*—there is a restrictive clause—"

"What kind of clause?"

"You are to have the New York *Record,* of course. But conditionally for a trial year. During that year, you must at some point exceed the daily circulation of the *New York Times.* If you can do that just once, the paper is yours, permanently. If you fail, the newspaper must perforce be sold to Paul Eldridge of the *New York Times.* Eldridge had made your father an offer some months before his death. But, of course, that clause is inoperative if—"

"The bastard!" Armstead burst out. He was livid. "I knew it was too good to be true. There had to be a zinger. I knew E. J. had to shiv me somewhere. He knew what that paper means to me. He knew it hasn't topped the *Times* once since 1954. He set up a condition that he knew couldn't be met. He didn't want to appear the bastard that he was. He wanted to show the world he was the good parent, leaving me what I want most, and then being sure I lost it. He wanted to show the world what he always believed—that I am incompetent, not worthy—"

"Wait a minute. Hold on, Edward," Liddington broke in, trying to placate him. "Even if you lost the paper, you'd get the money from its sale. You could start another newspaper in New York."

"You don't understand," said Armstead angrily. "You didn't know him the way I did. After a point, he never cared about money, and neither do I. He cared about his newspaper. It had made him—made him internationally famous. I was raised on it. I wanted the *Record* above everything else. Having it would give me my chance to prove myself, prove I was worthy. But he didn't want me to have the paper. He didn't want me to have my chance."

"Edward, perhaps you are being somewhat unreasonable. I repeat, you could start your own newspaper—"

"You can't start a newspaper, not these days. A newspaper has to *be* there. It is like a person. It has a heart and soul. It's a friend, a part of every reader's family and life. The *Record* is part of the daily lives of hundreds of thousands of people here—and I could have carried it on, made it more, returned it to its highest glory. But no, he wouldn't let me."

"You can still do so, Edward," Horace Liddington said. "The paper is entirely yours for a year."

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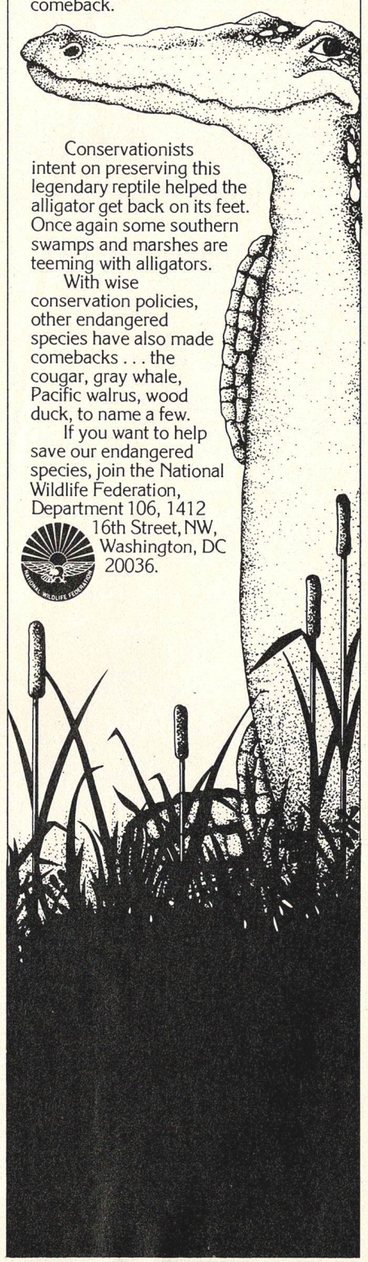

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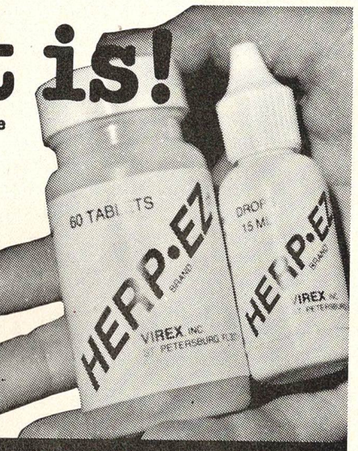

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"A year," repeated Armstead bitterly. "He's given me a year to do what he was unable to do in decades. He knew it couldn't be done. The bastard."

The lawyer made one more effort at reason. "Edward, he must have thought highly of you. He left you almost everything. He left you the television stations, the big one here in New York. Everyone watches television."

"Fuck television," said Armstead. "A picture book for illiterates and morons. Two or three minutes on any one subject. No time for in-depth, for understanding, for absorbing and reflecting. The only things treated with care are the commercials. He left me television?"

"And a billion dollars."

Armstead ground his cigar into a pewter tray. He stood up. "He left me shit," he said bitterly. He shook his head. "You'll never understand." He cast about him. "Is there a telephone where I can make a call privately?"

Liddington came to his feet. "Let me take you to the conference room next door. It's not in use. Can I put through the call for you?"

"It's personal. It's something I want to do myself." He had brought a small address book out of his jacket pocket. "There's someone I have to see."

"I wasn't sure you'd keep your appointment today," said Dr. Carl Scharf, closing the office door and directing Edward Armstead to the cracked and faded brown leather chair directly across from his own sand-covered armchair.

While Armstead sat fuming, the analyst arranged some back copies of the *Journal of the American Psychoanalytical Association* on top of the ottoman before his own chair. Then he wriggled more comfortably into his shallow seat, propped his feet up on the magazines, put a match to his smelly briar pipe, and said again, "I didn't think you'd come by today."

"I didn't intend to. But I just heard his will, and I got so pissed off I had to see someone—even you."

Dr. Scharf puffed placidly on his pipe. "You did go to the funeral, Edward, didn't you?"

"Just to make sure he was dead."

"So you saw that he was dead."

"He was dead as a doornail. I'm sure of that."

"And still you don't feel free?"

"How can I? He won't let go. You should have heard what he put in his will, the bastard."

"Okay, Edward, what did he put in his will that's upset you so much?"

"He left me everything, except what I wanted."

"Tell me."

Armstead launched into a recital of his visit to Horace Liddington, and the contents of the will, and the conditional clause about the New York *Record*. When he finished, he was almost asthmatic with anger. He stared at Dr. Scharf, waiting for his reaction.

"You're a rich man," said Dr. Scharf. "He made you a rich man. It could have been worse. He could have left it all to the Salvation Army."

"Come on, Carl, you know what this is all about."

"Of course, I know," said Dr. Scharf mildly. "I'm just trying to give you some objectivity about your situation."

"He always looked down on me, he never respected me," said Armstead. "Never once did he show confidence in me."

"It's hard for big men, self-made men, who have everything, to consider their puny sons as their equals, and to trust them."

"I don't want to keep repeating myself," said Armstead, "but this last will of his caps it off. He couldn't resist, even after he was in the ground, letting me know how he felt. I wanted to be a journalist, a publisher, right from the start, just like he was. He could never find a place for me. When I was a kid, he gave me a menial job on the *Record*, when it was the leading paper, and I was proud and happy and loved it. But instead of moving me up, he moved me away. Shipped me off to his San Francisco tabloid. Then to that rag he had in Denver. Then to Chicago, which was better. Just when I thought I'd got going, he brought me back here to New York. Did he give me a position of responsibility? No. He trusted others. Me, he made special-projects officer. What was that? I never did find out. Whenever I came up with a new idea—and in recent years the *Record* needed new ideas—he would ignore it. When I protested to him—you know, I did stand up and protest to him—"

Dr. Scharf nodded. "Yes, you did."

"It got me nowhere. He always exiled me to secondary jobs. He forever had me learning the business. That's what he'd tell me when I protested—you've got to learn the business, Edward, he'd say. But Jesus, here I am fifty-eight years old and he still had me learning the business. When he died, I was never more excited or happy. At last I'd have the paper. At last I could show the world. Then, an hour ago, I heard his will, and the provision that unless I could improve the paper he'd destroyed through neglect—unless I could do the impossible—I couldn't keep the paper. It would be sold off. It would be gone. That was his good-bye message to me."

> "The bastard!" Armstead burst out. "He set up a condition that he knew couldn't be met . . . leaving me what I most want, and then being sure I lost it."

Dr. Scharf tried to speak, but Armstead would not let him. The venom in him was running over. He could not stop spilling out his poisoned past. He remembered how well he had started doing on the Chicago paper, and just when he was getting his identity, his father had recalled him to New York. He had been certain that this was a promotion and a reward, that his father had finally recognized his worth, but instead his father had refused him advancement, had relegated him to a back room with a couple of assistants, and had made believe he didn't exist.

"That's when I came to you, Carl. I was desperate. I needed help."

"Yes."

"He had real contempt for me, you know."

"Well—"

"He did. Everybody saw how he treated me, and they treated me with the same contempt. On every one of his papers, his editors treated me like a fool, a relative they had to endure. Only in Chicago, there were one or two people—well, mainly one, the managing editor, Hugh Weston, the old-timer who became the president's press secretary last year. He gave me some respect, knew I was intelligent and creative, tried to give me a chance. But then E. J. yanked me back to New York, and degraded me, and his editors here, they too treated me like a retarded son."

Dr. Scharf noisily emptied his pipe bowl of ash, filled it with fresh tobacco, and lighted it. He peered through the smoke at Armstead.

"Edward," he said, "you own the newspaper now."

"For a year," said Armstead angrily.

"Even for a year. Those editors, they are your editors now. You can show them who's in charge."

"You mean, get rid of them?"

"Build your own team of loyalists from scratch. Are there any experienced newsmen you'd trust?"

"Harry Dietz, of course. You've heard me speak about him. And Bruce—Bruce Harmston. They were with me in Chicago. They were on special projects with me here in New York. They believe in me. They'd do anything for me."

"Then take them to the top with you, and do something about the paper. Yes, you always said the paper was the most important thing you wanted from your father."

"In fact, I used to tell you my father had only two things I ever wanted—the paper and Kim, Kim Nesbit."

"Well, now you've got the paper."

"And Kim—well, of course, she's my father's—"

"Your father is dead, Edward."

Armstead blinked at Dr. Scharf through

"I'm beginning to wonder about the Chief!"

the smoke. He was silent a long time. "I guess you're right," he said finally. "He is dead. It takes time to get used to." He paused. "What about Kim? Does she ever come to see you anymore?"

What Armstead had remembered was that five years ago, during one of the rare times he had seen her, Kim Nesbit had noticed and been aware of his own depressed state. She had spoken kindly to him, almost as a momentary ally against his father, and she had admitted that his father had driven her to see an analyst. She had found a good man, a wonderful man, named Dr. Carl Scharf, and if Edward ever needed someone to talk to, he might do well to see Dr. Scharf. So Armstead had come to Dr. Scharf.

"Do I see Kim Nesbit anymore?" Dr. Scharf was saying. "No. She drifted away. She felt I couldn't really help her. Actually, she did come here one last time, about a year ago." Dr. Scharf thought about it. "She wasn't in good shape. Loneliness can be devastating. She was drinking too much. I hoped to see her again. But she never came back."

"How did she look?"

Dr. Scharf rubbed the pipe bowl against his nose. "Why ask me?" he said. "Why don't you see for yourself?"

She herself had opened the door.

Armstead stood stock-still. All that he had imagined and fantasied for so long was there before him.

And she was beautiful, absolutely beautiful.

She gave a little shout. "Edward! This is so unexpected. I'm so glad you came by." She offered up her arms, and he stepped into her embrace and kissed her on each cheek. The sweet smell of her flesh mingled with the smell of whiskey. "Come in, do come in," she insisted, gripping his arm and pulling him through the entry hall into the vast living room.

Momentarily, the lightness and brightness of the room made him feel giddy. His eyes passed over the multicolor pillows on the lime-green sofas—three sofas that surrounded a coffee table—across the patchwork carpet to the cream-colored grand piano. Near it stood an elaborate television set airing a soap opera, and near that a portable bar.

Kim Nesbit had come into view again. She was trying to draw together her white lace negligee, and apologizing. "Sorry the room's such a mess, but the maid's off today." Starting across the room to the television set, she staggered slightly, then walked with deliberate care to the set and shut it off.

She moved to the portable bar. "Can I make you a drink, Edward?"

"If you'll join me," he said politely.

"Oh, I'll join you," she said, holding up an almost empty glass. "I've had a head start." She touched a half-filled bottle of J&B Scotch. "I'm having Scotch. I don't remember. What do you drink?"

"The same."

As she poured, she said, "It's been a long time, Edward."

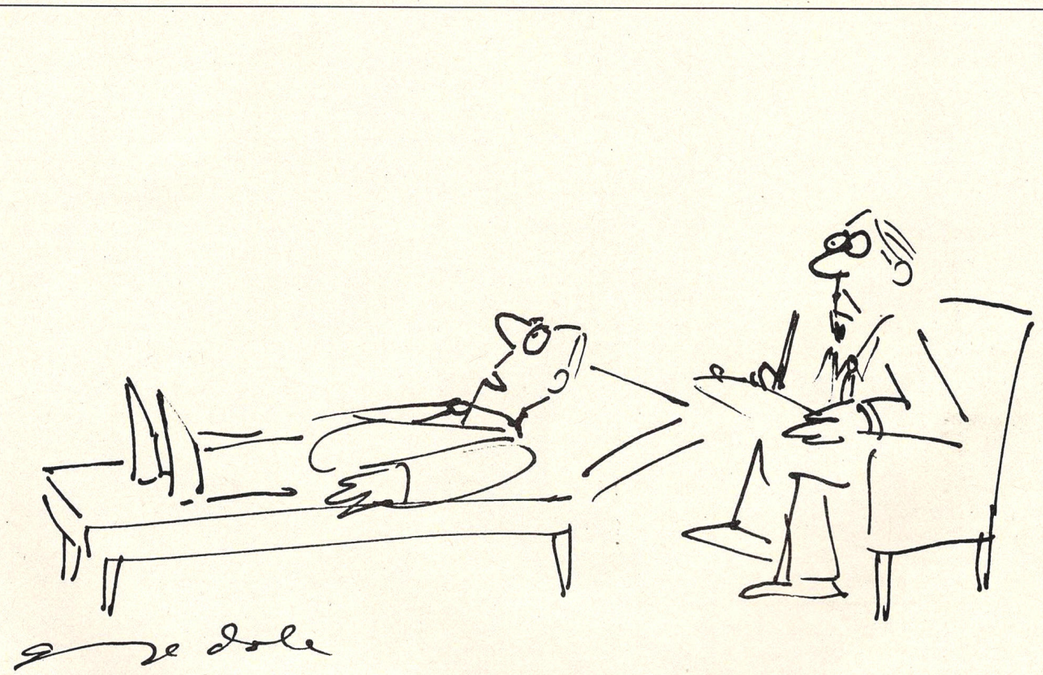
"Eleven months," he said.

It had happened by chance. His father had planned to take her to a play and supper for her birthday, but at the last minute had been forced to fly to Los Angeles. Rather than let Kim spend the evening alone, E. J. had telephoned his son and asked him to escort her. Nervously, Armstead had agreed.

Her presence, that evening, he remembered, had made him feel like an unsure adolescent. After the play, at supper at La Caravelle, he had been mostly mute, unable to take his eyes off her, yet forcing himself not to stare at her. Vividly now, he remembered his mingled discomfort with her and attraction to her—and he remembered how he had envied and hated his father that evening and wondered what she could see in the old man.

She could not have loved him, Armstead had decided. E. J. had been nearly three times her age, and not particularly good-looking. But he had been a power, a legend, and wealthy.

Armstead crossed to a sofa and sat down, once again not able to take his eyes



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off her. Her negligee was flimsy, transparent, and he could make out the outline of one of her naked inner thighs. She was probably wearing nothing underneath, being alone. Armstead studied her at the portable bar. There was something marvelously wanton about her, the way her long, flaxen hair fell over an eye, the way one almost bare shoulder moved, the outline of that fleshy thigh.

It reaffirmed what he had felt when he saw her last. She had retained her beauty, no question: hardly faded, more mature and provocative. She was fairly tall, her lissomely curved body firm yet full at the bosom and hips, her legs long and slim. His father was a lucky bastard—*had been* a lucky bastard. Had been.

He tried to calculate Kim's age. She had been singing and dancing in a mediocre Broadway musical—one that would close down in weeks—when his father first set eyes on her and went backstage. When her show closed down, his father began seeing her more frequently, and eventually installed her in a small luxury apartment near Carnegie Hall. That had been eighteen years ago. Kim had been twenty-one, his father fifty-nine, and he himself thirty-eight. Now she was thirty-nine, and he was fifty-eight, and his father was—gone. She was young, much younger than he, but he was much younger than his father.

She was standing over him, handing him his Scotch and water. "There you are."

He took the drink, absently took a swallow, looking up at her. "Were you at the funeral?" he asked. "I couldn't find you."

"I didn't think he would have wanted me to go." She downed a portion of her drink. "How was it, Edward?"

"Let me put it this way—" He recalled an irreverent story about Harry Cohn's funeral, and he retold it to Kim, ending with a visitor's comment about the huge crowd in attendance: "Just give people what they want, and they'll show up." He did not smile and neither did she. He drank some more. "He was a bastard, my father," Armstead said. "Does that offend you?"

She gave a toss of the bare shoulder. "Not at all. He was never very nice to you."

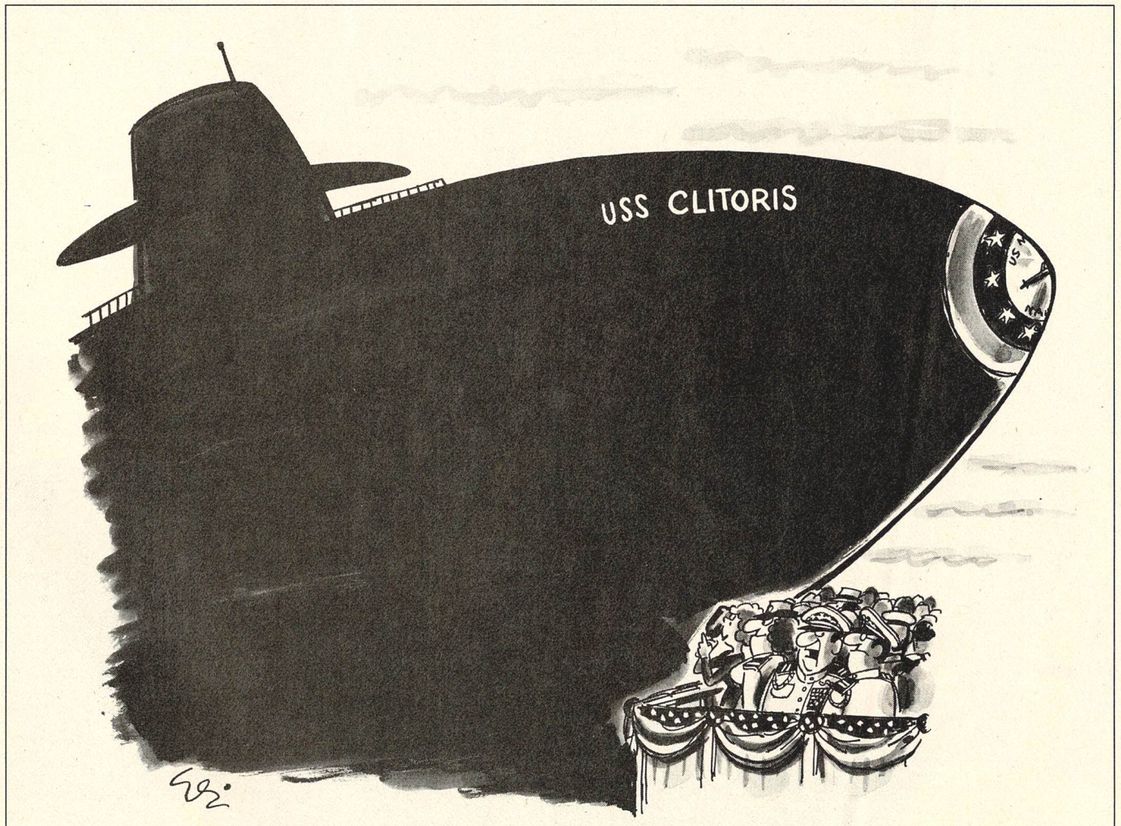
She sat down on the sofa, a few feet from Armstead, inched back against the corner pillows, swung her legs up on the sofa, lifting her knees, hastily making sure the bottom part of her negligee was closed.

Armstead kept his gaze upon her. "Was he nice to you?"

She was silent a spell, taking a long pull on her drink, contemplating the glass in her hand. "Was he nice to me? I don't know. Yes, I suppose he was, in the beginning. I was just a gangly kid. and he was kind. After that, for some years, he was—well, attentive."

Armstead tried to recall those earlier years. His mother, Sadie, had suffered her first stroke and was partially paralyzed. His father had spent more and more time at work, actually with Kim, determined to make Kim a Broadway star. His father had financed five musical comedies to star her. Four had closed within a week. One ran a limping *Variety* season. Kim did not become a star. But she did become an object of curiosity and gossip.

It was after his mother's second stroke, Armstead remembered, a more debilitating one, that his father had bought Kim this new condominium on Sutton Place. He had bought her the entire floor, remodeling two large apartments into one huge one. He had also bought her endless clothes, furs, diamonds, cars. His father had been very jealous of her, concerned about his age and her youth, and he had rarely let her venture out in public. Apparently this had been fine as long as he saw her regularly. Only after Sadie Armstead had died had E. J. allowed Kim to accompany him out in public. But gradually, as his father had become older and had tired more easily, and as he had devoted himself increasingly to chasing honors, he not only had neglected his flagship newspaper but had neglected Kim as well. Eventually, as far as Armstead could learn, his father had begun seeing her only occa-



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sionally. As for Kim, Armstead guessed, afraid to go out on her own, long cut off from friends her own age, she had become more and more of a recluse. A recluse and, he supposed, a heavy drinker, maybe an alcoholic.

He watched her finish her Scotch. "Kim," he said, "when was the last time my father saw you?"

She tried to think. "Maybe six, seven, eight months ago. Although he didn't come around much at any time in the last few years."

"You didn't see him for that long?"

"Not at all. He'd phone once a week. That was about it." She swallowed the last of her drink. "Any more questions?" she said a little thickly.

Armstead hesitated. "Yes. When was the last time he slept with you?"

She tried to focus her eyes on Armstead. "You mean fucked me, Edward? I don't know—it was that long ago. Maybe six, seven years ago. And not very good. In fact, it was never very good. Ezra was just not much interested." She frowned. "I shouldn't be saying these things about your father."

"What have you done for sex?"

"Oh, you don't need to do much when you're drinking. Sometimes I masturbated."

"That can't be much fun."

She stirred, reached around to put down her glass, and started to get up. "I never heard you suggest anything better," she said. Her negligee had come apart above the waist. He could see the milky mound of one breast.

Then she was standing. He could feel the throbbing and hardening between his legs. He fixed on her swaying form above him. "What are you going to do with yourself now? You're young. You're beautiful."

"I'm going to have another drink," she said. But she did not move. "You think I'm beautiful? Are you just being nice because it's today?"

He came quickly to his feet. "I'm telling you I want you, Kim. I want you. I always have."

Her face was expressionless. She wavered, but remained where she was standing. He had her in his arms, embracing her roughly. He kissed her on her open mouth, pressing until he found her tongue, then shoving his body against hers until she could feel his erection.

With difficulty, she drew her head back. "Edward," she said with a gasp, "do you know what you're doing?"

"Just what I've always wanted to do since I've known you."

She sighed. "Yes." Slowly her arms snaked around him. Her mouth found his lips and his tongue.

As their embrace tightened, their kissing became more heated, and he lowered one hand and opened her negligee. His fingers touched her naked flesh, groped beneath her belly downward until they reached the fluffy, soft pubic hair, massaging the distended clitoris, gliding over the moistening vulva.

She began to moan in his ear, her hand fumbling below until it found his erection.

"I—I always wanted you," she whispered.

He scooped her up, carried her down a hallway to the master bedroom, illuminated by a single floor lamp. He lowered her to the downy rose-and-white comforter that covered the bed. Yanking off jacket, tie, shirt, he undressed completely. He could see himself in a full-length mirror, his flat pale-blue eyes holding on himself at this moment of fifty-eight. Just under six feet, thick-set but not fat, sturdy and strong, no blotches and few wrinkles of age. In the mirror, he could see Kim behind him, on the edge of the bed, wriggling out of her white negligee. He could see how young she was, the flawless peach-colored skin, straight, full breasts with large, hardened nipples, the rise and fall of her abdomen, the long triangle of soft pubic hair.

His eyes returned to his reflection, to his penis standing straight out.

He turned around. She was lying back on the bed now, watching fascinated as he walked toward her. "You feel that way about me?" she said in an undertone.

"More than ever." He was on the bed. "Move over."

She worked herself sideways and he was beside her. He caressed her breasts, and pushed himself to his knees. She covered her eyes with an arm, licked her dry lips, lifted her knees, and spread them apart.

He was over her, and between her fleshy thighs, and into the vaginal opening, slowly and slowly, and deeper and deeper between the clinging lips of the vulva. It was delicious, this entry, and as he slid back and forth, he was aroused to a bursting point. He thought that he might come right away, and slowed, fighting it, until the wave passed, and then he settled down to a steady, relentless rhythm, fucking her straight and hard.

After minutes her hips began to rise and fall with him and make undulating, circular movements that quickened and heaved, and she began to emit throaty orgasmic sounds. He was ready, and suddenly her fingers dug into his shoulders, and she was ready. She opened her eyes and began to come, and with that he pumped mindlessly, felt the perspiration in his eyes, and then he came big.

She was slack beneath him, gulping air, and he rolled off her.

"Did you?" he asked her.

"Oh, yes."

Her hand went down to her clitoris, and he pushed her hand away, and massaged her clitoris briefly until she lifted her hips and came again. After that, she had three more orgasms and wanted no more. He lay with his head between her breasts and her fingers played with his mussed hair.

After a while, he lay back and thought of what a fantastic fuck she was, so ready, so warm, so giving. He relived their coupling in his head, and suddenly he felt an involuntary movement between his legs. This had not happened so soon since he had been a young man. But then, he told himself, he was a young man.

His hand found her breasts, and he fondled them, rubbing the large nipples of each, feeling them grow under his fingertips. She came around on her side, felt his growing erection, held it until her hand was full and able to contain only part of its hardness.

She pulled him to her, and raised her knees, and opened herself to him. He rose above her, and comfortably entered her once more, resuming as if he had done it with her all his life and this was a dance they had always done so well together.

This time it was even better, the best. His body was slick with sweat, and her skin was slippery from his, when she came in one long, drawn-out eruption, and seconds later he came, too.

He managed to push off her, and they both lay there side by side, as if dead.

Once, she whispered sleepily. "You're never going to let me be alone again, are you?"

He touched her cheek. "Never."

He lay there a long time, resting, letting his mind wander. He had told his analyst today that he had been denied only two things in his life he had always wanted. One had been the newspaper. The other had been Kim. Now he possessed Kim. She belonged to him. That left the newspaper. It was his for the moment. Tomorrow morning he would go into the publisher's office, remove the pictures from the wall, sweep the massive oak desk clear of its artifacts. It would be his alone. And now, for the first time, revitalized by his conquest of Kim, he felt confident that anything was possible and it could be his for all time. He had told Scharf that he would kill to keep the paper. And now he knew he could.

Satisfied, he got out of bed and walked to his clothes, which were heaped on a chair. He sought and found his watch. It was early evening. He would phone Harry Dietz and Bruce Harmston and have them bring in some food, bring it up to the publisher's office of the *Record*. They could dine together, celebrating, and plan his new stewardship and his ultimate victory over the king who was dead.

Dressing, he looked over at the bed. Kim was breathing shallowly, sound asleep.

Going to the bed to cover her, one thought came to him as he stared at that wonderful naked body.

He and Kim, they had fucked each other. But one of them had also fucked his father. OH

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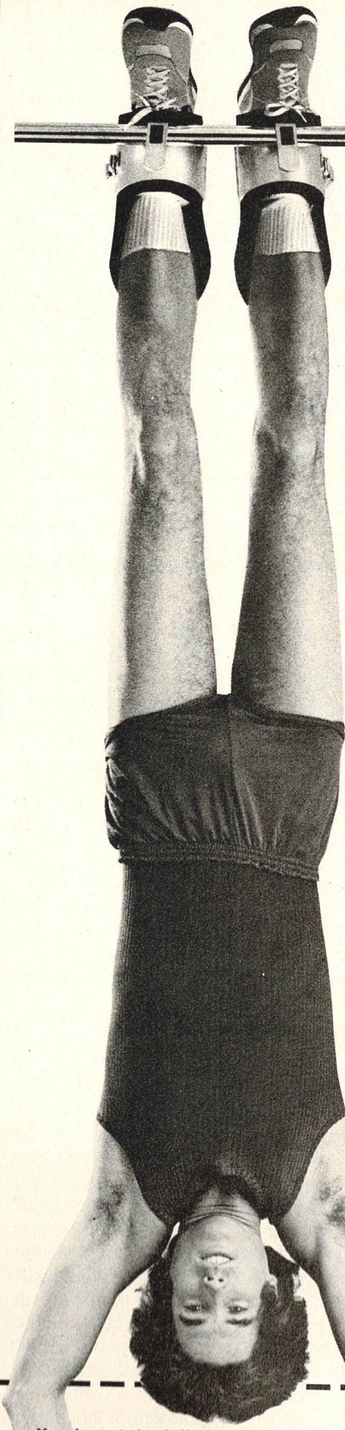

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152

role models out there aren't movie stars and rock performers. The real role models should be the working people involved in day-to-day industry. We live in a world of fantasy here in films; this isn't reality. It's million-dollar make-believe out here.

Penthouse: Do you draw a line anywhere when you do drug jokes?

Aykroyd: I don't think I would snort coke on the screen. I've come to be down on that a little bit because I know how dangerous cocaine is. I refer people to a *Scientific American* magazine article published in March 1982 on cocaine. Coke not only impairs your functions and blows out your synapses, it's bad for the blood vessels, it's bad for the sinuses. It's an extremely destructive drug. And this new popularity of free-basing is tragic. People are admitting all over the industry now how it's destroyed them—destroyed their finances, their work, their souls, their beings, their bodies.

Penthouse: Is it a big deal to you to be a star?

Aykroyd: Well, you know, star spelled backwards spells rats. Every coin has two sides. And being a star is not my profession. I wouldn't call myself that. I think I'm an originator, a creator-writer, you know? Performer is a better word than star. But of course we operate on a star system. There's a lot of pressure for that reason. You have to produce, and you have to be profitable for the megacorporations that back you. That's if you want to continue to be a star.

Penthouse: What if it all ended tomorrow?

Aykroyd: I could adapt very easily to doing some other things. I feel I've reached the pinnacle of success in this industry; I've had a hit movie, *The Blues Brothers*. I've worked with the great directors of our time: Spielberg and Landis, Pressman, to name just a few. I've won an Emmy for my work on "S.N.L." and appeared on television and been appreciated and had people come up to me with smiles on their faces, filled with goodwill. If it all just went away tomorrow, I've done it.

Penthouse: Who came up with the idea for "Saturday Night Live"?

Aykroyd: It was Lorne Michaels, primarily. Also Dick Ebersol and David Tebet, an executive at NBC.

Penthouse: Did they call you for an audition?

Aykroyd: There were massive cattle calls. I went to one, saw the number of people there, and said, "I will not audition. I am not going to do a piece, I'm not going to do a reading, I'm not going to do anything. I'm going to go in and say hello to Lorne because he's an old friend; I'm going to meet the director and then I'm leaving." I was in the room for about a minute and a half. I wasn't going to get lost in a sea of 150 performers. I know my talents and capabilities and limits. I know that I'm best in a one-on-one situation. If you want me to work for you, you've got to hire me and give me a try. I want some faith. And these guys knew my work. Lorne knew me from Second City. We talked about the show and he said, "If it ever comes to fruition, would you like to be involved?" I said, "Certainly." But he hedged on hiring me, and he hedged on hiring John, too. And Bill Murray.

Penthouse: Why?

Aykroyd: Because he saw three turbulent males who potentially could have been harmful to the harmony of the enterprise.

Penthouse: So was there disruption to the harmony?

Aykroyd: All the time. I put my foot through the wall once because I felt the writers were being maligned a little bit. We'd write a piece, we'd set it, and then Lorne or Dave Wilson, the director, would come and say, "This has to be changed." We'd end up changing, changing, changing right up to air time. And it screwed everybody up—the cue-card people, the prop people didn't know whether they were coming or going. So finally I put my foot through the wall and said, "Hey! Let's just do a piece and at a certain point just *stop*." There was a little revolution there, but nothing that couldn't be worked out. No grudges ever borne. Sometimes people wouldn't agree on certain characterizations or on who should be assigned what role. The person left out of a scene might make a fuss. But these were just little things that went on all the time in the natural order of a working day.

> Pick up December's *Penthouse* and read the Belushi article! I really believe that the article accurately described what happened. . . . You get the feeling, reading this, of a vulnerable, beautiful guy.

Penthouse: When the show first started, did you have absolute confidence that it was going to work?

Aykroyd: No, absolutely not. I thought that we'd do seven shows and it probably wouldn't go anywhere. But then it caught on, and the medium was there, the opportunity was there to do anything. So I jumped in and gave my all.

Penthouse: How did you develop the concept of the Coneheads?

Aykroyd: I was watching television and realized that people's heads are only a certain height on the screen. And then I thought, wouldn't it be great if they were four inches higher? And so I just drew that picture up. And after I drew that up and the Coneheads were on the show, I saw this cartoon called "Zippy, the Pinhead." I hadn't seen Zippy before, but he was pretty different anyway. He isn't from outer space and he's just a pinhead, not a conehead. I drew the original graphic up, and then Tom Davis and Lorne and I developed it. It was done in concert—it wasn't just one man's effort.

Penthouse: Is that how most routines were worked up?

Aykroyd: Yes. It was such a terrific thing. The writer could write a piece and then just go down and produce it. He would make sure all the props were correct; he would sit there and nurse his piece along right to the air time. So every writer was really a producer. It was a real workshop. I'd work with the director, with the sound people, the camera people—I'd work on the camera angles, things like that. Everything was done with the cooperation of lots of people, but each individual writer could really carry the ball on his pieces.

Penthouse: Did you have more freedom doing that show than you have doing films?

Aykroyd: When you do a film, it's pretty much rigidly scripted. But "S.N.L." was too. It's funny to say that, because, of course, the effect was supposed to be so spontaneous. But we'd spend eight hours just blocking sketches for the cameras—moving very slowly, taking positions, repeating lines. It was interminable. We'd spend two days of the week just standing there, moving from mark to mark, going through the action again and again while the cameras were set. Those were a really tough couple of days. So then when Saturday night came, you couldn't possibly deviate from the script. Once the script was set and the cards were set, that was it. Do you know I never learned a line for that show? The whole thing was on cue cards. I read every word. Everyone did.

Penthouse: Did that ever cause problems?

Aykroyd: I remember one awful time, when Frank Zappa was on. We were doing the Coneheads scene, which Frank loved. We were all in position to do it when Frank said, "What am I supposed to do? Read these cards?" It totally broke the reality; it was awful.

Penthouse: Why did he do that?

Aykroyd: I don't know. Maybe he thought he was above the whole thing or he was nervous or he didn't like the script. Maybe he thought he was being funny. But in fact the audience sort of gasped. But you deal with that kind of thing. That wasn't the only problem that night. The cone kept collapsing and coming down on my nose, and we were sweating underneath. We used to have to get into those things in a minute and a half.

Penthouse: What does it feel like when the comedy doesn't work?

Aykroyd: Like death. Death on wheels. Terrible. Dying. That's how we refer to it: "I was dying up there." And let me tell you, I have died up there. My brother and I had this routine of two guys who sit down in a restaurant and instead of eating the food, they inhale it whole. So we did this *shluuuuuuuuurrrpppp* inhaling thing. And it *died* on stage. *Nobody* laughed. We thought it was the greatest thing. But we kept on doing the sketch until it ended. You just commit yourself when you start a sketch; you can't think about it midway through.

Penthouse: How often did that happen on "Saturday Night Live"?

Aykroyd: It happened sometimes. Oh, sometimes there would be just nothing. No response, no response. We'd finish a spot, the lights would come up, the applause sign would come on, and there was silence. We always had an applause sign, by the way. The audience wouldn't always know when a scene ended. But sometimes they just wouldn't respond. It might have been a result of weak material. Or maybe it was just an off night. Some audiences were a lot thicker than others. Some were real sharp, some were real thick.

Penthouse: When did you start getting tired of the show?

Aykroyd: I guess in the end of the third year. We started to repeat bits and do them over and over again, and the novelty was lost. And John was called to do *Animal House*. I was called to do *Animal House*, too, but chose to stay with the show to write. Films were beckoning, though. It seemed that we had to move on.

Also, it was very hard. It was a six-day work week. A hard grind, with no outside life at all.

Penthouse: This didn't bother you in the beginning?

Aykroyd: In the beginning, in the first three years it was fantastic, because it was the hottest job in town. We were working in Rockefeller Plaza. There was real joy. And impact in the involvement.

Penthouse: Did it go to anyone's head?

Aykroyd: No, because we knew how fast and how volatile this industry is. We didn't hold any illusions. We thought of ourselves as cheap, late-night television actors. That's what John and I used to call ourselves all the time. And even when we were out in Hollywood we'd say, "Hey, I don't know why we're on this film set. We're just cheap, late-night television actors." And that was fine with me. I was a cheap late-night television actor who made people laugh. That was good enough for me.

Penthouse: Did you have a sense all along that everything was going to work out as well as it did?

Aykroyd: I've always thought that certain things can be controlled, but fate is pretty random. I believe that, to a certain extent, you can direct things to happen the way you want by positive thinking. By negative thinking, too. If you want something badly enough, and you think positively about it in the tradition of Glenn W. Turner and Norman Vincent Peale, then things can happen. You can become great and do great things if you think that way. If you think negatively, negative things will occur. The wild card, obviously, is that you don't really have any determining ability in being able to plan everything.

Penthouse: Do you feel you've reached a kind of plateau now?

Aykroyd: Well, it's still an uphill climb, you know. It's still a struggle. But I've been very fortunate so far, no question. I try not to predict what's going to happen in the future. I never did have any preconceived notions about what I was going to do. Although, when I was twelve years old my parents put me in improvisational classes. And in the back of my head I kind of figured that if I stayed with this, I'd end up in Hollywood doing movies. It wasn't exactly a wish. It was like, "Well, the logical development of this kind of work is the film industry."

Penthouse: Why did your parents enroll you in improvisation classes?

> The perfect woman has a bachelor of science in mathematics, flies an F-16, is a millionairess, and owns a liquor store.

Aykroyd: They saw they had a hyperactive kid who needed direction. I wasn't interested in sports. I had a drum kit, but that was the only musical outlet I had at that time. So they saw that they had a kid with a fast rap and a big mouth, so they put me in classes with other kids like that.

Penthouse: Do you think your fast rap ever gets you in trouble?

Aykroyd: Oh, I sometimes put my foot right in my mouth, no question. I'm sometimes too frank with people—too open and too frank and too straight. I believe in the cards being above the table and I don't bullshit around. I hurt people's feelings sometimes. Sometimes I can make real mistakes that way, too. The biggest mistake I probably ever made was when the rock group Devo came to me at "S.N.L." and gave me their tape. This was two years before they appeared on "S.N.L." I looked at it and I said to the rest of the staff, "Now, I've just seen the worst tape I've ever seen. These guys are nuts. I don't know what they're trying to say, what they're trying to communicate. Does anybody want to look at it?" On my recommendation, they all said no. Two years later Devo was the biggest group around. So I delayed their appearance on the show, and perhaps their careers, just because I felt strongly that this was not the type of material that should go on the show—and said it. After I left, the tape was on in a second. They screened the very same tape I looked at.

Penthouse: Did you change your opinion of the group?

Aykroyd: Yeah, I think their music is quite valid now. I like it a lot. Maybe I helped them! Maybe I helped their timing; maybe they wouldn't have broken that well two years earlier than they did.

Penthouse: Do you like rock music in general?

Aykroyd: Oh, yeah. I love all music. Everything.

Penthouse: Did you take the Blues Brothers seriously?

Aykroyd: Well, we thought it was parody at first, but then we started to get in with these heavyweight musicians and we realized, "Hey, we've got to be pros here." I had to learn how to play harmonica, and I now consider myself the George Plimpton of blues harmonica. That's as far as my ability takes me. Although some would say that I can play decent rhythm harp and I can jam with a sax. You put me in with a horn section, I'll fit right in. No problem. I'm not good playing lead harp. There are much better people around: Kim Wilson of the Fabulous Thunderbirds, Curtis Salgado, who used to play with the Robert Cray Band, Pat Hayes of the Lamont Cranston Band, Donnie Walsh of the Downchild Blues Band. I admire and love all of their work.

Penthouse: What comedians do you admire?

Aykroyd: Phil Silvers, Jackie Gleason, Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz. These are the ones I learned from. If I were to give advice to young people who want to get into this business, by no means would I encourage them, because it's really rough and it takes its toll. But it can be the best business in the world. You can be extremely successful and make a lot of money and gratify yourself artistically in this business like you can in no other. In what other business in the world can you invest $10 million and make back $7 million? This is it.

Penthouse: Are you concerned about doing a movie without John?

Aykroyd: I know I can carry my own. I know that this project is tailored to me. I think it shows off a lot of my abilities. I feel very secure about the project. Obviously I miss having the other motor home next-door playing loud rock music. I miss all the fun it was to have him around.

Penthouse: Would you like to do a straight role?

Aykroyd: It's not a burning desire. I think I've got to ride the peak of comedy for now. I don't think people would be interested in seeing me in a dramatic piece. And I like doing this. I like doing roles that are based in reality, rooted in reality, but then take off from there and get weird and

far out. I like it when the tether to earth is cut halfway through the picture.

Penthouse: Do you think films display your comedic talents more than television?

Aykroyd: I don't know. I think both mediums do it well. Certainly in television I could do more, more concepts, more free thinking.

Penthouse: Do you think some of your memorable television pieces could sustain a movie—the Coneheads, your portrayal of Nixon, the "wild and crazy guys"?

Aykroyd: I think so. The Blues Brothers were just a musical bit on "S.N.L." and they sustained a movie. And I really think Steve Martin and I should take the wild and crazy guys through to a movie. We've discussed it. I think it's definitely in the future.

Penthouse: What is the Dan Aykroyd philosophy on women?

Aykroyd: I wouldn't say I have a philosophy. I wouldn't be so bold as to assume that I could philosophize about such a complex and excitement-filled entity as womankind. I have this to say about women: I'm aware of the male and female sides in all human beings. I have a strong female side. That would be the instinctive, the intuitive, the perceptive side. I think women have a special skill in these areas somehow.

As far as my relationships are concerned, I'm totally heterosexual, always have been, always will be. I've made a decision not to marry or have children. I intend to remain single for life.

Penthouse: Even if you meet Ms. Right?

Aykroyd: I have special women friends who I keep in contact with. A very few. I'm discriminating. I'm not promiscuous by any means. The women with whom I have relationships are women who like a one-on-one thing. And I am capable of loyalty when I'm together with that woman. If we're in different countries or cities, then I don't think that loyalty is practical. If it's for a day or two days or two weeks, then fine. But beyond that, I like to explore new relationships. And I appreciate womankind. I love the company of women. I sometimes prefer the company of women to men, just in terms of sitting and rapping with them. Listening to what they have to say. They take me into their confidence, I think. They get kind of a vibe about me that I'm not into the conquest or the macho thing.

Penthouse: Has there been a great love in your life yet?

Aykroyd: Well, my first one, when I was seventeen.

Penthouse: What happened?

Aykroyd: We still see each other. We keep in contact and get together at least once a year. And that's a true joy in my life. I want to open up a little more to her, too, but it's hard, with my time schedule. It's tough.

Penthouse: Has a woman ever broken your heart?

Aykroyd: Yes. I've been burned badly three times. I would say I got over all of them except one. I don't know if I can be in the same room with her now, it's that bad. She's a real blueblood, that one. An English woman of extremely good breeding and character. I think I was a little below her station in life.

And I almost got married once. I'm still friends with that girl. She's very special. She didn't burn me. Perhaps closer to the end of life I might consider some kind of permanent relationship with her.

Penthouse: Do you have an image of the perfect woman?

Aykroyd: Sure. The perfect woman has a bachelor of science in mathematics, flies an F-16, is a millionairess, and owns a liquor store.

Penthouse: What does she look like?

Aykroyd: Well, you know, I like beauty, but I see beauty in conversation; I see beauty in the eyes before I see it anywhere else. Obviously, I like the type of woman that appeals to the average male, like the type that appears in *Penthouse*—but I'm flexible. But discriminating. Very discriminating. And very careful. I must say, one has to be very careful in today's world of sexual encounter, not to pick up any questionable ailment. And so far I'm safe.

> I like doing roles that are based in reality, rooted in reality, but then take off from there and get weird and far out. I like it when the tether to earth is cut halfway through the picture.

Penthouse: Some people think that the fear of contracting venereal diseases is turning people off to sex.

Aykroyd: I think people are being a lot more careful now. And I will say this about myself: I am perfectly willing to take the responsibility for contraception on myself. I think that the Pill is bad for women. I know many women who can't take the Pill because it affects them in an adverse way. We know that coils hurt women inside; they're not organic. The oldest method known to man is the safest—the sheath—and consequently I have been a purchaser of some of these products and I swear by them. I think a woman appreciates a man who is willing to take on that responsibility. And I'm perfectly willing to do that.

Penthouse: If the perfect girl came along, you wouldn't change you mind about marriage?

Aykroyd: I am pretty well set on a single life.

Penthouse: Does that affect your relationships?

Aykroyd: I'm honest about it. I mean, I'm capable of love and affection and tenderness and openness and all of those things. As far as a long-term, year-to-year thing goes, I'm capable of that too, but not all the time. I'm not going to be beholden to just one woman. I'm not going to be tied down. I can't be exclusively possessed by someone or a possessor of someone. I'm quite honest and truthful about this. I have to have my space to be alone. I have to be alone six or seven hours a day to write. And I don't think I am in a business or a life-style that is contributive to sustaining a relationship. It's just too hard. I see too many of my friends who have been divorced, some with children, and that's tragic. So if a woman wants to know me on that basis, I will be her friend for life, I will be a companion, I will be there for her if she needs anything. So what all this may mean is that I might sacrifice continual warmth and companionship and may end up a lonely old man, but I'll be a lonely old single man. I'll be a lonely old guy of my own free will, a lonely old free guy.

Penthouse: What about children?

Aykroyd: Well, I'm going to be an excellent godfather and uncle, but I will not be a father, I've decided. I've seen sons and daughters of show business people who suffer from all kinds of psychological problems. I don't want to put the stigma of a show business name on someone else. My work will be around after I'm gone; if I had children, they would have to deal with the "Oh, you were his son" syndrome. The kid would have to go through life bouncing off my past. It's not fair.

Also, I couldn't set up a home life for a child. "Hey, where's Dad?" "Well, he had to go off to Chicago to hear a blues band." "Who are you?" "I'm the new maid." I wouldn't want to lay that on a kid. And I wouldn't want to drag the child screaming all over the world or wherever I'm going.

Penthouse: Other successful, busy people manage to overcome these problems.

Aykroyd: Sure, I have some friends that seem to be doing all right. I see some good family situations. But I think I move a lot faster and more frequently than these people. I can't be in one place longer than a month without moving, without just getting away for a week. I have to keep going. Like Richard Pryor, when he caught on fire, he ran down the street and kept running, and that kept him alive. To me it's not as extreme a situation, but in life I have to keep moving—changing circumstances and sights and sounds. And even if they're sights and sounds I've seen before, I'm on a rotating drum that I have to keep moving on. And that keeps my juices going; it keeps my energy up. I don't spend idle time very well.

Penthouse: Have you always been like this?

Aykroyd: Yes. I was incredibly hyperactive as a child.

Penthouse: Did it get you in trouble?

Aykroyd: Yes, I was a little bit of a discipline problem in school. God bless the priests who put up with me and tried to put me in line.

Penthouse: You were a practicing Catholic?

Aykroyd: Oh yes, absolutely, up until the age of seventeen. It's still a big thing with me. I do have some belief in a supernatural being, although I don't know exactly what form it has. I live by the Ten Commandments. Even if you're not religious, they're a pretty good code to live by.

Penthouse: What happened when you were seventeen?

Aykroyd: Well, I don't know. I just fell away from the Church, from the organization of going to Mass every Sunday. But it's something I could go back to. I could feel very comfortable at Mass, watching it all and communing with people like that. The Catholic Church has a great sacrament, and that's confession. It's like a free psychiatrist for five or ten minutes.

Penthouse: Is there anything you would like people to know about you that's not now known?

Aykroyd: That I'm a pretty regular human being and I'm approachable, and that I don't mind people coming up and talking to me. That I like feedback and I relate to the common man—I mean the common mass of humanity. I am one. We all are. I relate to that concept that humankind is interconnected. And that individuals are like snowflakes. Beautiful, inside and out, for the fact that they exist in and unto themselves and also that they are linked, that we are all linked. I want people to know that that's the way I think. I'm not on some pedestal looking down. I am on earth, with my feet planted firmly on the ground. And that movie stars and all that stuff is just a job and an occupation. That people should really realize that it's fantasy, what we're making out here, and that in the real world other things exist. And that I want to be taken, at face value, as a real human being who is capable of communication and warmth and love and charity. That's what I'd like people to know.

For further information on the war against drugs, contact:

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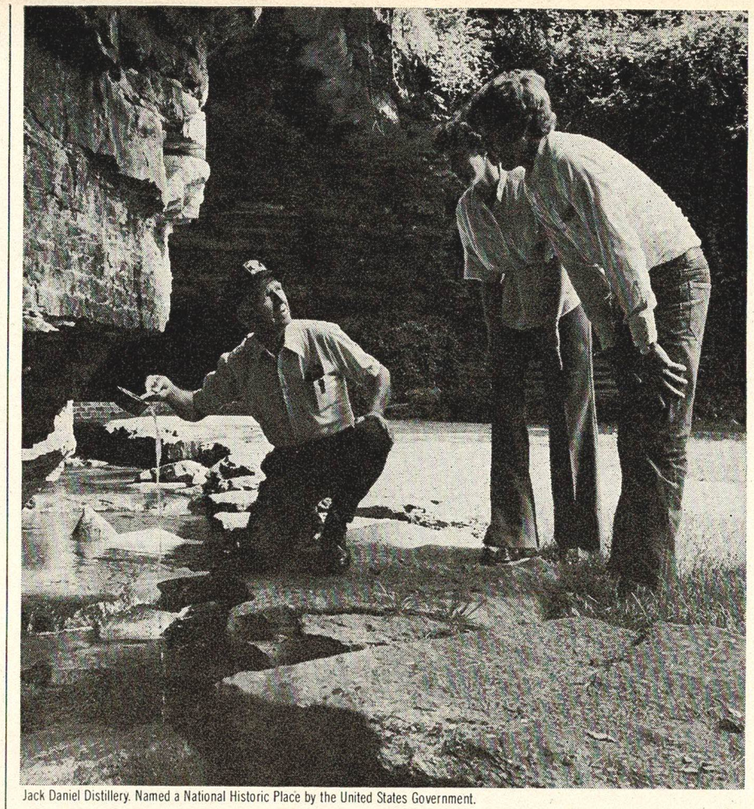

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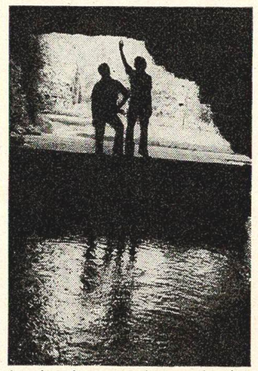

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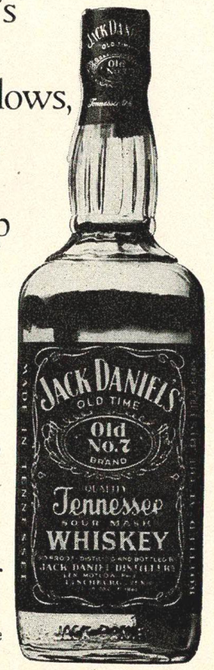
As soon as you sip the water we use, you can tell it's something special. That's because it flows, pure and iron-free, from a limestone spring located deep under the ground. At Jack Daniel Distillery, we've used this iron-free water since our founder settled here in 1866. Once you try our whiskey, we believe, you'll know why we always will.



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Sweet chastity

I DON'T OFFER YOU SOME UTOPIAN CLAP TRAP—SOME BRAVE NEW WORLD! THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH THE OLD ONE!

WE'RE GONNA BRING THE GOOD TIMES BACK AGAIN!

WE'RE GONNA MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN!

SWEET CHASTITY'S T.V. APPEARANCE HAS HAD WORLD WIDE REPERCUSSIONS. A WAVE OF RELIGIOUS FERVOUR HAS SWEPT THE WESTERN WORLD. INSPIRED BY OUR HEROINE, PEOPLE ARE FLOCKING TO THE "GOOD GUYS" AND BILLY GREYBLOOD IS CARRIED ALONG ON A FLOOD TIDE OF POPULARITY, THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING RIGHT NOW HE COULD BE THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES TO BECOME POPE!

WHAT A CROWD PULLER SWEET CHASTITY IS!

BILLY BABY—YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO BECOMING THE MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH!

DO WE GIT THE OLE PLANTATION BACK AGAIN?

WILL IT BE CALIFORNIA DREAMTIME AGAIN? GINSBERG CHANTING MANTRAS — THE SUN SETTING OVER BIG SUR — FLOWER CHILDREN?

GET A CLOSE-UP OF THE MONEY! THIS IS EMOTIONAL STUFF!

LET IT BE LIKE ROCKWELL PAINTED IT!

I WANT IT TO BE LIKE THOSE 30'S ROMANTIC COMEDIES!

THIS ADULATION ISN'T RELIGION! THEY'RE TURNING LIFE INTO ONE GREAT TELEVISION SOAP OPERA! EVERYONE'S BECOMING A PERFORMER!

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM—JOIN 'EM!

HE'S THE ONLY MAN THAT PACKED MADISON SQUARE GARDEN AND THE YANKEE STADIUM ON THE SAME NIGHT!

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

IN FAR OFF TRANSYLVANIA, VINCENT VON FRANKENSTIEN WATCHES CHASTITY'S PROGRESS WITH A MIXTURE OF FORBODING AND PANIC

SHE'S TRANSFERRING MILLIONS TO THIS CREEP GREYBLOOD—AND I'M BESIEGED BY CREDITORS!

THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE IN LIFE!

WHAT I DON'T NEED RIGHT NOW ARE YOUR PLATITUDES! WHAT ABOUT THESE BILLS OF YOURS?

OUT OF SEASON FRUIT!

SILK UNDER WEAR!

HAND MADE TURKISH CIGARETTES!

ONE HAS TO MAINTAIN STANDARDS—EVEN IN ADVERSITY!

YE GODS!

LOOK AT THIS ONE!

ELECTRA'S BEEN BUYING MORE SEX TOYS!

ELECTRA!

THE MAN IS POSITIVELY OBSESSED WITH MONEY!

DO YOU MIND KNOCKING BEFORE YOU COME BARGING IN HERE? I'M BUSY!

WELL I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT THIS...THIS...MENAGERIE! DO YOU THINK YOU COULD LIMIT YOUR EXPERIMENTS TO SOMETHING SIMPLE? LOOK AT THESE BILLS!

LOOK DOWN THERE— THOSE PEOPLE ARE CREDITORS!

THE CASTLE IS UNDER SIEGE! I CAN'T EVEN PAY THE FOOD BILLS!

AND YOU'RE SPENDING A FORTUNE ON ... ON.....

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS ANYWAY?

YOU'RE SUCH A BORE, VINCENT! IF YOU WERE A **MAN**—YOU'D POUR BOILING OIL ON THAT RABBLE DOWN THERE!

SAVED BY THE ARRIVAL OF THE HUSBAND!

AND WHAT IS MORE—IF YOU WERE EVEN **HALF** A MAN YOU'D KNOW FOR SURE WHAT THESE ARE!

AND DOWN IN THE SUBTERRANEAN BOWELS OF THE ANCIENT CASTLE— AN AREA INHABITED BY THE EARLIER RESULTS OF VINCENT'S EXPERIMENTS, A MIASMA OF GLOOM OVERLAYS THE USUAL NOXIOUS EFFLUVIUM.....

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO CHASTITY!

WE OUGHT TO DO SOME THING!

EVEN THE HOUSEMAIDS ARE UNABLE TO LIFT THE HEAVY DEPRESSION THAT HANGS AROUND THE ROTTING FOUNDATIONS

COME AN' GET IT!

STUFF IT!

AHH— WHAT'S THE USE?

ALL THE FUN'S GONE OUT OF LIFE SINCE CHASTITY LEFT!

ONE OF US SHOULD GO AN' BRING HER BACK!

DRAW STRAWS!

GOODBYE, CLARENCE —AND GOOD LUCK!

MAKE SURE YOU ONLY TRAVEL AFTER DARK!

YOU KNOW WHERE AMERICA IS, DON'T YOU?

DON'T WORRY —I'LL FIND IT!

AND SO, ON A FATEFUL NIGHT, A COURAGEOUS FIGURE SETS OUT FROM CASTLE DREER ON A NOBLE QUEST.....

Dracula's Drive INN

Vampireburgers

CAR PARK

IF YOU'RE GONNA RUN OUT OF GAS — DON'T DO IT OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT!

I'M COMIN', SWEET CHASTITY— I'LL FIND YOU!

THE END OF ANOTHER WHISTLE STOP TOUR ON BEHALF OF BILLY GREYBLOOD AND THE "GOOD GUYS": A WEARY BUT HAPPY CHASTITY PENS A LETTER HOME

"...MR GREYBLOOD TELLS ME THAT THRU' SELF SACRIFICE AND REDEMPTION I WILL HAVE AN UNBLEMISHED SOUL AND WILL FIND SALVATION. I WANT SO MUCH TO FORGET MY ORIGINS AND BECOME A **REAL** PERSON. MR GREYBLOOD AND MR FOULWELL ARE WONDERFUL PEOPLE....."

"...I'M JUST GOING TO HAVE MY NIGHTLY FLAGELLATION SESSION—AND THEN AN EARLY NIGHT. I HAVE TO BE UP EARLY TOMORROW AS I AM BUYING MR GREYBLOOD AN AEROPLANE. LOVE TO AUNTIE ELECTRA"

WHILE CHASTITY TAKES THE SINS OF THE WORLD (WELL NOT ALL OF 'EM—BUT A FAIR SLICE) ON HER SLIM SHOULDERS, DOWNSTAIRS...

NO NEED TO LOBBY FOR SUPPORT, BILLY BABY—I'VE SPOKEN TO EVERYONE!

THERE WON'T BE ANY PRIMARIES IF YOU DECIDE TO RUN FOR PRESIDENT. THE REPUBLICANS WANT YOU FOR THEIR CANDIDATE—SO DO THE DEMOCRATS!

YOU CAN DO IT JUST AS EASILY AS AN INDEPENDENT IF YOU WANT!

OF COURSE I CAN! I AM DESTINED TO BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT!

?

COOL IT, BILLY BABY! THIS IS GERRY HERE—YOUR OLD BUDDY! I'M THE GUY WHO.....

YOU'RE NOT SUGGESTING THAT **YOU** HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH **MY** MANIFEST DESTINY, ARE YOU?

ER....NO! OF COURSE NOT!

GOOD! BECAUSE YOU, LITTLE MAN, ARE BUT ONE OF **MY MANY MINIONS!**

GET YOUR NOTEBOOK—I WISH TO ISSUE A PROCLAMATION!

LISTEN CAREFULLY!

THIS IS MY BLUEPRINT FOR THE FUTURE!

I WILL SHOW YOU **1984!**

I'D BETTER START SHIFTING CASH INTO A SWISS BANK ACCOUNT! WHEN HE'S PRESIDENT I WON'T WANNA LIVE HERE ANY MORE!

NOW LET ME REST! MY GREAT WORK IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

BILLY GREYBLOOD'S 1984 MAKES GEORGE ORWELL'S LOOK LIKE DISNEYLAND. ACT NOW, FELLERS-TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE!

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For "where to buy" information on fashions shown on pages 180–185, contact these manufacturers or stores.

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Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio
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New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 564-2897

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Vendome, Boca Raton, Fla.

AFTER SIX FORMALS
Twenty-second and Market Streets
Philadelphia, Pa. 19103 (215) 561-6666

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New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 935-8060

Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores

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New York, N.Y. 10018 (212) 354-9760

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New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 244-3214

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

To make sure Fred got a good view, I kicked my panties off and got on my knees on the bed with my cunt facing him and started to lick Hal's swollen prick and balls. I looked back and saw that Fred had undressed and was sitting in the chair and slowly stroking his tremendous hard-on. Hal and I rolled around on the bed and he started to kiss my nipples and play with my tits. I sat on him, letting him eat my cunt while I massaged his cock. I was starting to get the first waves of orgasm, and lay on my side. I raised my knee high and Hal entered my cunt effortlessly, giving Fred a fantastic view of his beautiful cock sliding in and out. I had never had such a creamy cunt before. He started fucking me slowly, but soon his pace quickened. The waves were coming faster and faster and I started rubbing my clit with my free hand. Fred, who was jerking off, stood up and walked up to us and put his cock right up to my face and kept stroking with one hand and squeezing and rubbing his balls with the other. Suddenly my loins tightened up and kept tightening and I let out an animal scream as I lost myself in a tidal wave of orgasm. It just kept pulsating in waves and I thought I was going to pass out from sheer pleasure. Hal was fucking me like a piledriver while squeezing my nipples with his fingers and Fred was arching his swollen cock, jerking it right at my face. He let out a great moan and gushed his creamy come all over me at the same time Hal's leg muscles tightened and he let go inside me. Soon his come was flowing out of my cunt. We all collapsed on the bed, covered in sweat and exhausted.

I have never felt as free in my life, as we fucked the next two nights away. I got to watch the guys have a jerk-off contest while I displayed myself to them, and at Hal's suggestion I got to whack one while the other one fucked me. When we finally had to part, we gave Hal our address and told him to drop in if he was out our way. He assured us that wild horses couldn't keep him away, and yes, he often passed through.—*Name and address withheld*

THOROUGHLY MODERN

I am in the U.S. Air Force, and where I'm stationed it can get pretty lonely. About a month ago a new chick arrived and moved into the women's wing of the barracks. Her name is Dory and she is a total fox. She has blond hair and green eyes. That combination has always given me an instant hard-on. And her lips look like they were made just to wrap around a guy's cock.

Well, anyway, I have always admired her from afar, and I don't know why, but I never had the guts to ask her out. If I knew then what I know now, I would have asked her out a long time ago. That bitch is one hell of a hot lady.

A few days ago I was talking to her and she excused herself to get a beer from her room. When she didn't come back after a while, I went up to her room and knocked on the door. She said come in, and when I opened the door I got the surprise of my life.

She was lying on her bed wearing a sheer baby doll and a black G-string. Well, not being one to pass up that kind of an invitation, I closed the door behind me and walked over to her. She said that she had been fantasizing and masturbating about fucking me ever since we'd met. That blew my mind and I stood there kicking myself in the ass for not having made any moves earlier.

She slid off the bed, came up to me, and slowly began to unbutton my shirt. Then, as I was thanking my outrageous luck, she started kissing my chest, working down to my nipples, which she sucked on as if I were her idol. She kept on going down, pausing just long enough to unbutton and slip off my jeans and my briefs, whereupon she proceeded to lick, suck and finger my dick, balls, and ass.

She was driving me up the wall with her flicking tongue and suctioning lips and probing fingers. I was doing pretty good on holding back the huge load of come that was pounding in my balls, but then she stuck her finger up my ass and pressed hard just behind my nuts. That was it. I came like it was the end of the world and she swallowed every last drop of my come.

I thought that was about all, but she had other plans for me. She lay back on the bed, stripped off her few pieces of clothing, and started to squeeze her freckled tits and play with her hot, juicy pussy. She spread her cunt lips and whispered, "Eat me out, you hot bastard. I want your sweet tongue in my hot cunt right now."

Her aggressiveness and dirty language got me hard again, so I plunged my face into her steaming slit and sucked her clit and tongue-fucked her until she started moaning and pulling my hair. I rammed my finger up her ass like she had done to me and she screamed and gushed out the sweetest love juice I've ever tasted.

After I was done, my aching cock was begging for release, so I slid up and gave her the hottest kiss I ever gave anybody. I asked her if she minded if I came inside her and she said, "You asshole, that's what I've been dreaming of. I'm on the Pill, so hurry up and put that seven-inch ramrod up my tight box . . . *now*!"

That was all the encouragement I needed. I rammed my steel-hard prick all the way up that blond pussy again and again as I bit and sucked her hard, swollen nipples. She started screaming again, "Yes, yes, fuck my warm and waiting cunt. Harder! Harder!"

I slipped my hand down and flicked her clit until she exploded in another mind-shattering orgasm. I followed close behind, thanks to her spasming cunt.

Afterwards she thanked me for fulfilling her fantasy.—*Name and address withheld*

CHEEK TO CHEEK

Since early childhood I have been very much aroused by women wrestling. Whether in a magazine or newspaper, on TV or in an arena, watching two gorgeous ladies go at it gets me so turned on, I can hardly contain myself. Once, at ringside, I had an orgasm in my pants. Fortunately I had a topcoat on and avoided what would have been a quite embarrassing moment when I had to leave. I could no longer doubt my "love" for the sport.

Recently, mud wrestling, Jello wrestling, and oil wrestling have become quite a craze. A local nightclub where I live features lady gelatin wrestling every night. Until a year ago I had been a spectator, but never a participant in this delightful, obviously sexual sport. Last week I was at a party and my host introduced me to the most beautiful, sexy young lady I had ever met. I felt immediately attracted to her, and before long, we were off by ourselves, engrossed in conversation. It was not until she mentioned her profession that I really got aroused. Yes, she is a wrestler! Without going into details, I'll just say I could hardly wait to get her home. This would be a dream come true.

When we did get to her place, she introduced me to her housemate, another lady wrestler—and just as beautiful as she! After a few drinks the girls decided to put on a match for me. As they stripped, they could certainly sense my eagerness and wanted to really get me hot. Although they are good friends, they really put on a match, with nothing held back. They wrestled until the girl I'd met at the party got her legs around the other's head in a brutal head-scissors hold and made her give up. You can imagine the mood this put me in and the hard-on it gave me.

"They call me thunder thighs," she said as she got up off the floor. I felt breathless from what I had watched, and my penis throbbed as I gazed, in awe, at the sight of her magnificent body. She was standing naked and triumphant before me. She truly was built like a goddess, strong and voluptuous, with luscious bare thighs, sexy bare feet, firm, well-sculpted breasts. Her overall beauty and power left me trembling with desire. She was a truly perfect specimen and masterful wrestler. I was in the presence of a goddess.

"Now it's your turn," she murmured, and, as I approached her, she quickly threw me to the floor and, before I knew what was happening, had my head clamped between those beautiful and powerful bare thighs of hers. I felt her squeezing me with renewed power. I felt numb and dizzy and I pleaded to be let go. As much as I pleaded to be set free, the pleasure and excitement I felt became so intense that my penis was as hard as a rock. My body was hot and I trembled. I hoped she'd notice.

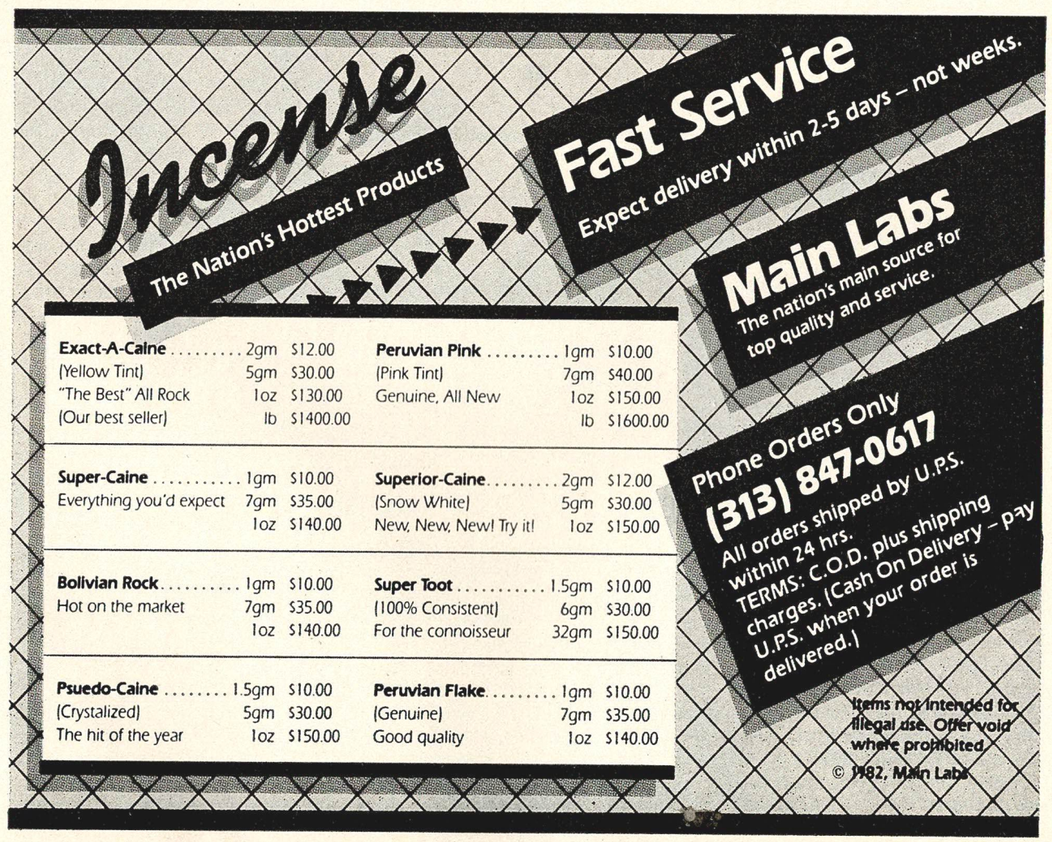
Suddenly she commanded, "Eat my pussy, rim my ass hole, lick my bare feet. You're helpless with me. You can do nothing. I'm too strong for you." Gladly I complied, plunging my tongue in her luscious ass hole. I ate her out, licked and kissed her sexy feet, ran my tongue between her toes, went down on her—all while struggling against her powerful grasp. I was in an ideal position.

The sweet, musky aroma of her red-hot, wet cunt drove me wild with excitement, and soon my prick was throbbing, rock hard, and ready to go. We went on all night, my cheeks against her cheeks, as I buried my face in that luscious ass.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine,** P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month Carmen Pope, who appears on page 91, was photographed by Bob Guccione. He used a Minolta camera and the Cokin Filter System. Suze Randall photographed the pictorial "Tempest for Two," beginning on page 134, using a Nikon 35mm camera, 105 Nikkor lens, and a Norman portable strobe unit.



BRUCE LEE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

twitching fighter's arms and legs with adhesive tape.

Over the next couple of hours, Bruce Lee gradually regained consciousness. As Dr. Langford recalls: "First, he opened his eyes. Then, he made some sign but could not speak. He recognized his wife and made signs of recognition. Later, he was able to speak but it was slurred." A few hours after the onset of the attack, Lee was removed to St. Theresa Hospital, which had an open bed. At this point, Dr. Wu took over as the admitting physician, and he recalls that Lee had so far recovered that he was able to recollect his collapse and make jokes about it. By the next day, the man who had been so near to dying appeared perfectly normal.

This astonishing recovery coupled with certain telltale symptoms persuaded Dr. Wu and Dr. Langford that Lee had been taking a powerful drug. The day following his collapse, Lee was interrogated by Dr. Wu in the presence of Lee's wife, Linda. The suspicion that Lee was using a drug was instantly confirmed.

As Lee reported the incident, it all began with his feeling depressed that day at the studio. He had formed the habit of altering his moods by eating hashish, which he obtained from Katmandu. That afternoon, he had gone into the studio men's room and taken some of the drug. Instead of experiencing an improvement, he began to feel unwell. Finally, he collapsed against the door of the toilet, knocking it open and then sprawling across the studio floor, where he made one last effort to conceal his condition by telling the men who rushed to his rescue that he had dropped his glasses and was searching for them on the floor.

Then Lee actually presented Dr. Wu with a sample of the hashish he had been eating. Hashish in Hong Kong is even more exotic than opium in New York. Dr. Wu was highly alarmed by his discovery of Lee's drug-taking. He warned Lee sternly that by continuing to take the drug he would "scramble his brains" or even kill himself. After all, he had come within an ace of dying just the day before. If the doctor had been surprised at the discovery that hashish was at the root of Lee's complaint, he was no less astonished by the attitude that Lee displayed upon receiving the sensible advice to desist.

Lee not only rejected the doctor's counsel but ridiculed the notion that hashish could harm a man. He explained that he had been introduced to the drug by a famous Hollywood actor who took very good care of his health, Steve McQueen. If the drug produced harmful effects, Lee argued, his friend, McQueen, would have warned Lee of the danger. What's more, Lee protested, he was living under unbearable pressures. He had a big deal going at that moment with Carlo Ponti that would make Lee the highest-paid actor in the world. He was working on a picture, *Game of Death*, which demanded that he do everything himself—write, direct, coordinate stunts, act. He was virtually going out of his mind. The one thing that had helped him was hashish. It alone enabled him to relax.

Dr. Wu was not easily persuaded. He pointed out that it made no difference what hashish did or did not do to other people. The drug was deadly for Bruce Lee. It was possible that he had developed a specific allergy or become hypersensitive. Only further tests could tell what had really happened. In the meantime it was urgent that he stop. "Why can't you stop?" demanded the doctor.

Staring past his white-coated interrogator, Lee groped for the answer. Then he uttered the line that should have been engraved on his tombstone. Speaking with unconscious irony—who could have known that just ten weeks later he would die of precisely the same condition?—Lee exclaimed: "*It is the only thing that makes the clock stop!*"

> The doctor warned Lee that by continuing to take hashish he might kill himself. "Why can't you stop?" demanded the doctor. "It is the only thing that makes the clock stop!" Lee exclaimed.

The clock that Bruce Lee was trying to stop with drugs was the clock that was always ticking inside his head. One of those young men who fear that they will die before they reap the harvest of their teeming brains, Lee sought always to cram every moment of his life with self-improving, self-advancing activity. An idealist, a perfectionist, a control freak, he would lock on a goal with the tenacity and emotional intensity of the obsessive-compulsive personality and drive himself to the limit in the effort to achieve the mythical "most." Even as he worked at achieving one goal, however, he would be distracted and tormented by the thought that other, equally important goals were not receiving his attention. So he adopted the expedient of performing many activities simultaneously, dividing up his consciousness into separate tracks and shifting his attention from one endeavor to another, like a man constantly twisting the dial of a television set.

So long as Lee was living in obscurity in Los Angeles, a married man with two children, a coach for movie stars who were studying the martial arts, an occasional performer on TV or in films, he was able to manage his life comfortably. He was cheerful, self-contained, considerate of others, and so dedicated to his training ideals that he would never smoke or drink, much less experiment with drugs. Once he got into the big time, however, where with each successful picture the opportunities and demands increase at a geometric ratio, he was betrayed by his old habits of mind. Struggling to do everything himself and do it all *perfectly*, he suffered a massive psychic overload. His personality changed perceptibly as his behavior grew increasingly disturbed. By the end of his life he was like a wildly wobbling wheel that is just about to fly off its axle. The story of Bruce Lee, therefore, is the story of how the "deadliest man on the planet" finally fell victim to himself.

What was driving Bruce Lee? What was he striving to attain? To answer these difficult questions, you have to retrace the growth of his personality from his earliest years. One of the most striking features of his character was its swiftness in declaring itself. Indeed, contemplating Bruce Lee's brief but ardent life is like watching a man being shot from a cannon. The gunpowder that drove this human cannonball was probably the now familiar (but then unrecognized) syndrome of the hyperkinetic or overactive child, a condition that can assert itself as early as the age of six months.

Describing her husband's childhood in Hong Kong, Linda Lee writes: "He was simply bouncing with energy—running, talking, jumping up and down, playing tricks." Lee's older brother, Peter, a scientist today at Hong Kong's Royal Observatory, confirms this description, adding the amusing detail that the family nickname for little Bruce was "Never Sit Down." This prodigious energy, which, Lee said in later years, he could feel "bubbling and roaring up" inside him, was not a simple blessing. From the start, it created serious problems for the boy and presented him with a grave challenge: either he could learn to control his energy or it would control him—and drive him crazy.

Like most hyperactive children, the young Bruce Lee found it impossible to concentrate on his studies. Even though he was highly intelligent and loved books, he experienced very serious difficulties all through school. By the age of eighteen, when he dropped out, he had reached only the equivalent of the tenth grade. On the other hand, Lee was always able to focus his energy perfectly when he was set a task in that other school, which taught him his earliest and best-remembered lessons, show business.

Contrary to what is popularly believed, Bruce Lee was not a martial artist who somehow developed a knack for acting. He was born into show business and became an actor at an age when most children are just entering school. The son of a comedian with the Cantonese Opera (a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 222

15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81.

Winston
America's Best.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

CANCER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

ferent animal tumor systems it was found to perform well. It also appeared to be working in accordance with his theory. Hydrazine appeared to be compatible—even to enhance—other anti-cancer drugs, and was almost totally nontoxic at proper dosages.

Various physicians heard about it and began to administer it to their patients. In the early 1970s, hydrazine was in danger of being absorbed into the Laetrile movement, as a kind of little brother to the big kernel. Gold resisted this trend, for he realized that hydrazine had to be rigorously tested according to standard procedures before it could ever be generally accepted. The advocacy of the drug by some of the same people who advocated Laetrile and other unconventional approaches created an aura of political controversy around it. Nevertheless, in 1973, the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) granted permission to a few doctors to give hydrazine to their terminally ill cancer patients. Interest was sparked when many of these reports started coming back positive. Patients were reported to be gaining weight, feeling remarkably better, and even experiencing remissions from their cancer.

And so, in late 1973, Sloan-Kettering Institute in New York began a clinical trial of the drug with a group of twenty-nine patients. The results were a disaster. According to a statement I wrote at the time (I was science writer for Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center): "None of these patients responded positively to hydrazine sulfate and . . . some of these patients developed neurotoxicity [nerve-damage] from the drug." So I believed in 1974.

My subsequent experience with both Sloan-Kettering and hydrazine convinced me that I had been deceived into writing this, and that the Sloan-Kettering test was grossly biased. (The details of this test can be found in the previous *Penthouse* article on hydrazine as well as in my book, *The Cancer Syndrome*.)

Nevertheless, the Sloan-Kettering fiasco was for years used against hydrazine and Gold, and still functions as a brake on the development of the drug. Gold countered, however, with a clinical study of his own, based on an analysis of data gathered by many doctors during the FDA-authorized trials.

Gold found that of eighty-four patients treated adequately, 70 percent had "subjective" (i.e., anti-cachexia) improvement, such as increased appetite, weight gain or cessation of weight loss, and an increase in strength and decrease in pain. In addition, 17 percent also showed antitumor improvement, including tumor regression, disappearance of cancer-related disorders, or more than a yearlong stabilization of their condition. The length of time this improvement lasted varied from patient to patient, but in some cases it had lasted years and was still continuing when the paper was published in 1975 in the international journal *Oncology*.

Clearly, there was a difference of opinion about the merits of hydrazine. On the one side was Joe Gold and his modest Syracuse Cancer Research Institute; on the other, the massive Memorial Sloan-Kettering, with its vast resources, connections, and prestige. Not surprisingly, those who controlled cancer policy and funding dismissed Gold as yet another eccentric in the long history of bizarre cancer cures.

In March 1976, the cancer establishment made this condemnation official: hydrazine sulfate was added to the American Cancer Society's unproven methods list. The ACS made reference to *only* the negative results of hydrazine, such as in the Sloan-Kettering study, but failed even to mention Gold's positive clinical data, or the important foreign data then beginning to emerge. Despite the fact that Sloan-Kettering later retracted some

> Cancer drugs are notoriously complicated and expensive: look at interferon. Hydrazine sulfate, however, was a simple, inexpensive chemical that had been used as rocket fuel during World War II.

of its statements under threats from Gold's lawyer, the ACS condemnation stuck, and was circulated to hundreds of thousands of physicians. By 1976, in the United States, at least, hydrazine sulfate looked like it was dead in the water.

And hydrazine sulfate might have gone down to ignominious defeat, under the combined assault of Sloan-Kettering, the ACS, and other bastions of cancer orthodoxy—if it hadn't been for some unexpected help from the East.

In 1975, Soviet scientists began to investigate hydrazine sulfate, because of the early published results that indicated anti-cancer potential in animals.

Why hydrazine? The Russians have investigated many Western drugs, but it seems likely they were especially intrigued by hydrazine's simplicity, availability, and inexpensiveness. Since there was no patent on the substance, they could use it without draining any of their foreign exchange rubles. (Gold subsequently received a U.S. patent on the use of hydrazine as an anti-cachexia agent. And a drug like hydrazine, if it were truly effective, could be used across the length and breadth of the Soviet Union, not just in a few specialized medical centers.

The Soviet doctors seemed to grasp the philosophical concept behind hydrazine better than most of Gold's countrymen. "Almost all research in the field of experimental and clinical chemotherapy . . . up to the present time," they wrote, "one way or another, reflects the principles of a direct . . . attack on growth and multiplication of cancer cells. However, there may well be other means of medicinal influence on the progress of neoplastic [cancerous] growth. One of these includes Gold's hypothesis."

Headed by Michael L. Gershanovich, M.D., chief of therapy and clinical chemotherapy at Leningrad's famed Petrov Research Institute of Oncology, the Soviet scientists began to repeat Gold's original work and extend it to a cohort of terminally ill patients.

In 1975, they published their first report, in Russian, in the Soviet journal *Problems of Oncology*. Unofficial translations of this and subsequent papers showed that the Russians were getting many of the same results as Gold put forth in his papers: the inhibition of animal tumors (97.4 percent reduction in Walker carcinosarcoma in rats, for instance); a wide variety of ameliorative effects on the subjective aspects of the disease in humans; and clear evidence that hydrazine, *given in the proper dosages*, was almost entirely nontoxic. Repeatedly, the Russians called attention to the drug's "peculiar influence on the psyche," namely, "a sharp improvement of mood in a significant portion of the patients . . . to the point of euphoria."

Gold had these papers translated and used them to counter the ACS campaign to discredit the drug. A tireless fighter, the Syracuse researcher finally managed to spark an interest within the U.S. government's National Cancer Institute (NCI), particularly in the Diet and Nutrition section. In 1979, through the intervention of Armand Hammer, a frequent go-between in U.S.-Soviet relations, Dr. Gershanovich was invited to speak at NCI headquarters. The Russian physician presented the full panoply of laboratory and clinical effects of hydrazine sulfate—including several dramatic remissions, and many cases of great improvement (see below).

Gershanovich then traveled on to New Orleans for the joint meeting of America's top two cancer societies. Here, although his abstract had been accepted for the proceedings—and he had traveled over 6,000 miles—he was not allowed to present his work to an American audience. Dr. Bayard Clarkson, a prominent Sloan-Kettering chemotherapist and chairman of the American Association for Cancer Research (AACR), said, "Dr. Gershanovich's abstract was reviewed like any other, and, as I recall, it did not receive a high enough rating from the review committee. In any case, the important way to present data to the profession is through publication."

When asked by a reporter whether consideration should not have been given to the fact that the Soviet trial was the first large-scale test of this controversial agent, Clarkson replied, "Our decision is final. The Gershanovich paper is not going to be presented, and that's it."

And so the Russian returned home, unable to present his paper and, undoubtedly, taking with him a most peculiar impression of American science!

In the summer of 1980, Gold was invited to a conference on cancer prevention in Wembley, England. One result of that meeting was a discussion with Dr. Gio Gori, who had recently resigned as head of the Nutrition and Cancer section of the NCI and taken a top research job at the Franklin Institute. Gori had also founded a new journal, *Nutrition and Cancer*, which was riding the crest of the renewed interest in dietary approaches to the disease.

Out of this meeting came the first definitive report of the Russians' work with hydrazine sulfate to appear in the United States. Since, as Dr. Clarkson says, "the important way to present data" is through scientific publication, it will be worthwhile to look at exactly what the Russians found.

Two hundred and twenty-five patients were evaluated. All of them had exhausted all other possible therapies, including surgery, radiation, and chemotherapy. At least six weeks after stopping conventional therapy (to allow the effects of all prior therapy to clear), they were given hydrazine tablets—working up to one 60 mg. capsule, three times a day.

A remarkable 65.2 percent subjective response was seen in this group of advanced, refractory patients. This included improvement of appetite; weight stabilization or weight gain; disappearance of the severe weakness seen before treatment; reduction or *complete elimination* of pain, respiratory deficiency, coughing of blood, and fevers.

Four patients had dramatic recoveries, with greater than 50 percent regression of their tumors. One woman, for instance, had a massive, metastasized (disseminated) tumor reduced to "only a cord on the pelvis wall." Her life-threatening complications disappeared. Another patient, a man suffering from high fevers, inability to breathe, and coughing fits, improved dramatically.

There were relatively few outright *cures* in these terminal patients. As Gershanovich wrote, "in terms of criteria adopted for the evaluation of cytostatic therapy [i.e., conventional chemotherapy], the efficacy of hydrazine . . . appears low. However, such an approach to the evaluation of hydrazine sulfate may be inadequate, due to this drug's peculiarities of action detected both experimentally and clinically." In late-stage patients, subjective responses are a more realistic way of looking at hydrazine's benefits.

In addition, Gershanovich reported again on the peculiar mood elevation associated with hydrazine, even when the tumor continued to progress. So marked

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was this phenomenon that the Russians suspect that it may be due to some as yet little-understood effect of the drug on the nervous system, and indicated the need for a study specifically on tumors of the brain and spinal cord.

Considering the importance of cachexia as a medical problem, and the lack of other good anti-cachexia agents, one would think the National Cancer Institute would have jumped at a chance to extend the Russian findings. Yet Dr. Vincent DeVita, director of the NCI, told Geraldo Rivera of ABC News's "20/20" that hydrazine research was "a very low-priority thing" and "unexciting." Pressed on the significance of the Soviet studies, he emphasized, "I'm very unexcited—we throw away drugs that are better than hydrazine sulfate."

Dr. DeVita explained his stand more fully later. He now seemed to leave the door open. "Judging from published reports," he wrote me, "it is possible that hydrazine sulfate may produce some symptomatic benefits." He cautioned, however, that firm conclusions cannot yet be drawn "and additional, well-designed trials of hydrazine sulfate will be required to resolve the uncertainties that exist."

These results may be unexciting to Dr. DeVita, but they are of great importance to many others. With cancer striking one out of every four individuals, sooner or later almost all of us will learn more than we want to know about cachexia, severe weakness, excruciating pain, and the other symptoms addressed by hydrazine therapy.

The Russians have been known, in recent years, for their medical conservatism. (They quite blindly followed the ACS, for instance, during the whole Laetrile controversy.) For one of their major research centers to go out on a limb for an American-discovered drug should have put some question marks, at least, in the minds of U.S. cancer warriors. But the Gershanovich paper, so far, has passed with hardly a positive comment from NCI.

Another scientist present in New Orleans when the Russians were barred from the podium was a young California researcher named Rowan T. Chlebowski, M.D., Ph.D. At the time, Chlebowski had never heard of hydrazine and paid scant attention to the flap over the Soviet scientists. That was soon to change.

Chlebowski is a bright, serious, and, by his own admission, loyal member of the cancer establishment. His special field of interest concerns what happens to a cancer patient's metabolism when he gets the disease, and how this knowledge can be used clinically.

In 1980, Chlebowski wanted to perform a series of hospital tests on patients to study their blood chemistry. Not surprisingly, few terminally ill patients would volunteer for a study that did not hold out at least a shadow of a chance of therapeutic benefit. At the same time, people were calling the hospital where Chlebowski worked, pleading for hydrazine sulfate—especially after *Penthouse* alerted millions of people to the drug.

Chlebowski and his colleagues at Harbor-UCLA Medical Center in Torrance, Calif., decided to undertake a double-blind clinical study with hydrazine while at the same time getting a chance to study the chemistry of the cancer patients. Their first clinical trial would deal with the biochemistry of hydrazine—to establish once and for all what the drug did, or didn't do, inside the human body. They hoped to follow this up with a second study (if the first proved promising) to see if hydrazine really could play a role in curing the disease.

Funds for the study were allocated by the Harbor-UCLA hospital, some of them from a general "nutrition and cancer" block grant from the National Institutes of Health (parent body of the NCI).

The test began in late 1980. The way was paved for the UCLA researchers not only by Gold and Gershanovich but by Solomon Garb, M.D., a well-respected

> Russians have been known for their medical conservatism. For them to go out on a limb for an American-discovered drug should have put question marks in the minds of U.S. cancer warriors.

and innovative Denver oncologist who had applied for, and gotten, FDA approval to test hydrazine clinically. (Garb himself tragically died of cancer before his own test could get under way.)

To gain admission to the test, patients had to be *in extremis* with their cancer. Technically, they had to have lost at least 10 percent of their body weight, but not be so sick that they were likely to die before the completion of the study. In actuality, the patients enrolled in the pioneering study had already lost from *17 to 18 percent* of their body weight. Thus a 160-pound man would have lost almost thirty pounds due to his cancer and the mysterious processes of cachexia.

Two groups of patients—the two "arms of the study," as they are called—were formed, one group of nineteen to receive hydrazine tablets, the other group of the same number to receive an inert sugar pill, or placebo. As much as possible, the two groups were made comparable. For instance, 37 percent of both groups comprised non-oat-cell lung cancer cases. The sites of metastases were comparable, as were the prior weight-loss statistics. The same small number of patients were receiving concurrent chemotherapy. This was all part of the meticulous care that went into the proper construction of an iron-clad double-blind test.

Since the charge had frequently been leveled that all of hydrazine's benefits could be explained by a "placebo reaction," it was especially important to design the study well. Neither the patients nor Dr. Chlebowski nor anyone on his team knew which patients were receiving which substance. That way, personal bias—which could slip into any study—was kept to a minimum.

Three main questions were to be considered: the effect of hydrazine on *glucose tolerance*, on *glucose turnover* (glucose production through gluconeogenesis), and on *weight loss*.

Chlebowski found, upon the initial workup of the patients, that before treatment these cancer patients all had abnormal glucose metabolism. This was, of course, quite in line with Gold's original 1968 hypothesis. (According to Chlebowski, it has since become "a widely accepted concept in cancer research.")

Each patient was given capsules to take—starting with one 60 mg. capsule and working up to three a day after eight days. After their in-hospital workup, they were treated as outpatients for the next thirty days. Each week they were contacted by Chlebowski's staff to make sure they were taking their capsules, and were not using barbiturates, tranquilizers, or alcohol, any one of which can interfere with the drug's action.

When, after a final three-to-four-day inpatient workup, the code was finally broken, here is what was found:

There was a statistically significant improvement in the hydrazine-treated group as opposed to the placebo-treated group in all the parameters of the study.

There was a statistically significant improvement in glucose turnover. Abnormal glucose production would be exactly what one would expect to see if Gold's theory of cachexia were correct. Chlebowski found this heightened glucose production in cancer patients. The placebo did not bring it down. Hydrazine did.

There was a statistically significant improvement in glucose tolerance. Poor glucose tolerance would be another sign of cancer, if Gold's theory held. Chlebowski found it. Of course, increased insulin production could also account for such improved sugar metabolism. But Chlebowski studied this, too, and found no change in insulin production in the hydrazine-treated patients, who nevertheless showed increased glucose tolerance.

There was a statistically significant slowing of mean weight loss. As stated previously, these patients had already lost on the average of 17–18 percent of their body weight due to cachexia. The placebo group kept losing—their mean (average) weight loss was 3.6 kg., or almost *eight more pounds in one month.*

The hydrazine-treated group, meanwhile, lost an average of 0.9 kg., or slightly *less than two pounds in the same period.*

Remarkable results—but isn't hydrazine supposed to stop or even reverse the cachexia process? Yes, it is. But not everyone responds to hydrazine. Therefore, much of this *average* weight loss may have been due to a few non-responders in the hydrazine group who brought the average down.

The weight-improvement figures are not only of great clinical importance but are fully in line with Gold's original theory. "We have confirmed the rationale which Gold originally proposed for testing hydrazine," Chlebowski told me after the historic presentation, at the American Society for Clinical Oncology meeting in St. Louis, April 1982.

What Chlebowski would not say was what effect hydrazine had on the *tumors* of these patients. The first question at the early morning session came from a gratified—but clearly nervous—Joe Gold, who asked Chlebowski to comment on objective benefits, including changes in the lung X rays of patients, which he believed would have accompanied the other beneficial effects.

A wary Chlebowski refused to comment, then or later. "I can't say anything about therapeutic effectiveness," he repeated. Thus all of the hydrazine patients could have been cured—or they could have died soon afterward—and we wouldn't know it from his statements.

Nevertheless, even before the final tally on patients was in, Chlebowski had fired off a grant application for further studies on hydrazine to the American Cancer Society. The purpose of these further studies was to "correlate changes in metabolic parameters with clinical outcome," in other words, to answer the questions everyone wants answered: does hydrazine prolong life, shrink tumors, or even cure cancer patients?

The grant application arrived in the ACS's New York headquarters in late 1981. Like all such requests, it first went to a scientific advisory committee, made up of outside scientists. The purpose of such "peer reviews" is to provide objective evaluation of the grant request.

"The initial scientific review was quite good," according to Dr. Jerome Block, professor of medicine at UCLA and head of the division of oncology at the Harbor-UCLA Medical Center. "Outside people gave it very good reviews."

The request was then routinely passed on to an ACS council. Here it ran into difficulty and a decision was deferred. This group "wanted additional opinions from people on the outside," according to Dr. Jack Milder, an administrator of the cancer society. Milder refused, however, to say who these experts were, or what the council found questionable in the decision of the first outside committee. This action would have delayed the final decision for six months.

"I protested," said Block, who is the se-

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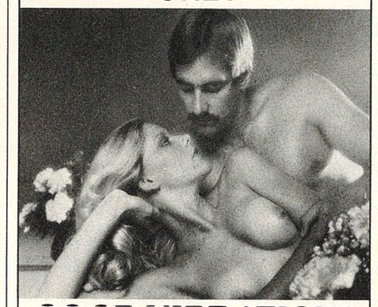

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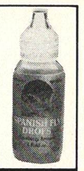

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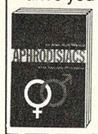

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nior investigator on Chlebowski's grant request. Consequently, Dr. Frank Rauscher, ACS vice-president, said he "would try to bring the issue up before the [ACS] board" at its annual meeting in June.

Rauscher, according to Block, is both responsive and responsible, and "doing the best he can in a difficult situation."

The ACS decision on Chlebowski's grant request came after this Baltimore meeting. But regardless of what happens at ACS, Dr. Block and his UCLA co-workers are determined to move forward with the study of the drug.

"We're going to proceed even if the ACS turns it down, until we're able to answer the scientific questions," Block told me, shortly before the ACS's decision to fund the study was reached. Neither the ACS nor the NCI, he pointed out, controls all scientific funding in the United States, and the first double-blind study was largely funded with the hospital's own money. "If that's the way it'll be, we'll do it," he said, referring to the second clinical trial.

Neither Chlebowski nor Block has ever been involved in scientific controversy. It appears that they are getting an education in cancer politics that does not generally accompany advanced degrees.

Cancer officials sometimes imply that *even if* hydrazine controls cachexia, that is not ali that important. Weight loss in cancer is unfortunate and unpleasant, but has little to do with cancer deaths.

The consensus of scientific opinion, however, is that cachexia is an important—possibly the most important—cause of death in cancer. "I believe that cachexia is a major problem in dealing with oncology today," Dr. Gori told us. "In a sense, nobody ever dies of cancer," says Dr. Harold Dvorak, chief of pathology at Beth Israel Hospital in Boston, and himself a prominent cancer researcher. "They die of something else—pneumonia, failure of one or another organs. Cachexia accelerates the process of infection and the building up of metabolic poisons. It causes death a lot faster than the tumor would, were it not for cachexia."

Thus, even if Gold were entirely wrong on the mechanism of action of the drug, hydrazine might still be of great value in cancer therapy. For Chlebowski's study shows quite definitively that hydrazine can slow or even reverse the weight loss associated with terminal-stage cancer. And this could become a routine part of treating many cancer patients.

Hydrazine has also shown itself to be a remarkable pain killer—and cancer can be among the most painful diseases known to man. "Anything that gives us hope of being able to break through this barrier of pain and debilitation should be aggressively studied," Dr. Gori says, "and hydrazine sulfate looks to be a plausible candidate in this approach."

Subjective improvement—pain relief, appetite improvement, increased mobility, and so forth—may not be considered hot research topics by some. Yet they are of extreme importance to cancer victims and their families.

But the promise of hydrazine goes far beyond its use to reverse cachexia in late-stage patients. For hydrazine might form the basis of a rational and definitive cancer treatment. In other words, it might be the beginning of a new answer.

Conventional chemotherapy works by delivering fatal poisons to cancer cells. There is little difficulty in killing cancer cells; the difficulty lies in killing them before doing away with the host, i.e. also killing the patient. Hydrazine is different. It is almost entirely nontoxic when used according to simple directions. (Transitory dizziness in a few patients seems to be its most serious side effect.) Thus, not only is it more sparing on patients, but it can be used in repeated courses, which is often impossible with conventional drugs.

The manner in which hydrazine was found is also striking. It only appeared because it fulfilled a particular biochemical role. Once in place, it blocked an enzyme and thereby broke the circuit between tumor and host. If hydrazine hadn't existed, Gold would have had to invent it.

This manner of discovery was a proper wedding of theory and practice—theory guiding practice, and practice being used to refine theory. This was quite unlike the frantic screening for cell-killing drugs that went on in the 1950s and 1960s. Gold's initial work in the late sixties may have seemed like "just a theory," but with patient work it has become a reality.

With Gold, the Russians, and now the UCLA study, we are beginning to obtain *real* scientific knowledge about this fascinating approach, not sloppy science or pseudoscientific bluster. We won't really know hydrazine's true potential, however, until we see it in action against small, less-advanced tumors—instead of the virtually hopeless cases against which it is usually being tried now. According to Gold's theory, in early cases hydrazine may do more than just stabilize the disease—it may actually obliterate tumors.

And yet, even that would not be the end. For hydrazine itself is a new type of chemotherapy, as Gold wrote in 1975. "Its clinical use at present represents a *beginning* . . . the *first* in a class of new agents designed to interrupt host participation in cancer. . . . The clinical potential of hydrazine-sulfate-like drugs in cancer has only just begun to be explored."

Yet there are many forces in this country that have expressed long-standing hostility to such new approaches. In the past, they have gone to great lengths to blacklist new drugs, to deny them funding, to bar positive results from even reaching the scientific community.

If "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," then eternal scrutiny of the self-serving cancer establishment might be the price we must pay for an eventual cure. O

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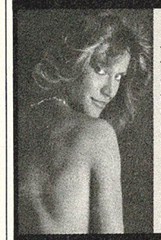

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BRUCE LEE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 214

kind of Chinese vaudeville), Lee had the typical upbringing of a show-biz brat. One of the earliest photos of him in the family album shows the infant Bruce with his face painted like a clown. At the age of three months, he made his film debut, carried on camera in his swaddling clothes. By the age of six, he was playing starring roles. By eighteen, he had appeared in no less than twenty motion pictures and become, as The Little Dragon, the most successful child and juvenile actor on the Mandarin circuit.

Meantime, Lee sucked up the atmosphere of the theater and the movie studio like his mother's milk. For years he was always going backstage at the Cantonese Opera, going out on tours with his father, spending his vacations in the exhilarating company of actors and actresses. One of Bruce Lee's former teachers recounted to me how he had once asked the boy if he could arrange a tour of a film studio for an out-of-town visitor. The teacher was astonished at the aplomb with which young Lee complied with his request, arranging for a car and driver, conducting the visitors about the lot like a professional guide, and demonstrating at every turn that this was a world in which he was totally at home. In fact, when you view Lee's early films, the one thing that stands out above everything else is his absolute ease before the camera, which, no matter how intimately it ogles him, never once elicits from him a trace of self-consciousness. If ever man were to the medium born, that man was Bruce Lee.

Another obvious effect of a show-biz rearing on Bruce Lee was the character it stamped on him as a show-off, a compulsive entertainer, a man who instinctively seizes the center of the stage and goes into his act. People in later years were astonished at the way Lee behaved at parties, in restaurants, or when they met him for the first time. Instead of relating as one person to another, Bruce Lee saw each new acquaintance as an audience that he must wow. Instantly, he would go into one of his favorite shticks.

He might thrust his heavily callused hand at your eyes with blinding speed—only to close the lids with the gentleness of a caress. Or he might fire three fast kicks past your nose, proving that he had the same micrometer control over his feet as he had of his hands. Or he might do his coin trick. Putting a dime on your palm, he'd say, "Let's see how fast you are!" Then you were supposed to clench your hand before he could grab the coin. Once, twice, he would let you win. The third time, when you opened your hand, you discovered that not only had he grabbed the dime—he had substituted for it a penny! At the very least, you would get the Bruce Lee handshake, which did not consist of the customary clasp but of a pressing invitation to punch the strong man in the belly. When you delivered the blow, soft or hard—it made no difference to a steel-jacketed bullet like Bruce Lee—he would smile happily and exclaim, "Now, there's a body!"

These tales of a Bruce Lee who was childishly exhibitionistic and unselfconsciously boastful suggest how close was the man to the boy in this boyish-looking performer. They also underscore a trait that informs his films: his boyish charm. Women were to find this facet of Bruce Lee highly appealing; indeed, it was a sophisticated woman in Hollywood who pointed out to me that Bruce Lee was the first martial arts actor to employ charm in his characterization, the traditional demeanor of the Oriental warrior being grim and forbidding, devoid of appeal for most women.

At puberty, the once playful Bruce Lee began to exhibit a new character that dismayed his family and disgusted his teachers. This middle-class boy, who had always said that it was his ambition to become a doctor, committed himself to a life of fighting in the streets and on the tenement rooftops. "I was a punk," he told *Black Belt* in 1966, "and went looking for fights. We used chains and pens with knives hidden inside. Then, one day, I wondered what would happen if I didn't have my gang behind me when I got into a fight. I began to study kung-fu." Nobody has ever offered any explanation for this revolution in character; yet, it is Bruce Lee's "deviant" phase that laid the foundation for everything he achieved in his years of fame. The punk was the father of the warrior. The determined little kid with the toilet chain wrapped around his waist was the progenitor of the noble kung-fu hero.

One reason for Bruce Lee's abandonment of school for the streets was obviously his inability to function as a scholar. Another reason was the rage that built up in him at this time—and remained ever after, underlying his often cheery personality like the lava inside an inactive volcano. Finally, there is the element of imagination or fantasy, which always played a big part in Bruce Lee's life. Starting at the age of six, Lee had been cast in the roles of orphan, runaway, outsider, juvenile delinquent. It's entirely possible that these early experiences in playing movie roles may have led him to play a similar part in the streets. In fact, you could go further and argue that his juvenile acting experience decisively affected his subsequent conception of the kung-fu movie. Consider for a moment the archetypal confrontation scene in a mature Bruce Lee film.

The hero, always the outsider, has stepped into a dangerous scene and is surrounded by a mob of menacing hoodlums. For a moment, he seems doomed—outnumbered, his escape cut off, without hope of rescue. Then, in a flash, he is transfigured. The mien of the modest young man drops off him like a disguising cloak and out steps the kung-fu killer, the deadliest man on the planet. Leaping and kicking, spinning and punching in a deadly ballet of animal grace and ferocity, Lee massacres his enemies, dispatching them with such a variety of blows and such ingenious yet spontaneous combinations of movements that the horror and glee of the spectacle whips the audience into a frenzy of wild exultation. Now, when do you suppose that Bruce Lee played a scene like this for the first time? The answer is when he was eight years old.

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As Lee's film career unfolded in the fifties, he was called upon to play roles that were increasingly modeled on the "troubled youth" pictures popular at the time in the United States, films like *Blackboard Jungle* and *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*. In his last and most important juvenile film,

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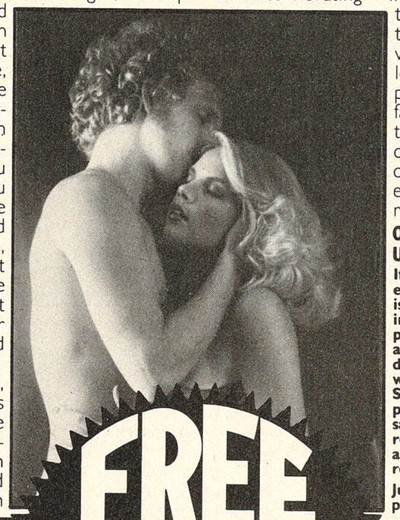

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The Orphan, Lee plays a full-blown street punk. You see him snatching purses, hanging out with his Fagin-like boss (who runs a school for purse snatchers), and even dancing the cha-cha (Lee was local cha-cha champ) in a style that would have suited the Dead End Kids. Inevitably, the big scene shapes up as a mass attack by a whole school of boys on the outsider. Lee, cornered like a rat, whips out a wicked-looking switchblade, breaks into the hysterical giggle that was the DJ's battle cry, and cuts his way through his horrified attackers. So often did Bruce Lee play some variation on the theme of the juvenile delinquent that one is compelled at last to ask: did Bruce Lee make movies or did movies make Bruce Lee?

Whatever the mode, the medium, by which Lee moved from being a screen fighter to being a street fighter, he accomplished the transformation with characteristic zeal and thoroughness. He enrolled himself in a kung-fu school; attended classes as faithfully there as he cut them at his academic school; and eventually, standing at the head of his own gang, became the terror first of his school, then of the neighboring schools, and finally of the toughest slum districts in the city. His schoolmasters recall that he loved nothing better than beating up the boys at the nearby English school, one of his best-remembered traits being his resentment of the "white devils." (Here again you find a prophecy of his later films, which stand James Bond on his head. For just as the Bond films are full of subliminal racism, Bond always defeating the blacks, Jews, and Orientals who are the enemies of the Empire, so Bruce Lee is always knocking the hell out of the Japanese, Americans, Australians, and blacks who are the enemies of the Celestial Empire. In fact, in Hong Kong, a favorite phrase for Lee's film persona is "Protector of the Chinese People.")

Eventually the young Bruce Lee's passion for fighting got so out of hand that he came into collision with both forces of authority in the street: the Mob and the police. Lee's most dramatic encounter with the Chinese Mob (actually a secret society called the Triads) was recounted to me by Brother Henry Pang, today the headmaster of La Salle College, Bruce Lee's first school.

One afternoon, Brother Henry and his colleagues in this Christian Brothers school were seated at the dining table in the White House, a rather sacrosanct chapter house that was strictly out of bounds for students. Suddenly, into their midst bursts the young Bruce Lee, running as if possessed. Three times he tears around the table, until on the last lap he spies a phone booth and dives inside it. The headmaster orders Brother Henry to investigate this outrageous disturbance.

When the round-faced, bespectacled brother gets the boy talking, he learns that Lee is literally running for his life. In the course of his fighting career, he has beaten up a boy whose father is a big shot in the Triads. Now there is standing outside in the street a whole mob of toughs who are intent on killing Bruce Lee.

If this had been an old-fashioned Hollywood movie, Brother Henry, played by Pat O'Brien, would have admonished the frightened boy and then put his arm around him reassuringly. This being Hong Kong rather than Hollywood, the consequences were rather different. Brother Henry said, "You got yourself into this mess, Lee—now get yourself out!" Whereupon the lad was not only pushed out into the street but expelled from the school.

Subsequently, Lee got into another fight that had even more serious consequences. This time the battle was between Lee and the leader of a rival gang. The two young men met on the roof of an apartment house in Kowloon City, the toughest slum in Hong Kong. They agreed that the winner of the match would toss the loser off the roof. As Lee was removing his jacket, his opponent jumped him with a kick to the head. Lee went wild with rage and wound up breaking both his rival's arms as well as his thigh bone. The injured boy's parents took the matter to the police.

The police were well acquainted with Bruce Lee and eager, in those years of soaring juvenile crime rates, to make an example of him. Lee's mother, Grace, always struggling to protect her favorite child, implored the authorities to be merciful. Eventually, a bargain was struck. The police told Mrs. Lee that they would release her son, but if he ever got into trouble again, *she* would go to jail. At that point, the mother gave the boy a hundred dollars and put him on a steamer to America.

The epithet always used to characterize the young Bruce Lee in Hong Kong is not "punk" or "juvenile delinquent"; it is "bully." Early and late (but not in his middle years), Bruce Lee was a man who ruled by intimidation and who drove over anyone who would not stand up to him. If you believe that the child is father to the man, a formula that seems especially apt for a boy-man like Lee, it follows that the key to his personality, particularly the explanation for what was driving him, lies in how you interpret that familiar figure of the streets, the bully. Of all the people with whom I talked about Bruce Lee, none exhibited so much insight into this problem—and into Lee's character in general—as did Bob Wall, a former karate champion and movie actor, who appeared in three of Bruce Lee's films.

Wall met Lee in 1963, when the future superstar was just a skinny, funny youngster with a consuming interest in the martial arts. Wall and his tournament teammate, Chuck Norris, took an interest in the kung-fu enthusiast and aided him in many ways, ranging from advice on diet (Lee ate nothing but junk food and had a face covered with pimples) to offering him tips on fighting techniques to loaning him money when he got into jams. Eventually, Wall became one of Lee's very few intimates; for Lee was a gregarious loner, surrounded by relatives, disciples, pupils, and colleagues but with virtually no confidants. Out of this long friendship and out of the understanding of his own juvenile behavior, which closely paralleled that of Lee, Bob Wall has come to some interesting conclusions about the type of the bully.

Basically, he regards the bully as the coward turned inside out: the man who is so fearful of being slighted, scorned, or defeated that he sets out deliberately to create and project an image of invulnerability, of muscle and menace, that will terrify the world and enable him to rule, even without fighting. The key to Bruce Lee's personality, as Wall sees it, was a profound and pervasive insecurity that commenced when he was a scared little kid getting beaten up by the bigger, tougher kids in school, but which persisted even when Lee had become the most feared boy in the school, or, as Lee's brother, Robert, put it: the "king gorilla." What's more, even in his years of great success and worldwide fame, everything Bruce Lee did betrayed this same gnawing insecurity, the incapacity to recognize that because he was being universally acclaimed, he no longer had to prove him-

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self, that because he had already reached the goal, he didn't have to drive so hard.

Ultimately, therefore, what you confront in Bruce Lee is the paradox of a success that raises only the frightening prospect of failure because every fresh success must be bigger than the last success and the only way to obtain this bigger success is to risk an even bigger and more humiliating failure. Nor is this a view held only by Bob Wall, though he voices it most clearly: it is echoed and affirmed by all the brightest people who knew Bruce Lee, who agree that Bruce Lee could never relax and let down his guard because he saw every step in his career as a life-and-death challenge.

Once Bruce Lee established himself in America, his personality underwent another revolution, or, more precisely, a counterrevolution. The school dropout became the model scholar. Lee obtained a high school diploma and enrolled in college to study philosophy. The street punk became an exemplary husband and father. Lee married nineteen-year-old Linda Emery, a plain, bespectacled girl (who grew to resemble a lay nun), who had lost her father when she was five and developed, apparently, such a yearning for a strong, dominating male presence to whom she could relate in a submissive and obedient manner, that Bruce Lee used to boast that she was "better than an Oriental wife." Most important, the boy who had studied kung-fu to find ways of beating up other boys now became the man whose quest was for a new and vastly superior martial art that would combine the ruthless realism of the street fighter with a lofty and idealistic conception of selfhood inspired by Tao, Zen, and other Oriental doctrines.

Even as Lee worked doggedly to develop his unpromising physique into the superbly muscled, catlike body that later flashed across the movie screen, even as he analyzed with the aid of a large library and extensive, sometimes eloquent, notes of his own composition, all the possibilities of hand-to-hand combat, studying boxing and fencing as well as all the Oriental arts, he dreamed of some day returning to the screen as the hero of a new sort of action film.

Moving to Los Angeles to play the part of Kato in "The Green Hornet" on TV, Lee built up an impressive underground reputation both in the martial arts community and in the film colony. His pupils came to include Steve McQueen, James Coburn, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. His friends numbered powerful film executives like Ted Ashley, president of Warner Brothers, Tom Tannenbaum, executive vice-president of Paramount (TV), and Sy Weintraub, producer of the Tarzan films and an officer of National General. All of these people wanted Bruce Lee to succeed, but the system was impossible to beat. As ABC said when it turned Lee down for the lead in its new series "Kung Fu": "You can't make a star out of a five-foot-six Chinese actor."

Behind this obvious obstacle, there lay another, more subtle, problem. Like every young actor on the make in Hollywood, Bruce Lee had developed an image that was designed to intrigue. Instead of coming on like a cocky, feisty little street cat, who loved to tell dirty jokes, ball chicks, and sneer at dumb punks—an Oriental Jimmy Cagney—Bruce Lee offered the writers and the studio heads an image that was very *spirituel* and misterioso. He spoke in parables and paradoxes, saying that water was the strongest of all things and that when he hit, it wasn't he who hit but *it* who hit. He affected a profound humility, boasted that he had transcended hate and even anger, never uttered a vulgar word, and refused not only tea and coffee but even a cupcake if he feared it might contain an artificial ingredient. In the Hollywood of the late sixties, full of Zen raps and macrobiotic diets, this sort of act was highly effective. After all, Bruce Lee had grown up in show business; he knew how to put people away—especially show people. The only problem was that when somebody finally sought to translate this disembodied Bruce Lee to the screen, the results were pretty feeble.

Stirling Silliphant, an Academy Award–winning screenwriter, who was one of Bruce Lee's most devoted pupils, fashioned for his master what was supposed to be the perfect vehicle for his image—the initial episode of a TV series entitled "Longstreet." In this slick, carefully crafted production, Lee appears not as a fighter but as a martial arts guru, a sensitive, soft-spoken young man, who works in an antique shop and talks in fortune cookie proverbs. He takes on the impossible assignment of teaching a blind detective how to beat up a bullying dockworker. In the course of the lessons, you soak up the image of the master.

Silliphant sought to make these training sessions as authentic as possible, using the same sort of rhythmic background music that Lee employed, the same air shield for punching, even the master's favorite exhortations. What comes off the screen, however, is not a thrilling glimpse of Bruce Lee working demonically in his Chinatown *kwoon* filled with grimy punching bags and bizarre-looking dummies, but just the opposite: a prancing faggot dance instructor lisping, "Sensitivity! . . . Sensitivity! . . . Relationship! . . . Relationship!" as he whips a lousy act together for opening night at Las Vegas. Thank God this travesty of Bruce Lee got no further than the first episode. Though Lee appeared in three more episodes, he was kept in the background posing, like a human dummy.

What happened next is one of the great rallies of show-biz history. Lee, dispirited and dejected (especially after the starring role in "Kung Fu" was given to David Carradine), decided impulsively to take an offer to make a Mandarin movie for a new Hong Kong studio called Golden Harvest for $7,500. (The familiar story of Bruce Lee's rise to fame commencing with an unexpected phone call from Hong Kong is highly misleading. The truth is that Lee had first approached Run Run Shaw, the head of Hong Kong's biggest studio, and received an offer of a five-year contract at $500 a month. Lee was insulted by the offer and denounced it bitterly to one of his Hong Kong cronies, named Little Unicorn. It was this man who alerted Raymond Chow, head of Golden Harvest, to Lee's availability.) The picture, shot in a wretched little village near Bangkok for a mere $80,000, turned out to be the purest and most unselfconscious of all Lee's famous movies. Exhibited in the East as *The Big Boss* (in the West as *Fists of Fury*), it broke records throughout the Orient and instantly launched Lee on the career he had been seeking vainly for years in Hollywood.

Being restored to his roots brought to life again the artist in Bruce Lee. The bloodlust of the Chinese film public compelled him to stop philosophizing and start fighting. In no time, he conceived and executed an amazing new style of combat choreography that established him in just two short years as—along with Charlie Chaplin and Fred Astaire—one of the three greatest movers in the history of movies.

At the same time that the sanguinary character of Chinese film sparked Lee's genius for combat, the melodramatic implausibility of these preposterous pictures released Bruce Lee's powers of fantasy. After all, his beloved king-fu didn't belong in the modern world, where every punk walks around with a piece in his pocket. Kung-fu was an art that flourished in the never-never land of Oriental cinema, with its archaic conventions, its masklike characters, its easy transition from a highly stylized sense of reality to sheer fairy tale. Overnight Lee dropped his lifelong insistence on the simple, direct style of the street fighter and embraced instead an elaborate and theatrical style filled with increasingly baroque and bizarre flourishes.

The katas, or ritualized training routines, that Lee had ridiculed in the past, he employed now to build suspense before a big fight, as in the dazzling exchange of nunchaku flourishes between himself and Danny Inosanto in *Game of Death*. The flying kicks that he said he would never use in actual combat because they made a man too vulnerable to counterblows, he used brilliantly to produce the awesome, flying carpet finale of *Fists of Fury*. The karate war cry, the *kiai,* which Bruce never once used in America (and made fun of others for using), he now transformed into a thrilling succession of jungle noises, the sounds of wild cats and birds screeching over the big beat of meat carcasses being pounded with speedbag gloves or gunpowder explosions recorded from near and far. (Nothing about the Bruce Lee

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movies is more original or more consistently exciting to the imagination than this highly original symphony of martial sound. In fact, it is probably the most rousing "music" since the introduction of acid rock.) Finally, Lee bowed to the tradition of using weapons instead of bare hands, employing eventually in his own hands or those of his adversaries virtually every weapon in the Oriental armory: single and double stave, two-handed sword, mace, dart, nunchaku, throwing knife, etc. It is highly indicative of where his mind was going that, at the end of his life, he should have been preparing a series of costume pictures that would have presented him in elaborate traditional garments and antique hairstyles impersonating the heroes of Oriental legend, like the blind swordsman, Zatoichi.

The most important result of getting back into Mandarin movies was that it inspired Lee to make these simple action films into extravagant and compelling psychodramas. No actor in history has portrayed rage with the conviction and power of Bruce Lee. His great fight sequences are not simply deadly ballets. They are excruciating agons, in which the protagonist expresses with face and body every facet of fury. Like a living Laocoon, Bruce Lee evinces in battle with demonlike foes a series of grimaces and postures that are the authentic passional equivalents of the traditional Oriental theater masks and attitudes. In fact, the whole secret of Lee's histrionic genius is his capacity to find and bring to the surface through sheer talent the precise lineaments of the most violent and visceral of all emotions.

Violence is the soul of the Oriental cinema, and it was the Oriental relish for violence in its most brutal forms that gave Bruce Lee the cue he had always been seeking to release the violence that was always pent up in his own soul. Had Lee remained in Hollywood, playing the spooky martial arts guru, he would never have been permitted to go to the lengths that characterize his Mandarin movies. The first thing that strikes you about these films as a Westerner is how they embrace their sanguinary themes without a trace of guilt or inhibition. This was the license that Lee craved, and that he would never have been granted in a country that every day grows more ambivalent and contorted in its efforts to both embrace and reject the violence that seethes in its soul.

By the time he made his second film, Bruce Lee was grimacing like a lunatic and screaming like a jungle beast. So powerful did his presence become on the screen as the result of his laserlike focus of primitive emotion, so fell and ruthless became his attacks, so ecstatic his exultation in combat, that for the first time in the long, violence-crammed history of the cinema, audiences were brought face to face with the primary process, the annihilative instinct per se.

If coming home had an inspiring effect on Bruce Lee the artist, it had a profoundly destructive effect on Bruce Lee the man. In no time he began to revert to his old self and his old ways. The first people who felt the change were Lee's former friends in Hollywood, who had bought the image of a Bruce Lee who was just too good to make it in Tinseltown. They now got to know the real Bruce Lee, though they assumed that all the distressing changes they observed were just products of stardom. One woman was appalled at Lee's new look—shades, stagey continental clothes, stacked heels Patek-Phillipe watch, walking stick—which she likened to a "cross between an Oriental rock star and a pimp." Another old friend was dismayed when he called up Lee with a film offer and was told, "I don't think you can afford me now." Stirling Silliphant had labored for years to get the studios interested in a Bruce Lee vehicle entitled *The Silent Flute* (released in 1978 as *Circle of Iron*, with David Carradine) that would also star James Coburn. When Silliphant announced proudly that he had finally gotten the deal together, Lee remarked causically, "Why should I carry Coburn?" It was a rude awakening for the Hollywood people. They had thought that "Brucey" was "different."

The truth is that all the years Lee had lived in California, he had been a soul on

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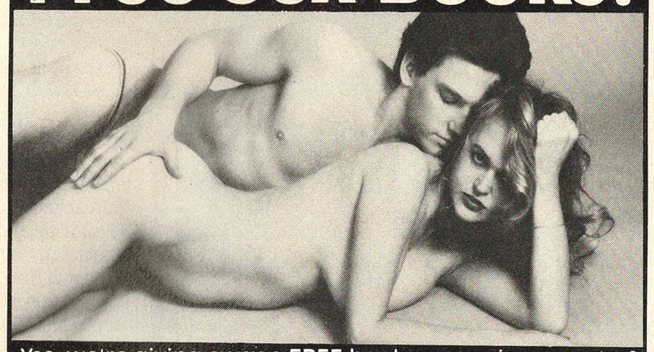

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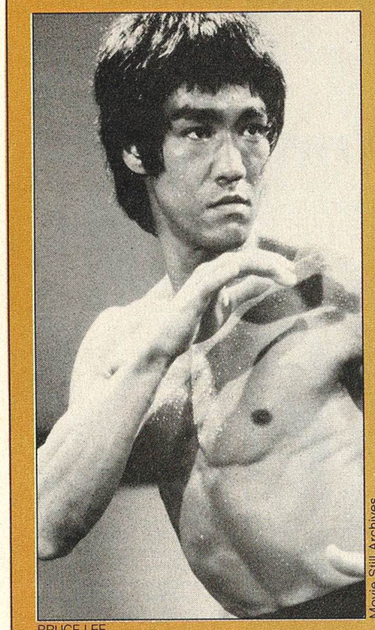
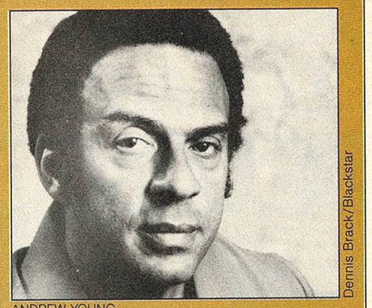


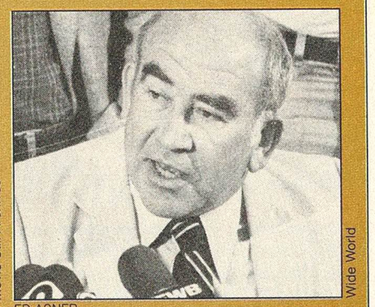
BRUCE LEE

Movie Still Archives



ANDREW YOUNG

Dennis Brack/Blackstar



ED ASNER

Wide World

Bruce Lee—The Final Crack-up—In the conclusion of his investigative profile of the greatest martial-arts star of all time, Albert Goldman, author of *Elvis* and *Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!!*, follows Lee during the last few months of his all-too-brief life. For the first time, the truth about Lee's mysterious death is revealed, as well as the full story of the cover-up that was conducted afterward. But, equally important, Goldman analyzes the power that Lee still commands over millions of people: "a cult figure, who is worshiped—precisely as the ancients worshiped Hercules and Achilles—as a demigod."

Only the News That Fits—In a lively exposé of the TV news industry, Donna Woolfolk Cross, author of *Word Abuse*, reveals how the three major networks not only distort our news but also promote the status quo and, in the process, direct our attention away from deeper social problems in order to entertain us with a daily series of diverting but unrelated events. "The very name 'television news show,' " writes Cross in an excerpt from her forthcoming book, *Mediaspeak* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan), "reveals its main purpose: to entertain, not to inform."

Andrew Young Interview—In his first major interview in several years, one of our most important and influential political personalities discusses his involvement in the civil rights movement, his years as Jimmy Carter's U.N. ambassador, and his most recent job as mayor of Atlanta. In this frank, freewheeling interview, Young talks to *Penthouse* contributing editor Allan Sonnenschein about everything from George Wallace to the war between the sexes to Third World investment in the U.S.

Getting Personal—Hopping and bopping to invisible beats, tiny headsets clamped to their ears, mobile music mavens have flooded our streets, parks, subways. Peevish city fathers have tried to ban them with laws; others just wonder what's so blissfully absorbing. To find out and tune in to the music of the spheres, writer Steve Fenichel removed the headsets from ten who know best—professional musicians, from Peter Nero to Stephanie Mills to Pinchas Zuckerman—and asked them why the beat goes on.

Hollytics—With an actor-turned-president setting the style, just about everybody's stomping for causes these days in politically reactivated Hollywood. But is Ed Asner pro-redwood or anti-abortion? Is Charlton Heston pro-prayer or anti-handgun? Who leans left and who runs right? Naturally, you can't tell the players without a scorecard—so *Penthouse* has prepared *the* insider's Who's Who Guide to Tinseltown Politics, with exhaustive and gossipy info on *your* favorite stars, and their favorite causes. OH

ice. Like many aliens, especially those from the Orient, he had adopted a mask and suppressed or sublimated many of his most basic character traits.

Now that he was back home and a star, he let it all hang out. To that extent, he was a gainer. But the same forces that had driven Bruce Lee into juvenile delinquency were still alive and active in Hong Kong. Now they began again to take their deadly toll.

No unambiguous clues exist to the mystery of Bruce Lee's chronic hostility in his hometown. The most likely explanation arises from Chinese ideas about class and caste. Lee's family were actors—not just his father but his cousins—and actors were scorned in Chinese society, being regarded not only as low in caste but as immoral beings, the expression, "He runs with actors and actresses," connoting total profligacy. Bruce Lee, a sensitive and acute lad, attending the best Chinese school in Hong Kong, may have detected this attitude at an early age in his fellow pupils and been inspired to take revenge. When years later he returned to Hong Kong not as the professional man, the doctor or lawyer his father had wanted him to be, but as an actor—albeit one who soon became a popular idol—he must have experienced again the old rage at being regarded as a social inferior; only now the anger was greatly heightened by his enormous sense of his own worth. Thus the stage was set for a whole series of antagonistic encounters between Lee and the locals.

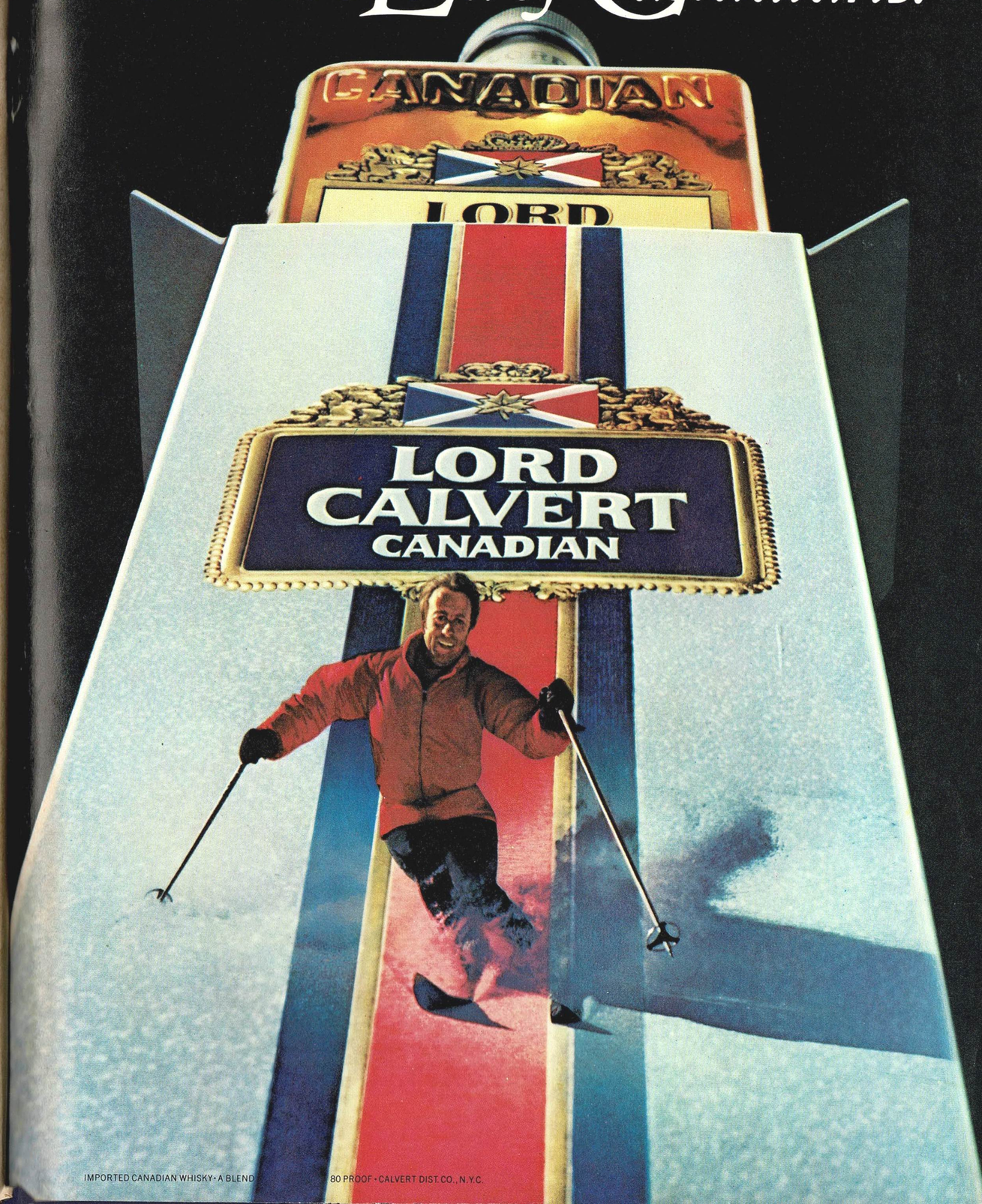
As Lee's rage mounted, so did its expressions multiply from outbursts of uncontrolled violence to embarrassed apologies for these outbursts, then to projection onto others of the rage Lee felt in himself, and finally to retreat from the world into a world of his own contriving. It is glib, it is wrong, to attribute all this personality distortion to mere success.

No man is really changed by success. What happens is that success works on the successful man's personality like a truth drug, bringing him out of the closet and revealing to an often astounded world what was always inside his head. Bruce Lee in Hong Kong was always, boy or man, nobody or star, a desperately embattled human being. It is this sense of being desperately embattled that he projects so powerfully from the screen. In the movies, Lee wins his private war—though the endings of his pictures are curiously vague, as if he didn't know what to do after a victory. In life, Lee was a loser.

Linda Lee reports that during her husband's final months he summed up his predicament in two absolutely candid but totally contradictory statements. One day he exclaimed: "There's no limit, no end in sight, to how far I can ascend!" Another day, in a different mood, he confessed: "I don't know how long I can keep this up." A few weeks later, he was dead. OH

(Next month: The Final Crack-up)

Give the Lord of Canadians.



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Newport	16	1.2

...100's	TAR mg./cig.	NICOTINE mg./cig.
Kent 100's	14	1.2
Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
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